FEB 2 5 '58

The Saturday Evening
POST
March 1, 1958 — 15¢

LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

The Naval Academy Meets the "Going Steady" Menace

WHAT NEGROES CAN LEARN FROM GANDHI By CHESTER BOWLES

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2-58

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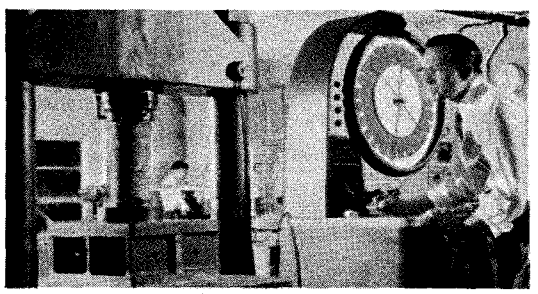
Designed for tomorrow—here today! Relaxed riding on new-type concrete

"For my money, this new-type, sound-conditioned concrete gives the sweetest ride yet!"

Says **BOB CROSBY**, popular MC of TV, bandleader and singer



Concrete increases in strength year by year—up to 20% in 5 years, tests of crushing resistance prove. A durability "bonus" only concrete gives!

NEW-TYPE Concrete

"I've driven it—lots of times. The new continuous-laid concrete is everything they say. Smooth—not a thump to be heard. They're using it on the Interstate System now and getting highways designed for the needs of 1975 traffic."

You'll be glad highway engineers who helped develop new-type concrete plan thousands more miles of it. What comfort! Not a thump. Laid without joints, it has only tiny, sawed-in cushion spaces. You can't *hear* or *feel* them!

You get a smooth-riding surface that freezing or de-icers won't roughen. Billions of minute air bubbles prevent it. They're put into new-type concrete by a process called air entrainment. A special granular subbase keeps this pavement firm and level. And no waviness or ripples. Laid flat, concrete *stays* flat!

New-type concrete has an expected life of 50 years and more . . . with up to 60% lower maintenance costs than for asphalt. Only concrete can be accurately engineered to stand up to future traffic loads. Yet its initial cost is moderate.

Add safety, too—a grainy surface for dependable skid resistance, wet or dry . . . light color to make night visibility far better than on dark surfaces. Over 90% of America's most heavily traveled roads have been built of concrete. For the new Interstate System to link 209 major cities throughout 48 states, it's the preferred pavement.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

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High in the sky, power is *vital!* Above: Champion-equipped DC-7 gets final check before flight from Idlewild to Paris. In planes as in passenger cars, Champions deliver *full-firing power.*

Q. Why do all the world's major airlines use Champion spark plugs?

A. Champions give full-firing power. Put new Champions in your car every 10,000 miles. You'll get an *immediate* boost in horsepower...and save gasoline, too!

Champions are engineered for every car built by General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and virtually all foreign makers

CHAMPION

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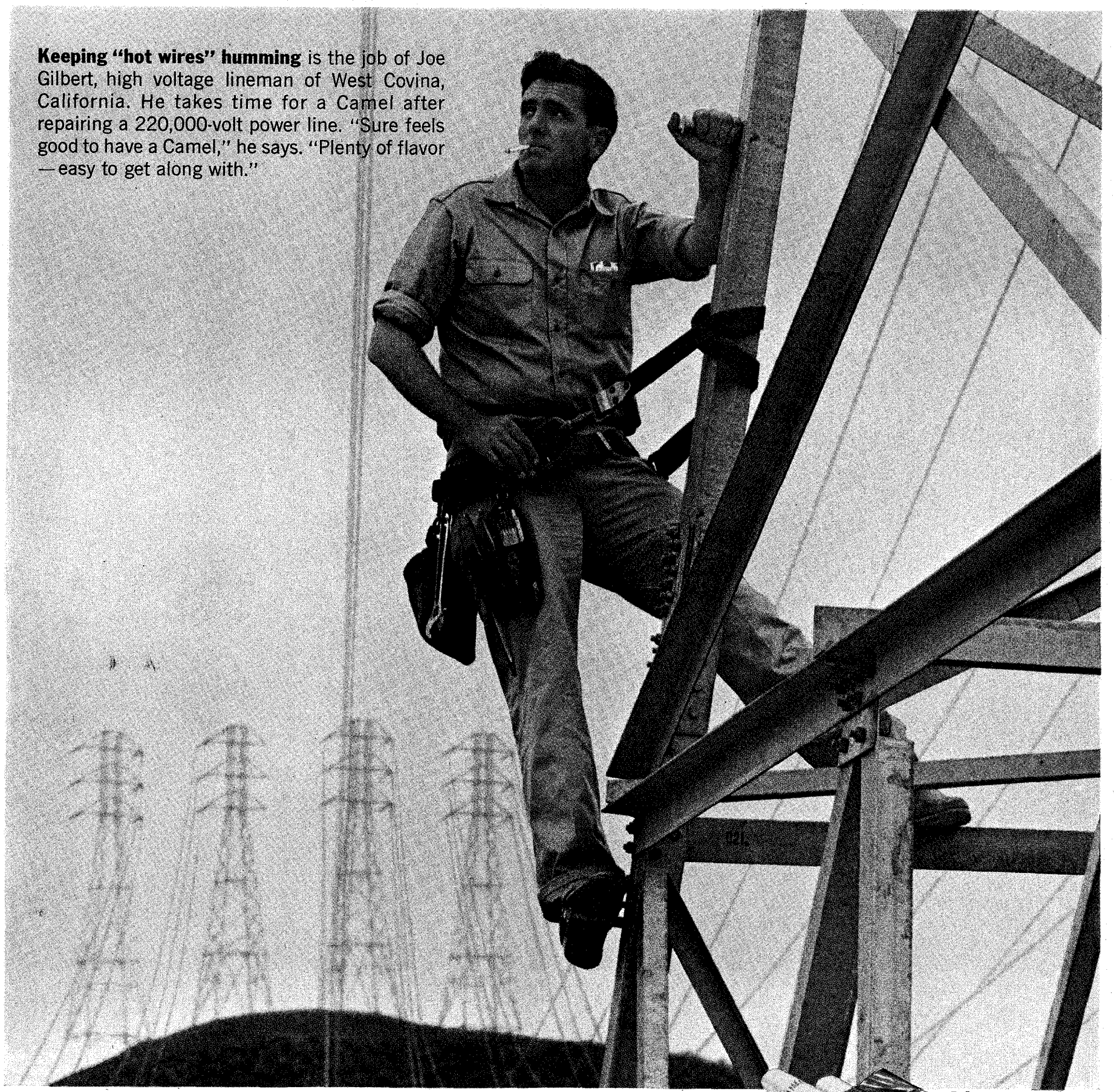

Keeping "hot wires" humming is the job of Joe Gilbert, high voltage lineman of West Covina, California. He takes time for a Camel after repairing a 220,000-volt power line. "Sure feels good to have a Camel," he says. "Plenty of flavor—easy to get along with."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The best tobacco makes the best smoke

The special Camel blend of costly tobaccos has never been equalled. That's why no other cigarette tastes so rich and full-flavored, smokes so mild. Today more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette. Try 'em—you'll see why.

Have a real cigarette—have a CAMEL

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

He who keeps the home fires burning may be musing: *People struggle to get oil out of the ground; then other people struggle to get it back in again. Pfui on the old rat race.* Or is he having a much shorter thought? Probably the tank isn't yet empty, for that usually happens at night; so he has ample time to shovel all over the yard. Fuel pipes on cellar walls are easier to find, but home owners plant pretty shrubbery in front of them, not necessarily things with thorns, but stuff like juniper which is obnoxious enough to grope around in. George Hughes' crosspatch should see the bright side of things: the sky is blue, the air tonic, he has healthy outdoor work; and if he whistles merrily, the canary (there in the hot, stuffy house) may gladden his heart with lovely song.

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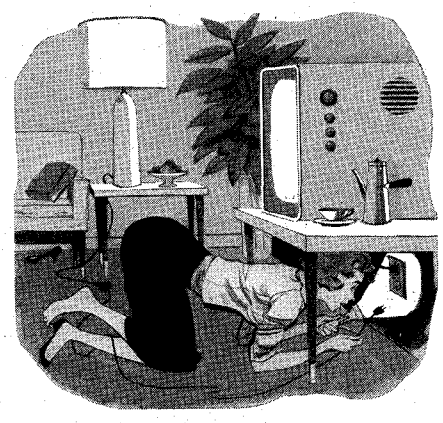

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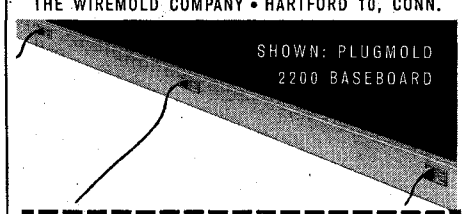

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Relax among your friends with tasty Sexton treats. Most attractive fountains and counter restaurants serve Sexton foods and refreshing drinks.

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Letters

Downgraded

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed your article ON THE PROWL WITH "31 KNOT" BURKE, by Harold H. Martin, Jan. 18th, very much. But I noticed that on page 36 Admiral Burke is pictured lying beside a Marine who is referred to as a "Pfc." The Marine is

wearing corporal chevrons on his collar. Looks like somebody was misinformed.

PFC. G. L. LOGAN, USMC
Cherry Point, N.C.

● *Our apologies to* Corporal *Richard Greer and to all the Marines who wrote in. Our caption writer thought he was looking at a single chevron.*
—ED.

"And Only Man is Vile"

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY, by H. E. Bates, Jan. 18. What kind of a story do you call this? It was idiotic and in the poorest taste.

MRS. JOSEPHINE COLEMAN
El Paso, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Is it a burlesque of the current "earthy" best-sellers? I can see no other excuse for such twaddle, and feel that it is not only in bad taste but is downright pernicious to suggest that there's something whimsical and charming about a seventeen-year-old girl getting herself pregnant by she isn't sure whom, and then latching on to the first poor dope that comes along! . . .

Dammit, I would like to kick somebody in the shins for this.

MRS. PHOEBE O'HARA
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

There can be no purpose for such literature, which drags the dearest things of life into the gutter. One is reminded of the old hymn:

"Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

MRS. BETTY BRUECHERT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It took real heart and a love of humanity to write that story. Not often is found that mixture of simplicity and realism without sorrow—just pure delight.

It is wonderful to note there are people in this world still with the ability to look on the lovely side of life with such faith in man and nature.

BEVERLY HUGHES
Wichita, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

Has the Post lost its reason?

MRS. G. H. HARRIS
New Hartford, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Let other magazines publish stories attempting to make lovable, whimsical characters of moral degenerates such as the Larkin family but not my beloved Saturday Evening Post.

MRS. O. C. BUNCH
Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

For shame! You really hit rock bottom on this one.

MRS. J. O'NEILL
Lockport, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Oh, shades of Tortilla Flat! Of the Armenians of Saroyan! Oh, delight! "The Darling Buds of May" by H. E. Bates of course.

What an un-Postlike story!

Where did you find this gem? I am rushing about like a mad creature telling everyone I know that it is *must* reading.

MAGGIE COMBS
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

"The Darling Buds of May" by H. E. Bates is really an admirable little bit of satire. It's a pity that (1) the author did not seem to intend it as such and (2) that his choice of topic is so hackneyed.

MRS. P. E. KENNEDY
Bayside, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed "The Darling Buds of May" by H. E. Bates, but what would George Horace Lorimer think? Wow!

KATHLEEN BRIGGS
La Jolla, Calif.

Whose Ox is Gored?

Dear Sirs:

Re your Jan. 11th issue, article entitled IT ALL COMES OUT OF YOUR POCKET [by Leslie A. Miller as told to Sidney Shalett]: I sat right down and wrote to the congressman from my district for the first time in my life.

I agree 100%. Let's stop this damned eternal pork-tinged spending! Here is the answer to our missile-money problem.

RONALD H. PUTNAM
Jamestown, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps some of these pork-barrel projects should be investigated along with the other distasteful and disgraceful things being aired by congressional committees.

JOSEPH L. ATKINS
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Leslie A. Miller of Wyoming exhibited considerable provincialism in his article. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

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Everybody can see the difference when there's . . .

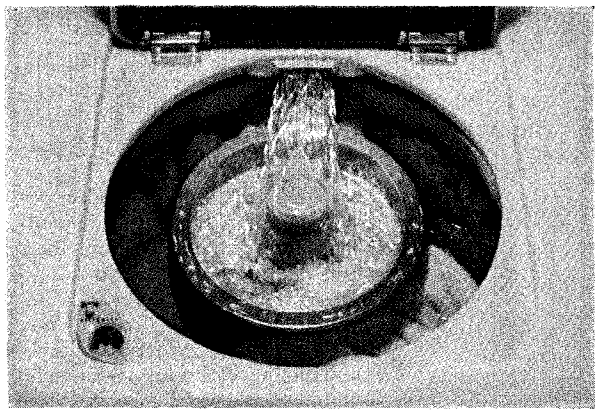
NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES

1958 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer

Cleans and recleans wash water to give you all-clean clothes! Lint stays *in* the filter . . . and off your socks, linens and cottons!

As you wash, the famous Filter-Flo Washing System circulates and filters the water continuously through the large, durable filter. Lint, sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

Removable filter is easy to clean, *clog-free*. Handily in view, it's an ideal detergent dispenser, too.

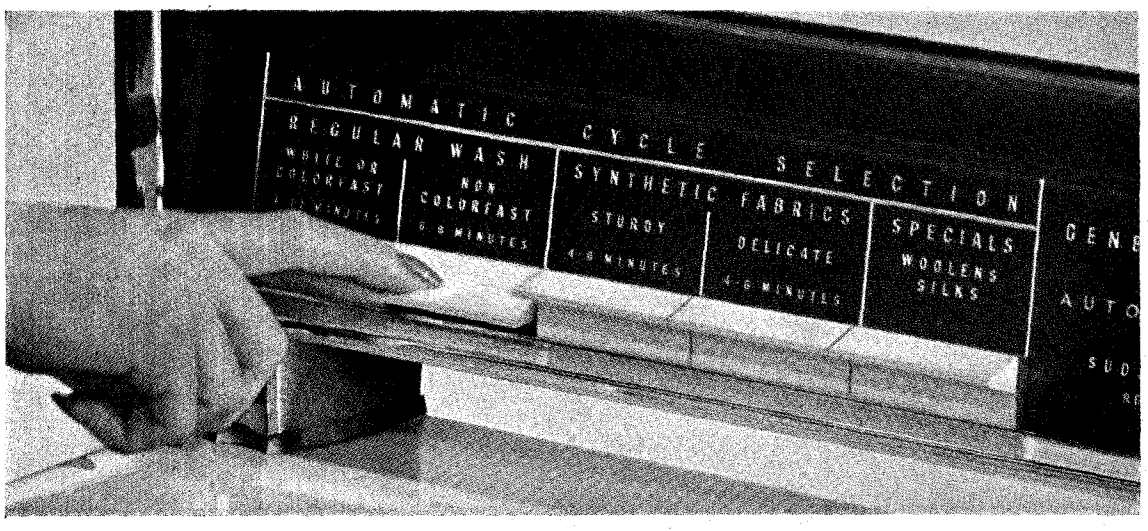


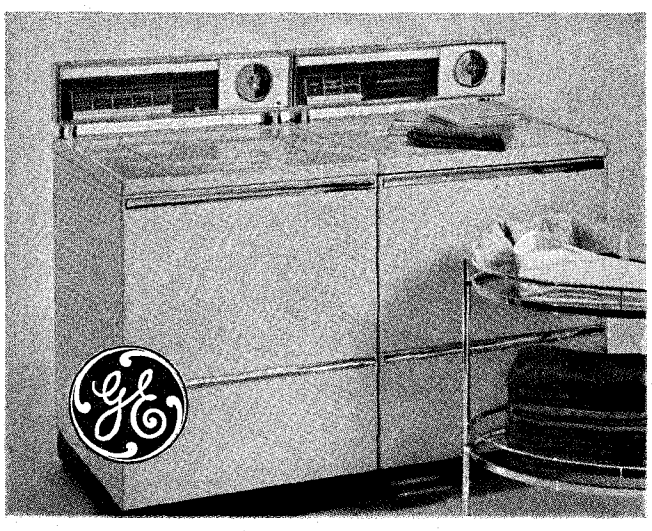
New Rinse Conditioner . . . gives you softer, fluffier clothes. Before you wash, just pour a fabric or water softener into the dispenser at left of filter. It automatically "conditions" the water at rinse time.

He's wearing "linty" socks. After 7 washings in an ordinary washer, the pair of socks, above left, were flecked with unsightly lint fuzz. Lint mars the appearance of dark clothes, dulls colors, too!

He's wearing all-clean socks. After 7 washings in a General Electric Washer, the same kind of socks, above right, washed in an identical washload, showed *practically no lint*. End lint on *your* clothes.

. . . Now with simple new WASH-TO-ORDER FABRIC KEYS





Touch one key—it selects the right wash and rinse temperatures, wash and spin speeds.

No more guessing! Just touch the fabric key to fit your washload—the washer *sets itself* for proper clothes care. Each of five fabric settings automatically selects the right combination of wash conditions to wash clothes best.

Clothes last longer . . . synthetics wrinkle less. Everything your family wears is washed to order.

- Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics.
- Water Saver Selector saves up to 20 gallons on small loads.
- Automatic Suds Return System (optional) lets you set aside filtered suds for a second wash.
- Five-year written warranty on transmission parts.

Straight-Line Styling . . . Filter-Flo Washer (Model WA-950R) about $3.40* a week. With Automatic Suds Return, slightly higher. Matching Dryer, about $2.80* a week. In Mix-or-Match Colors or white. *General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

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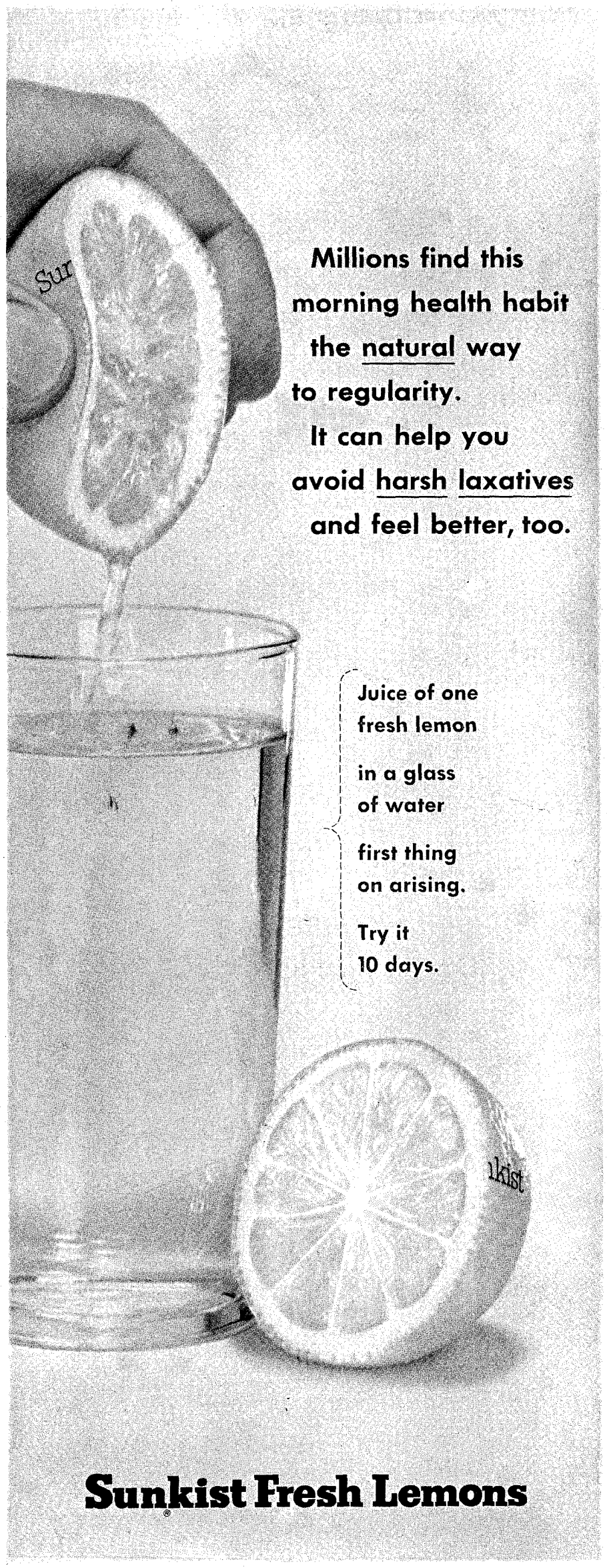


Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

I wonder if his stand would have been so adamant had he represented a state benefiting from the tremendous boom of boating by having the proper inland or seaboard facilities?

Take the case of Scituate, on the "South Shore" of Massachusetts, (and not Cape Cod as he erroneously stated): Would the ex-governor deprive a township of its otherwise assured future growth where both living conditions and economy are based largely on the seasonal attractions of its beaches, climate, and marine necessities?

JAY MURLEY
Newton Center, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Federal spending for waterways . . . is not, as Mr. Miller intimates, designed to provide yacht basins and vacation grounds for a few, and to dredge channels along unused waterways. The actual effect of this public-works program is to provide very real benefits for all the citizens of this country. Huge quantities of basic goods, such as iron ore and steel, timber and lumber, chemicals and construction products are transported by water at substantially cheaper rates than is possible by rail or highway. The benefits of all such projects are ultimately passed on to the consumer because of a very workable American system called competition.

MALCOLM D. POLK
Vicksburg, Miss.

12-Week Convalescence

Dear Sirs:

When I was sending you various materials for my story [MY PARACHUTE FAILED TO OPEN, Dec. 21] I forwarded you a clipping which stated that I was back on flying status within two months of the accident, and it got into Keeping Posted. The time stated in this clipping was in error, as it was 12 weeks before I was cleared by the Flight Surgeon back to flying status. I had sent you the clipping because I was amused about my alleged comment to the effect that I had been worried about getting a screw loose. . . .

As you are aware, the Air Force Medical Department exacts the highest standards of health for jet pilots, and, of course, would not think of letting a pilot fly a high-performance weapons system without first determining beyond a shadow of a doubt that he had no infirmities.

To be perfectly frank, I flat goofed by sending you this clipping when it contained errors. However, this does not rectify the mistake, and the responsibility is entirely mine and not yours.

CAPT. GEORGE E. DAY, USAF,
APO, N.Y.

Women and Their Money

Dear Sirs:

Our congratulations on Lindsay Morgenthaler's WE WIVES CAN PLAY THE MARKET, TOO, as told to Jerome Ellison, Jan. 18.

We are a group of 15 females of varied occupations, secretary to housewife. Collectively, we are known as the Rittenhouse Investment Group, "The Rigs," and are one of the few all-female investment groups in the Philadelphia area. . . .

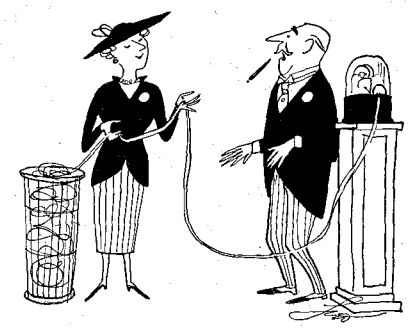
I hope this very wonderful story will alert more women to join the ranks of the "Wigs" and the "Rigs."

E. B. WEINROTT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

There's no question about investment clubs being educational. I know; I've been an active member of one for three years. And they're darned good fun.

But, unfortunately, especially since these clubs have become so popular, a lot of people decide to join or form one because they think it's an easy way to make



a quick buck. Mrs. Morgenthaler, referring to one group, says, ". . . the club owns stocks today valued at more than three times the amount paid in." . . . That's just the frosting on the cake. Wrong emphasis. . . .

Let me quote from Raymond Trigger's How to Run a Successful Investment Club: "For starry-eyed investors to be overawed by the 'results' of a group of Johnny-come-lately clubs is perilous. I shudder to think of the disillusionment that lies ahead for those who, improperly indoctrinated in the first place, start placing their hard-earned twenty or twenty-five dollars a month into an investment club, only to discover that they started their program at the top of "a long market decline."

To which I say Amen.

WINIFRED KOLB
New York, N.Y.

"Incredible!"

Dear Sirs:

It is absolutely incredible to me that a college teacher of American literature should be compelled to write to the Post for assurance that the fine story, THE SECRET OF THE BOTTLE, by Gerald Kersh, is fiction rather than fact [Letters, Jan. 18]. That "thousands of other teachers of American literature" are equally naïve cannot and must not be true.

HERBERT C. PETERSON
Lima, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Wide World. • 19–PIX. • 20–Black Star. • 21–International. • 22, 23–Coby Whitmore. • 24, 25–Arthur Griffin. • 26–Fred Otnes. • 27–Wide World, David Bier. 28–Scandinavian Airlines, Sally Reston, James Reston. • 29–Photo Representatives, James Reston, Center Studios. • 30–Dr. A. David Gurewitsch. • 31–Ken Davies. • 32, 33–V. J. Craig. • 34, 35–Bruce Bomberger. • 36, 37–Ormond Gigli. • 38, 39–Ken Riley. 43–James R. Bingham. • 100–Anonymous, Don Keller, C.B.S.-TV, Reportage, PIX.

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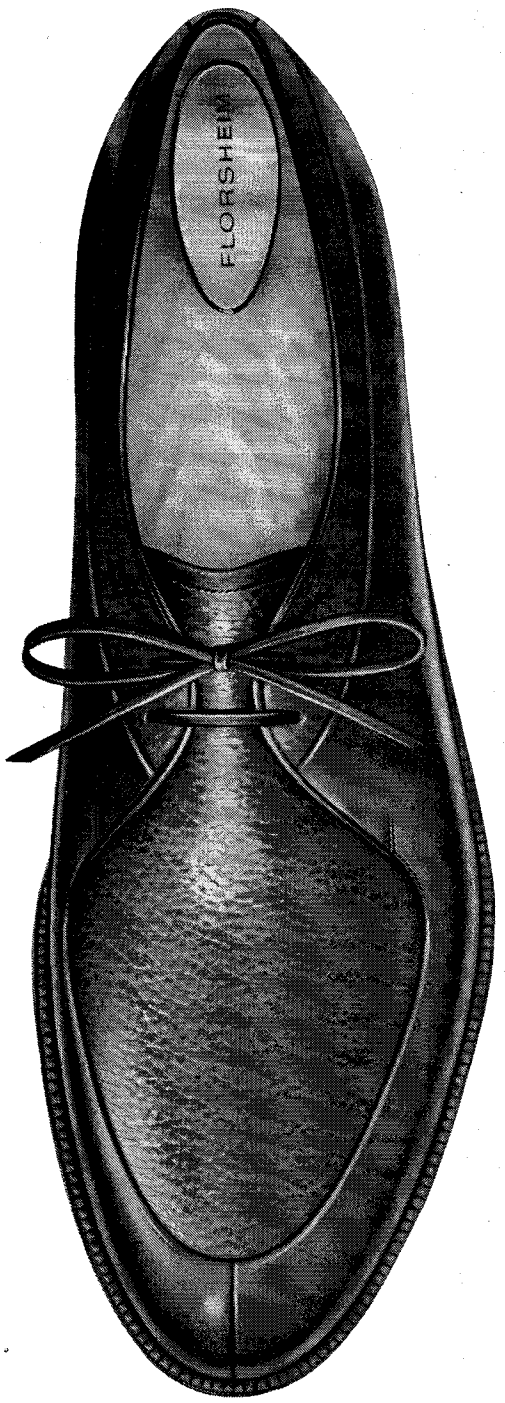

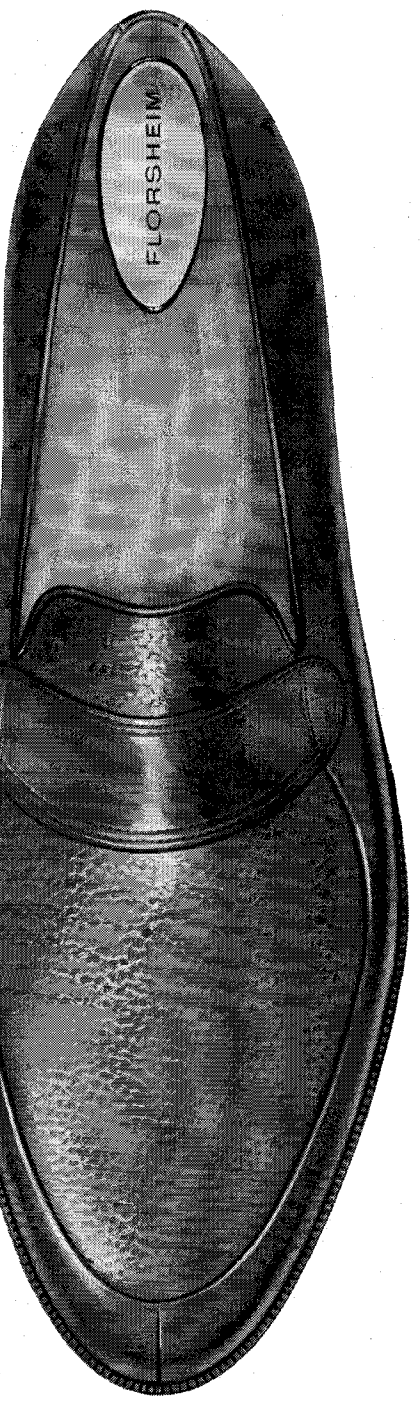

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Walnuts, combined with
smooth calfskin—
in blacks, browns, taupes!
A lecture on texture—
with a happy blending!

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Center: The COMO, *29302*
Right: The SORRENTO, *39003*

Florsheim Shoes $18.95 *and higher*

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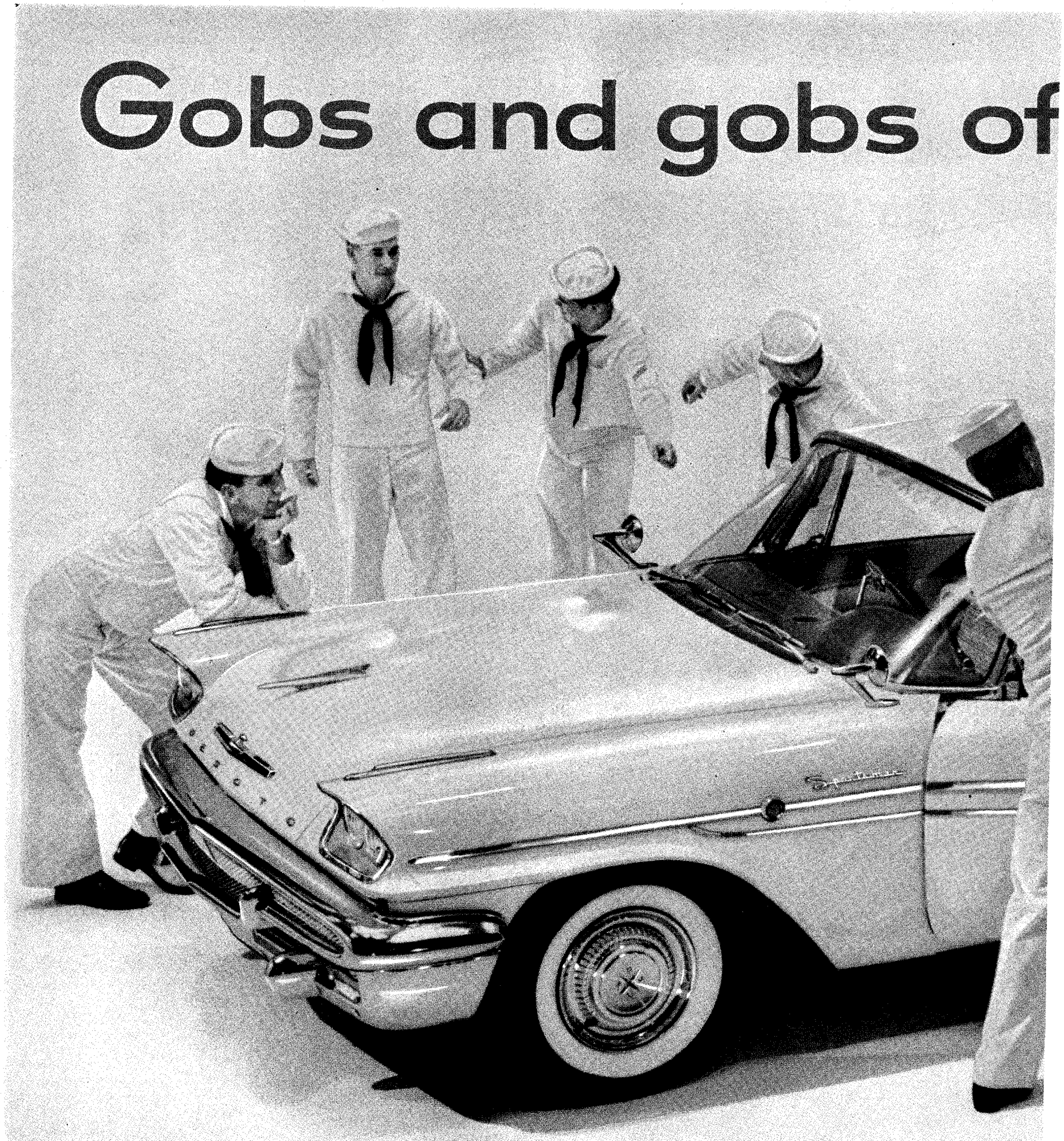

DE SOTO ... the exciting

THREE WONDERFUL WAYS TO GO DESOT

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room

Fore and aft, there's plenty of room in a new De Soto. Leg room, head room, side room. And roominess is only the start of the story.

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NEW ENGINE! Turn the key in a new De Soto. That giant purring under the hood is the new Turboflash V8 engine—powerful, quiet and economical.

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Editorials

If It's Too "Bipartisan," it Isn't Politics!

Republicans are discovering that it is hard to become "modern" enough to suit the Democrats. This elementary lesson in practical politics was expounded to the G.O.P. as a whole at the expense of Sherman Adams, President Eisenhower's executive assistant, who, up to the night of January twentieth, was supposed to be modern and forward-looking enough to satisfy the most critical "nonpartisan" Democrat.

On January twentieth the G.O.P. kicked off its 1958 campaign to recapture Congress, with a series of dinners and speeches from coast to coast. President Eisenhower made an address in Chicago, which brought on no catcalls. In Minneapolis, Sherman Adams delivered what, in the old days, would have passed as a routine political speech, somewhat on the milk-toast side. But Mr. Adams had hardly sat down when the roof fell in. It seems the Democrats and their columnist allies regarded the speech as "partisan"!

Those who complained the most bitterly were Democratic politicians who for months had been making the night hideous with "bipartisan" demands that President Eisenhower resign, that he fire this or that cabinet officer as an incompetent booby, that the G.O.P. get out of the way and make room for people who could cope with the Soviet threat. Mr. Adams seems to have had the naïve idea that, in asking the people of the country to support the Republican Party, somebody ought to give them some reasons for doing so, as well as answer the attacks being made on the party.

So Mr. Adams, using the formula of Marcus Tullius Cicero, said: "We do not need to bring up the military catastrophe of Pearl Harbor, nor the scientific catastrophe of losing our atomic secrets. Nor do we need to dwell on policies that led to the Red invasion of Korea, nor the plight of our defenses when the invasion began, nor the handcuffs put upon our conduct of that war. We need not even refer to the loss of China, nor the surrender of positions of freedom throughout the world." Ammunition enough for the nonce, Mr. Adams added, was the Democratic record on defense during their years in power. He pointed out that it was worse than the Republican record.

Manifestly this does not absolve the Republicans for their part in the general indifference, but surely Mr. Adams was within his rights in attempting to disqualify some of the current witnesses against the G.O.P., men who are now zealots for space warfare, but had little heart for defeating the Communists on one vital front where it could have been done—Korea.

Fortunately for Mr. Adams, the Republicans now like him better than they used to, and even the Democrats and the columnists must occasionally wonder why they thought they could convince the average American that it was immoral for a Republican political speech to be "partisan," even when the Democrats threw the first brick.

Why All the Uproar and Protocol, Just to Trade Cultures With Khrushchev?

New York and Hollywood overflow with English actors. American films are produced in Italy and France. American audiences are crazy about English movies, as well as French movies with English titles. Japanese motion pictures get enthusiastic reviews in New York, and Japanese actresses play leading parts in Hollywood productions, and not just Madame Butterfly. American scholars labor in the great libraries of England and Western Europe, while less earnest travelers ride about from gallery to gallery on rubberneck wagons.

All this has been going on for years without benefit of communiqués, conferences and joint agreements between governments like the one recently concluded between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. "to arrange for wide exchanges in the cultural, educational and technological fields." Nobody thinks this remarkable or the occasion for a solemn announcement by the diplomatic representatives of the nations concerned.

Why, then, all the fuss over the possibility that Americans and Russians may, in a cautious and restrained manner, make arrangements to exchange TV shows, ballet dancers, scientific operations and works of literature? It isn't so long ago that the works of Tolstoy or Maxim Gorky were imported and read by Americans. Why the need for so much protocol just to restore a fraction of that relationship? The answer, of course, is simply that the Communist dictatorship has deliberately cut the Russian people off from contacts with the outside world. Whatever culture comes into Russia from elsewhere is filtered through a jealous and stupid censorship. Everything has to be cleared with the Ministry of Culture.

As far as we can see, this necessity will continue despite the recent agreement signed by Mr. Lacy for "our side," and for the "Soviet side" by Mr. Georgi Zaroubin, the old NKVD agent who left his job as ambassador to Canada after the exposure of an atomic-spy apparatus in his embassy. Perhaps the ministry will let more culture seep through than formerly, but the controls will still be in existence, their function being to see to it that Soviet culture makes the maximum impact on the U.S.A. and that American culture comes as near to falling on its face in Russia as can be arranged without causing resentment or suspicion on "the American side."

The one thing necessary for a really important improvement in cultural relations between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. is freedom for the Russian people to make their own contacts with foreigners. But it doesn't look as if anything like that is likely to come about while the Communists are in charge of the culture on the "Soviet side."

You Can't Buy Honest Voters With Gadgets

The laudable effort to persuade people to go out and vote, even when they can't think of anything worth voting for or against, has taken on some odd excrescences. For example, the Junior Chamber of Commerce of North Miami Beach, Florida, handed to every citizen who cast a ballot in a recent city election 100 trading stamps! Presumably if they vote often enough, the citizens of North Miami Beach will be able to cash in their suffrage for a brand-new toaster or home freezer.

A string of California service stations offered one gallon of gasoline for the numbered stub from a ballot. Even with state and Federal tax, that is considerably below the market.

Once it is accepted that people have to be rewarded for voting, the possibilities are endless. "Voter for a Day" on television could load the dutiful citizen with a year's supply of campaign buttons, a trip by plane to observe a free election in Cambodia, or a split-level house.

Buying votes is an old custom and, in our opinion, it is not much more respectable when the buyer doesn't care how you vote than it is when he insists that you vote for him. Voting is a duty and a privilege, not something to do under compulsion or in hope of reward. Give the people real issues and honest candidates, and we can forget the trading stamps. People who require such inducements to get them to the polls probably have little to say through the ballot anyway.

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"Heart attack? Sure I had one . . ."

"Here I am—working almost the same as before my heart attack. Close up shop a little earlier and take things a little easier, of course. And I watch my diet and weight pretty carefully. Like my doctor says, I've learned to live within the capacities of my heart."

TODAY, in your community—where you buy gasoline or groceries or clothing, you're likely to find people at work who have recovered from heart attacks, commonly caused by coronary thrombosis—the blocking of one of the blood vessels of the heart.

There is much about coronary disease that justifies an optimistic outlook today. For example, studies show that 80 percent of those who have a "coronary" survive their first attack . . . and that most are able to go back to work and enjoy many useful years. Moreover, those who make a good recovery face few or only moderate restrictions.

They must, however, observe sensible safeguards about overwork and excessive activity. They should also get enough rest and pay particular attention to proper diet and weight control. Those who do so generally live as comfortably as if their hearts had never been in trouble.

Great strides have been made in treating coronary attacks. A close check can be kept on the patient's progress by laboratory tests, including the electro-cardiograph and X-ray pictures of the heart. Medicines which help prevent the blood from clotting are sometimes helpful in reducing complications. These medicines, of course, are used only under strict medical supervision.

The recovered coronary patient can often worry unnecessarily. This is because a heart attack may be a frightening experience which creates doubts and fears about the future that are hard to overcome.

The recovering coronary patient, for example, may worry about having another attack. He is likely to be deeply concerned, too, about whether he will be able to return to work and how much he will have to change his accustomed ways of living. The outlook depends on the individual case. Usually, however, a nearly normal life is possible if *moderation* in all activities is carefully observed.

Naturally, the doctor is the best person to ease the patient's mind. But questions that puzzle and worry the patient often arise when the doctor isn't around. Or, questions may come up which the patient hesitates to ask.

To help fill this need, Metropolitan has prepared a new booklet . . . in cooperation with heart specialists . . . called "After a Coronary." It answers many questions often asked by those who have had a heart attack.

Perhaps there is someone in your family or circle of friends to whom this booklet would bring reassurance. You, too, might read it to advantage, for everyone should know about this disease which occurs so frequently. You will find it a helpful, hopeful booklet—reflecting optimism for many of today's coronary patients. For your free copy, fill out and return the coupon below.

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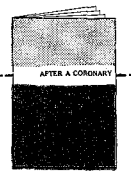

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Now—out of new materials, new processes, new techniques developed by U. S. Rubber Research—come tires engineered with your safety as the first consideration. Tires that, in 241-million miles of testing have proved themselves first in safety...have earned the name "U. S. Royal Safety 1st Tires". Tires that are typical of the exciting new developments of U. S. Rubber research . . . in footwear, textiles, chemicals, plastics —some 33,000 products in all!

And even more exciting products are being discovered and developed, around the clock, around the calendar, in this recently dedicated research center. The world's largest and most modern rubber research institution—its 7 buildings occupy 99 acres at Wayne Township, New Jersey. You are cordially invited to see many of these fine products now on display at the new United States Rubber Exhibit Hall, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

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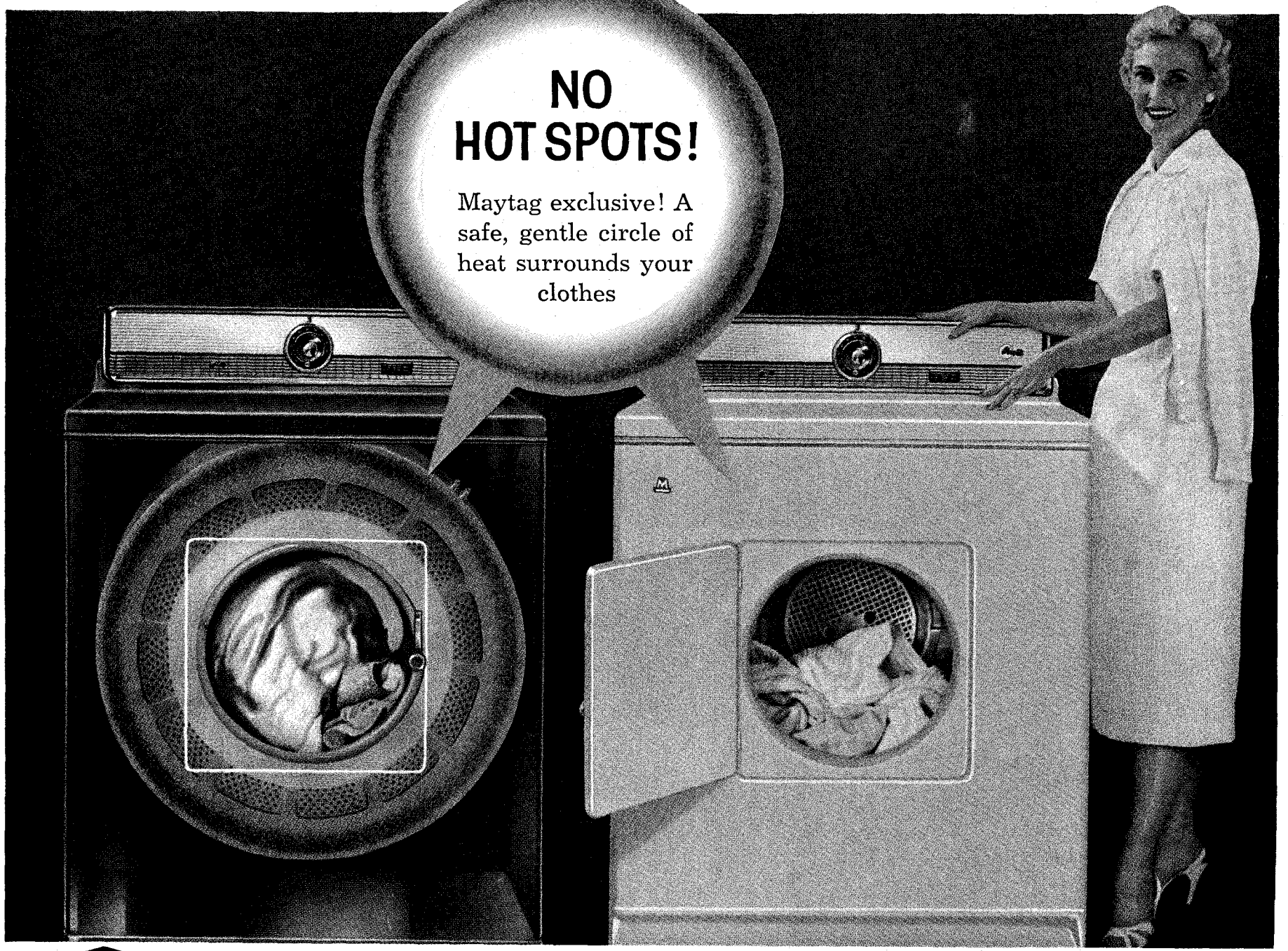
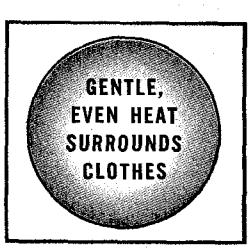
New Maytag "Halo of Heat" Dryer fast-dries a load in 26 minutes - safe as sunshine!



"Picture Window" demonstration model shows how "Halo of Heat" works in the new Maytag Dryer

OTHER DRYERS DO THIS
Clothes come in contact with concentrated heat as high as 200°. Result: Overdrying is common.



NEW MAYTAG DRYER
Regular loads dry at 100 to 110°. Ends overdrying. Clothes dry fluffy with fewer wrinkles.

Now dry clothes at little more than body temperature! This amazing new Maytag dries clothes as fast as you can wash them, in safe, low temperatures of 100 to 110°!

Just 26 minutes is all it takes to dry a load of clothes in Maytag's gentle, but efficient "halo of heat." Clothes are then air-fluffed 3 minutes more so they'll come out extra soft and cool to your touch.

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WASH'n WEAR **New! Push this button for Automatic De-Wrinkling.** Takes out wrinkles, saves ironing. Time Chime tells when "wash 'n wear" clothes are dry.

Other features include: Revolving Disc Lint Filter, New Automatic Sprinkler, Air-Cooled Cabinet. Gas and electric models. 115 or 230-V electrics, city or LP gas. In pink, green, yellow, white—as low as $199.95. Sold in Canada and throughout the world.

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FOR THE FUNDS TO BRING HIM UP—EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT THERE...

Equitable's Living Insurar

Living Insurance means benefits for the living. Benefits for you while you live. If you die, benefits for those who live on after you.

It can never be too early to plan your family's security; it can only be too late. *Now* is the time to ask yourself what will happen to them if you're not there to protect them.

An answer is provided by a low-cost form of *Living* Insurance, called Equitable's Adjustable Whole Life Policy. It comes in $10,000 "economy-size" packages of protection; it builds substantial cash values, and offers many valuable change-over options later in life. This kind of living protection means your wife will have the funds for your family's needs,

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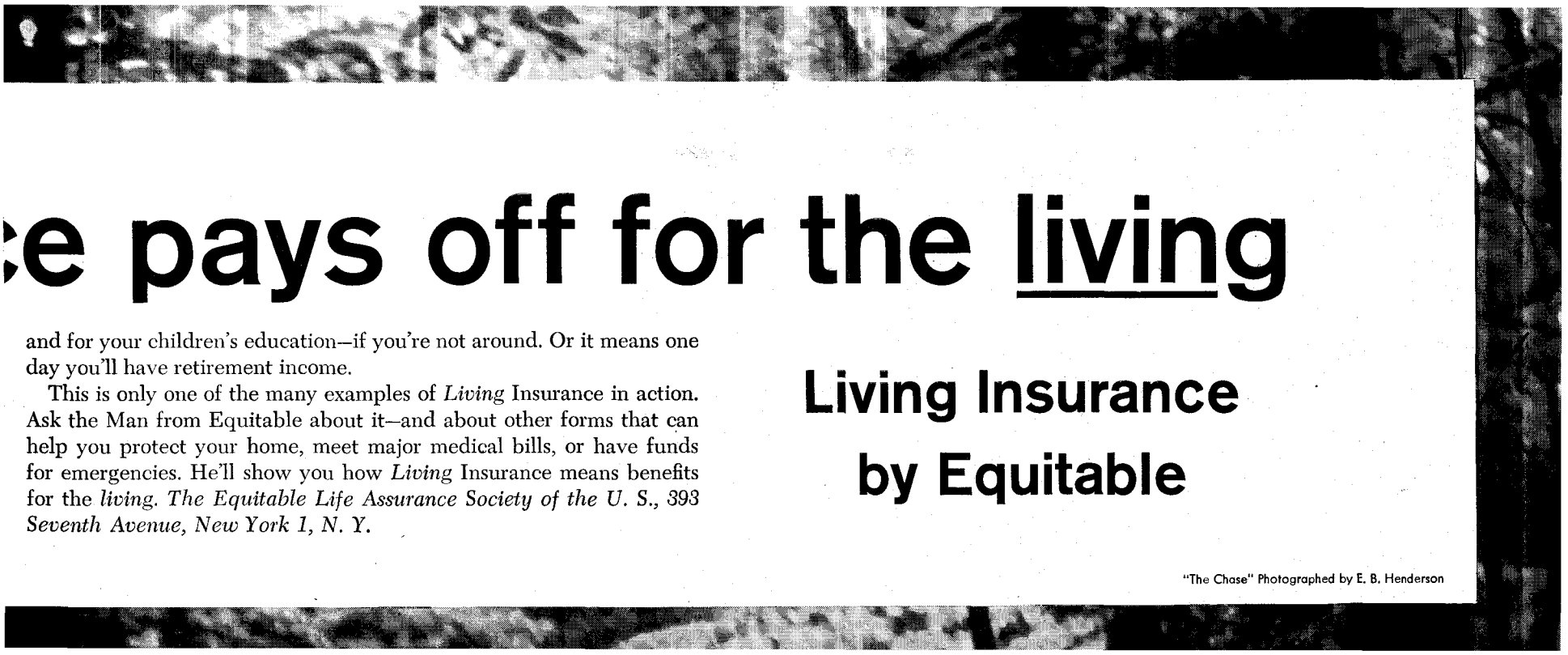

:e pays off for the living

and for your children's education—if you're not around. Or it means one day you'll have retirement income.

This is only one of the many examples of *Living* Insurance in action. Ask the Man from Equitable about it—and about other forms that can help you protect your home, meet major medical bills, or have funds for emergencies. He'll show you how *Living* Insurance means benefits for the *living. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., 393 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.*

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"The Chase" Photographed by E. B. Henderson

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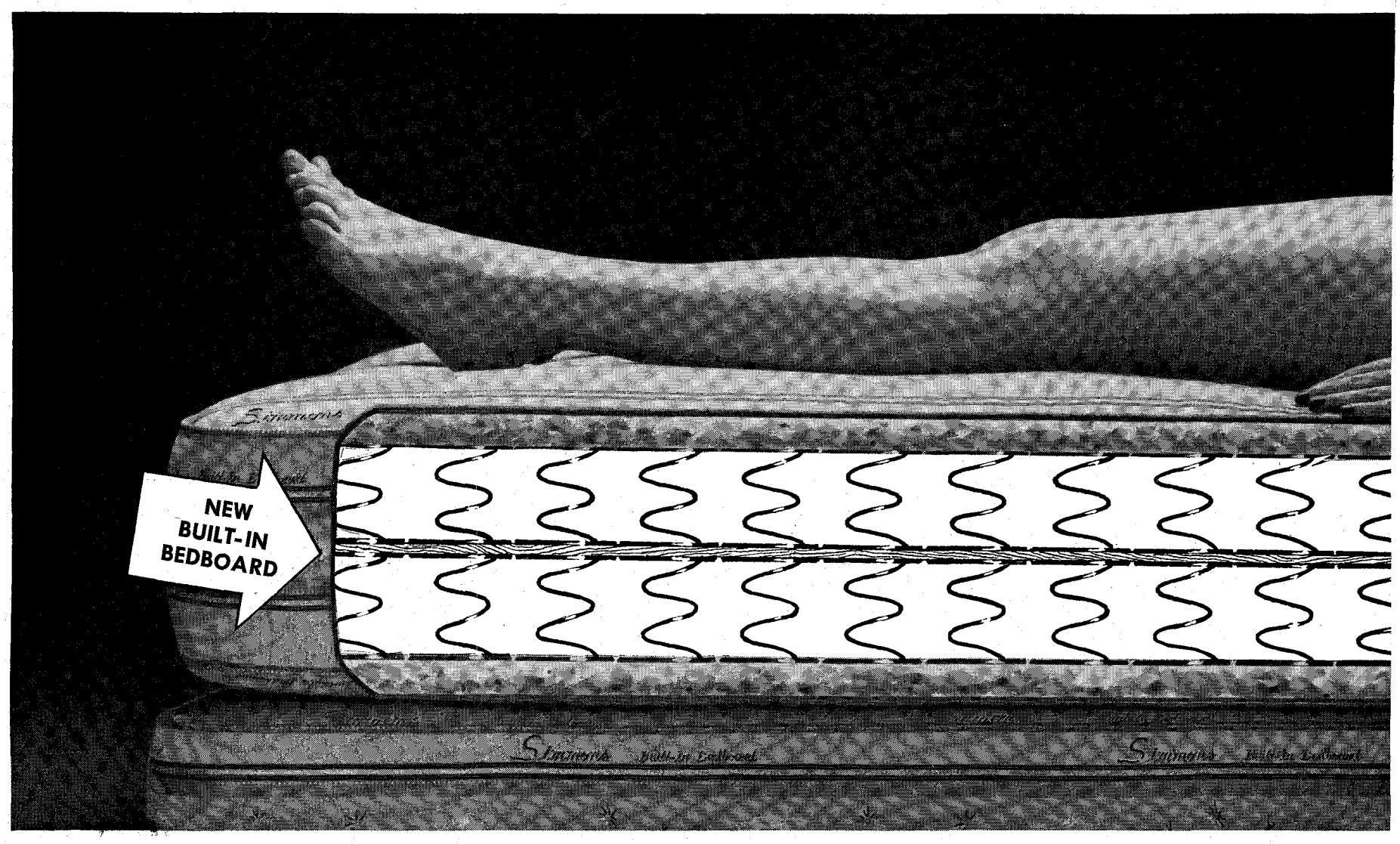

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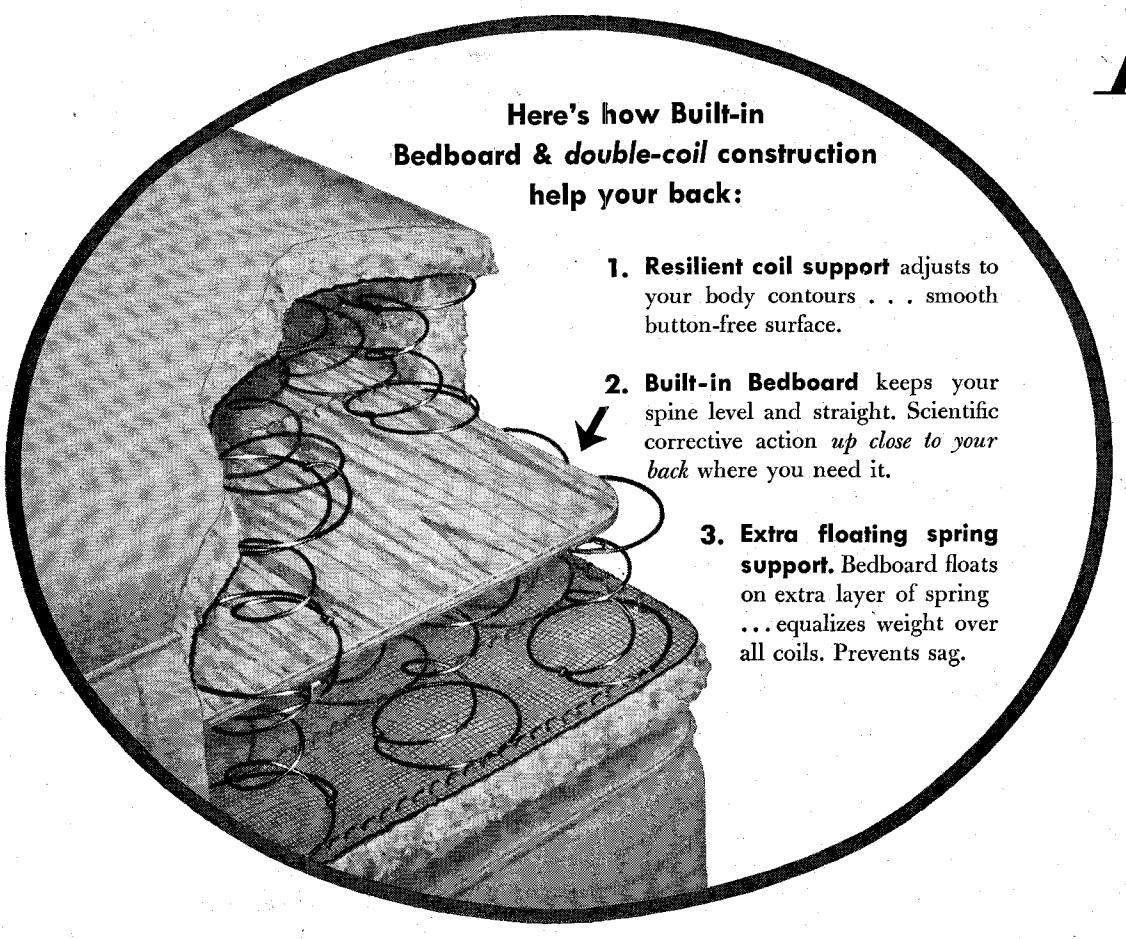
First and only



Here's how Built-in Bedboard & *double-coil* construction help your back:

1. **Resilient coil support** adjusts to your body contours . . . smooth button-free surface.
2. **Built-in Bedboard** keeps your spine level and straight. Scientific corrective action *up close to your back* where you need it.
3. **Extra floating spring support.** Bedboard floats on extra layer of spring . . . equalizes weight over all coils. Prevents sag.

NOW FROM SIMMONS, the first totally new mat tress in 18 years. A revolutionary new mat tress designed and engineered for the one out c three people who have back problems.

Heretofore, people with back problems have ha to buy ordinary so-called "posture" mattresse with conventional construction . . . or put inade quate, makeshift bedboards under their mattresse in an attempt to compensate for flimsy suppor

Now for the first time there is a mattress specifical engineered to put the straight, corrective action of t bedboard up near your back where it belongs . . . ar at the same time give you double innerspring su port with springs both over and under the bedboar

Requested–Supervised–Approved by Doctor Simmons first began research for this new kind mattress as a result of medical demand. Duri the experimental period, a panel of leading orth

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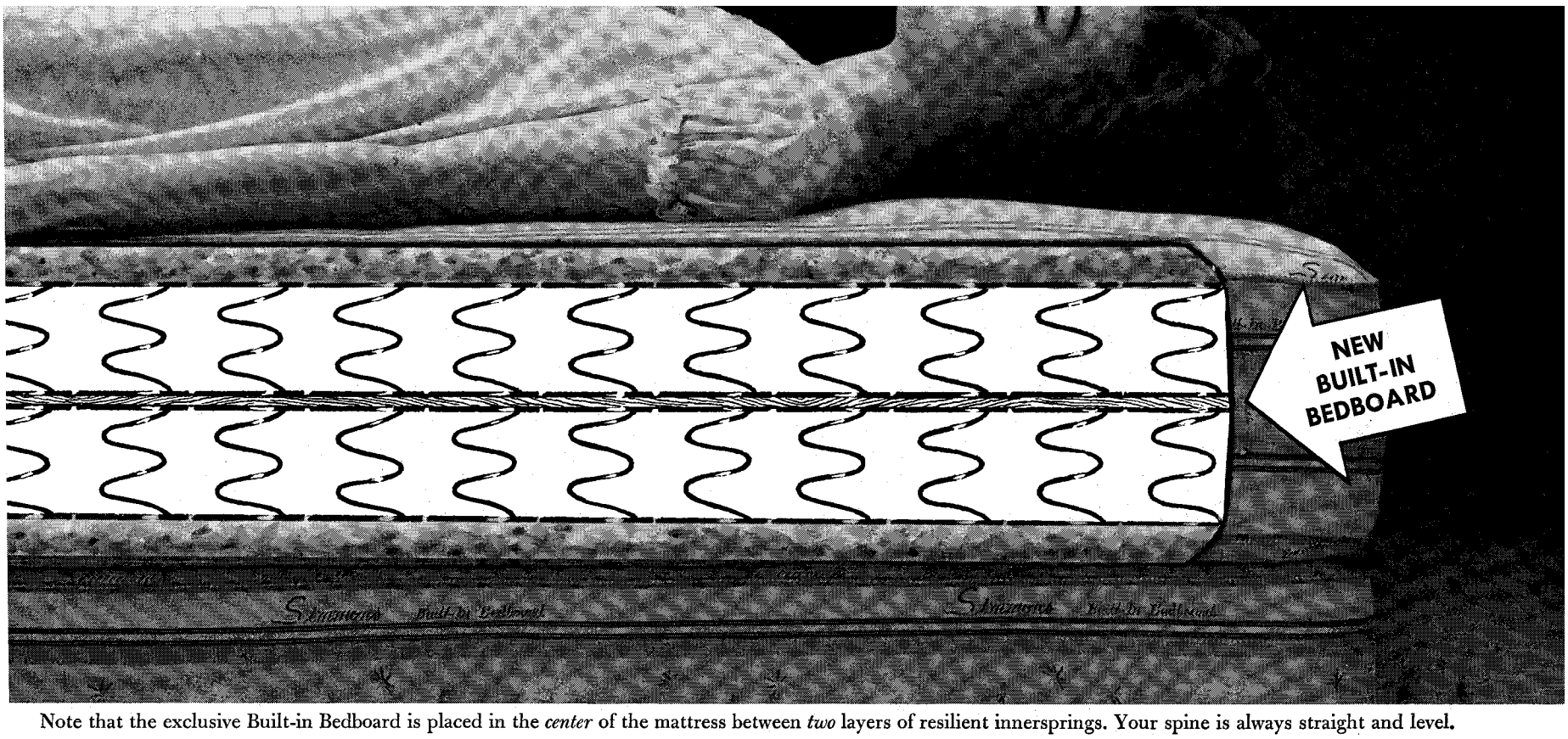


Note that the exclusive Built-in Bedboard is placed in the *center* of the mattress between *two* layers of resilient innersprings. Your spine is always straight and level.

NEW BACK CARE BY SIMMONS!

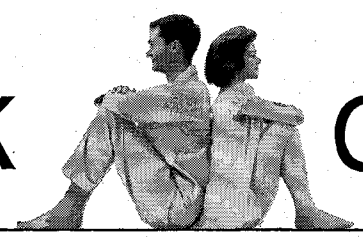
mattress with a built-in bedboard!

edists consulted with Simmons engineers. Fi-ally, when the scientific Back Care design was erfected, these specialists *tried* the mattress for emselves and their patients.

heir verdict: complete approval of the unique vel support given by the Back Care. Of course, mattress can promise a cure for backache due to pathological or functional causes. If you have such a serious back condition, you should be under a doctor's care. Ask him about the Back Care.

Because of its completely new construction, you may find at first that the Back Care feels definitely firmer than the mattress you've been sleeping on. But, when you are accustomed to its new qualities of support, you'll never be comfortable on any other kind of mattress.

In spite of its obviously more costly construction, the Back Care is reasonably priced at $79.50, fully guaranteed. You'll find this modest cost returned many times over in welcome, new freedom for your back.



BACK CARE

WITH BUILT-IN BEDBOARD

by SIMMONS

PATENT PENDING

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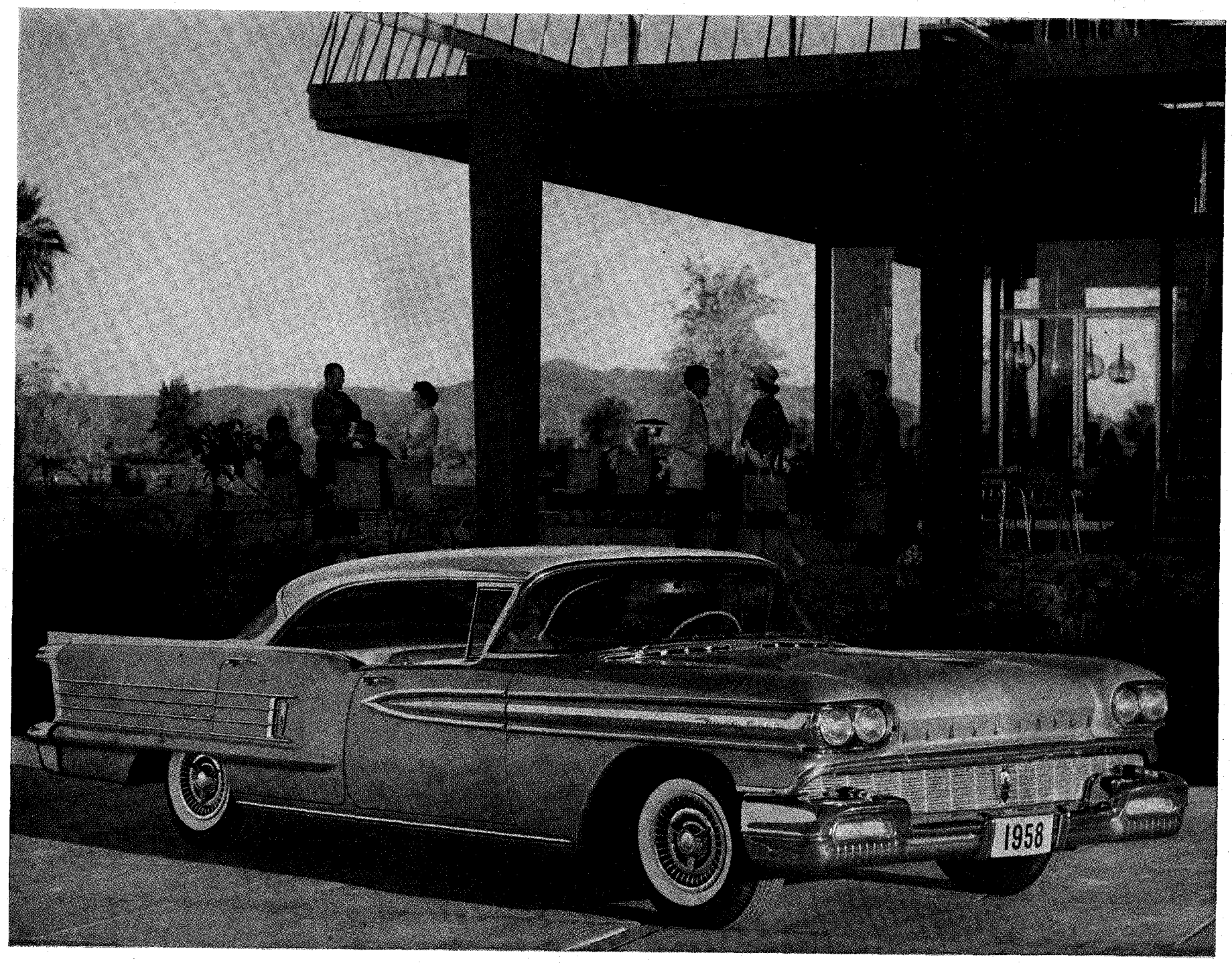

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An agile way to travel

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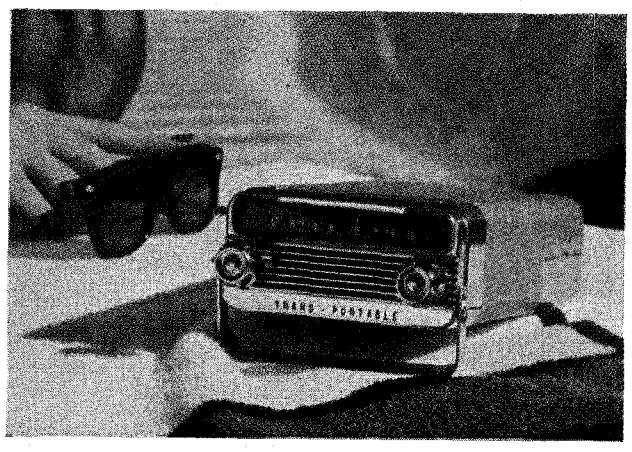

New Trans-Portable Radio* serves as your regular car radio, but can also be unlocked and used as a go-anywhere, lightweight, 160-hour battery-powered, transistor portable.

There's so much pure pleasure in piloting the '58 Oldsmobile you find yourself looking for places to go. If you think this hard to believe, that's because you haven't yet experienced the incredible smoothness of New-Matic Ride* – Oldsmobile's *true* air suspension. Or you haven't felt the eager response of the new Rocket Engine – or put your hand to the responsive steering and parking ability of this new Oldsmobile. *When you do,* at your Authorized Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's, you'll know the real meaning of *OLDSmobility* – the Rocket Age way to go places and do things.

**Optional at extra cost*

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1908-1958 GM *FORWARD FROM FIFTY . . . INTO THE ROCKET AGE*

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POST

What NEGROES Can Learn From GANDHI

Our former ambassador to India compares the "civil disobedience" methods of a saintly little Hindu with the peaceful triumph of American Negroes in Montgomery, Alabama.

By CHESTER BOWLES

"Now let's practice it again," the Negro preacher said to members of his congregation. "I'm a white man and I insult you, I shove you, maybe I hit you. What do you do?"

Their answer was ready: "I keep my temper. I do not budge. I do not strike back. I turn the other cheek."

It was a December evening in 1956. After a year of walking to work and of riding in hundreds of cars organized in general pools the 42,000 Negroes of Montgomery, Alabama, had established their constitutional right to ride in nonsegregated buses.

With the beginning of the next workday the new bus rules would go into effect. Now they were patiently going through demonstration sessions in their churches, pretending the pews were bus seats, learning how to apply their Christian principles to this most explosive of all problems in human relations. "Now remember," their ministers advised them, "don't crow. Don't lord it over the white riders. Show patience and respect. Do unto them as you would have them do unto you."

The author: "We Americans live in an age of miracles."

In the following weeks, white extremists fired shots, hurled bombs and subjected the Negroes and their leaders to a barrage of threats and insults. But they stood their ground, firm and dignified, without arrogance or bitterness.

When their victory was finally won, many white citizens who had been active in organizing resistance to bus desegregation said grudgingly, "We didn't know the Negroes had the stuff to do what they've just done. We never thought we'd come to respect them, but we have."

Just how had this practical, latter-day demonstration of the Sermon on the Mount been achieved? What were the techniques which made it possible?

The Montgomery program had deep spiritual roots, not only in Christianity but in the ancient religions of Asia. Martin Luther King, the twenty-seven-year-old Negro minister who more than any other individual was responsible for its success, says frankly that he borrowed his techniques directly from Gandhi, who used them brilliantly to bring freedom to 400,000,000 Indians.

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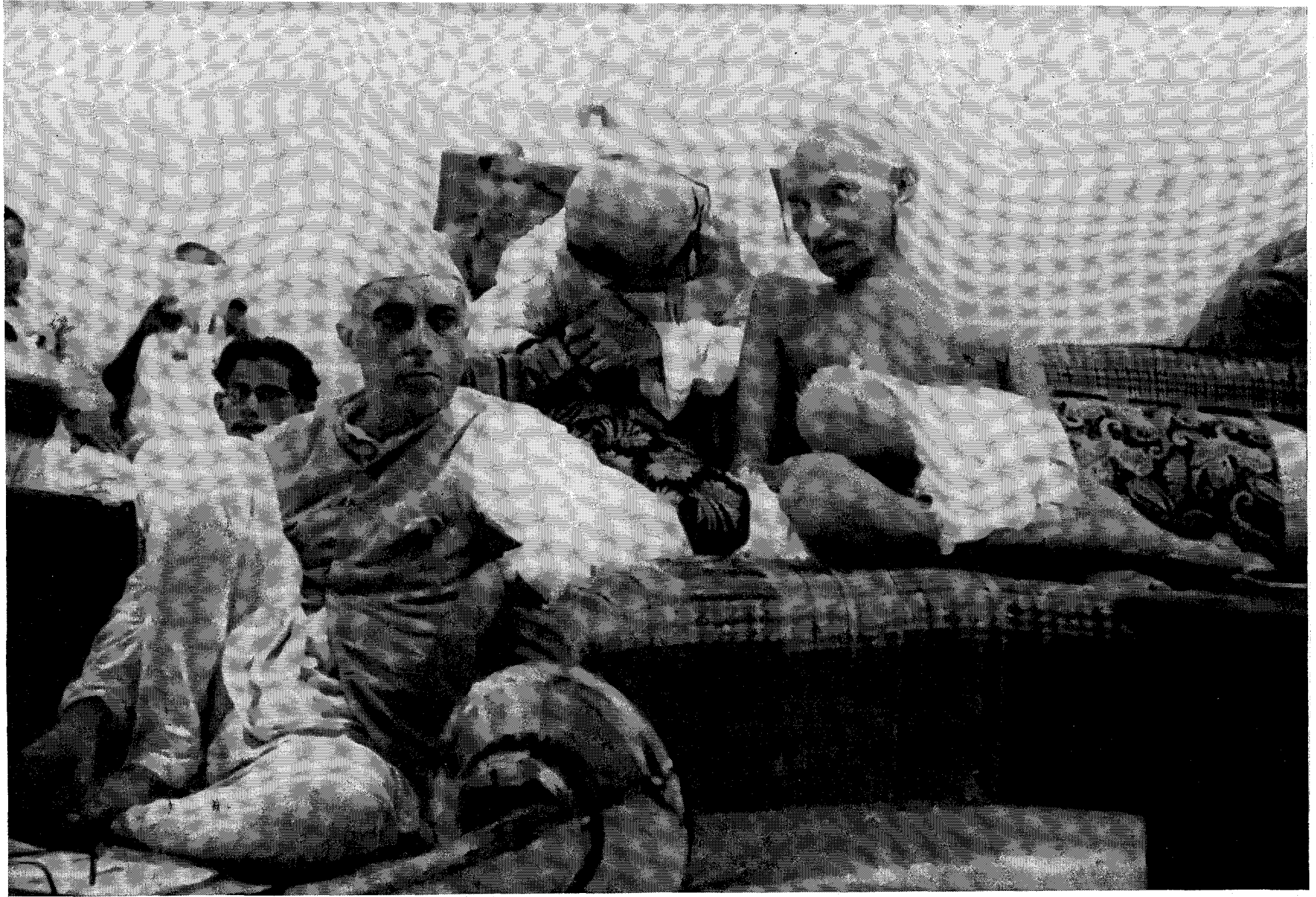

Bombay, 1942: At this meeting Gandhi (right) launched a campaign of nonviolent resistance to British rule in India. Soon afterward he and Nehru (in cap) were jailed again.

Gandhi said, "It may be through Negroes that the message of nonviolence will be delivered to the world."

Gandhi in turn was stimulated by the views of the Russian writer, Tolstoy, and by the American, Thoreau, who was sentenced to serve in a Massachusetts prison because of his "peaceful protest" against the Fugitive Slave Laws. Indeed, it was from Thoreau's essay, Civil Disobedience, that Gandhi borrowed the phrase used widely to describe his program.

Thoreau himself was influenced by the writings of the forest wise men of India who wrote the Upanishads. These ancient Hindu writings were translated into English in the early 1800's. Thoreau read and pondered them in the Harvard College library. Thus this political technique of boycott and nonviolent protest has already crossed and recrossed the ocean to strengthen hearts and to influence minds in South Asia, South Africa and in Alabama, U.S.A.

Many Americans who consider themselves hardheaded may discount the happenings in Montgomery as a special situation and scoff at the suggestion that such techniques could, in fact, ease the explosive racial antagonism that plagues so many American communities. But one thing is sure: their skepticism is no greater than that of Gandhi's contemporaries a few years before his final triumph.

When this little man in a loincloth said, "I believe it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire, to save his honor, his religion, his soul, and to lay the foundation for that empire's fall or its regeneration," there was general merriment in British and Indian ruling circles. But even the most skeptical ultimately came to honor him.

After years of jail going in resistance to unfair laws and years of hard constructive work to create the conditions of justice among the Indians themselves, he demonstrated the political power of his religious faith. By bringing that faith shrewdly and courageously to bear on the intolerable institution of colonialism he freed the Indian people. In so doing, he laid the groundwork for the fall of the British colonial empire and for its regeneration in the British Commonwealth of Nations—exactly as he said he would.

There are suggestive parallels between the Montgomery boycott and the beginning of Gandhi's struggle. The movement in Montgomery started from an incident which blossomed into a crusade.

A quiet Negro seamstress, Mrs. Rosa Parks, had been forced many times to give her bus seat to a white person. But one day, for some reason that she herself does not fully understand, she suddenly decided not to move. When the driver threatened to call the police, she said, "Then you just call them."

Mrs. Parks was arrested. Negro religious leaders called for a one-day city-wide boycott of the buses. When white extremists reacted vigorously, the protest grew until it covered the entire city bus system and involved almost every Negro family in Montgomery.

The Gandhian movement which ultimately freed India from foreign rule started in about the same way; in his case the spark which set

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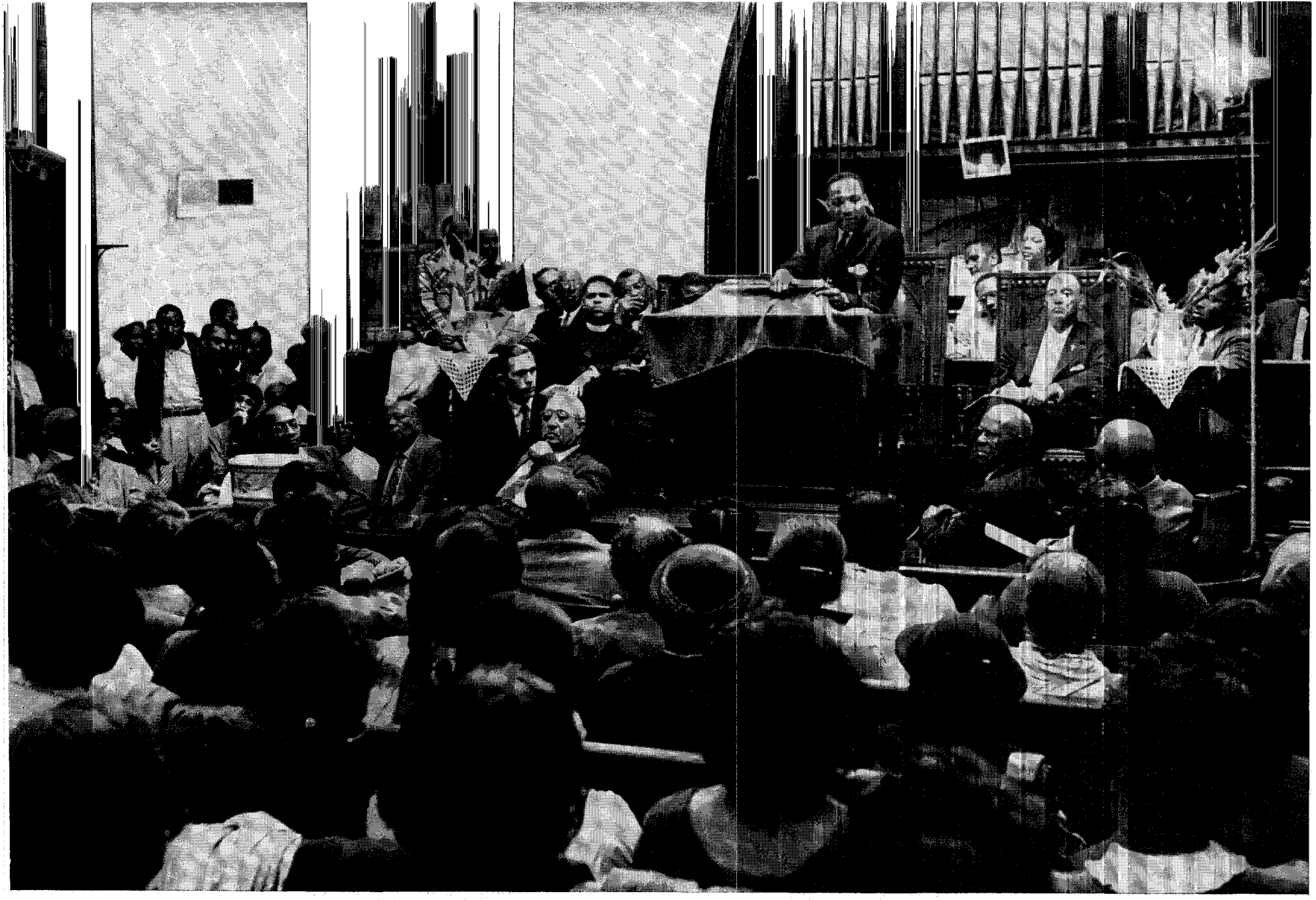

Montgomery, 1957: Two days after his house was bombed, the Rev. Martin Luther King told a mass meeting that the Negro attack on segregation must be a peaceful one.

it off was struck on a train in remote, race-conscious South Africa in 1893.

Gandhi had begun his adult career a year or so earlier as an insecure, inarticulate young attorney. While studying law in England he wore a high silk hat and took dancing lessons. In India he was so shy and frightened that he lost his first case, involving a ten-dollar claim, when he became tongue-tied before the judge and was laughed out of court.

To help him build confidence in himself, his relatively well-to-do family arranged for him to handle a lawsuit between some Indian merchants in South Africa. In Africa's fiery racial furnace something happened that transformed this twenty-four-year-old failure into an architect of history.

When Gandhi arrived in South Africa some 100,000 Indians were living there, most of whom had been recruited as cheap labor for the European plantations and mines.

A few hundred chosen Indians had been given a right to vote, but otherwise all were second-class citizens. These were called "coolies" or "sammies" and suffered segregation. On the statute books they were described as "semi-barbarous Asiatics." Into this situation came the proud young British-educated Gandhi, insisting on his first-class ways.

The night of his first train ride in South Africa, Gandhi was ordered to leave the compartment reserved for whites. When he refused to do so, he was pushed off the train at the next station stop.

King says, "We are seeking to improve not the Negro of Montgomery, but the whole of Montgomery."

As he stood shivering there in the dark, his overcoat and baggage still on the train now fast disappearing down the tracks, Gandhi asked himself the fateful question, "Should I fight for my rights here or go back to India?"

"I came to the conclusion," he recounts, "that to run back to India would be cowardly." The "golden rule," he decided, "is to dare to do the right at any cost."

When he took the stagecoach for Pretoria he was addressed as "sammie," ordered to sit outside on a dirty sackcloth and beaten by a burly white man. When he arrived in Pretoria, the hotels refused to give him a room. It was an American Negro who befriended him and somehow found him lodgings.

The next day he invited the Indians of Pretoria to a meeting at which he proposed that they stand up and fight the discrimination against them and that the fight be conducted with new, constructive methods. This time the words came easily.

The end they must seek, Gandhi said, was a community of true neighbors. Therefore, the means must be those of persuasion and not of violence. Members of the Indian minority must forgo hatred. They must respect their white neighbors as fellow human beings even while opposing their unjust discriminatory laws. They must prepare themselves to endure blows and prison without flinching and without resort to counterblows or insults. They must persuade, not only through words but through their lives. Their words must become flesh.

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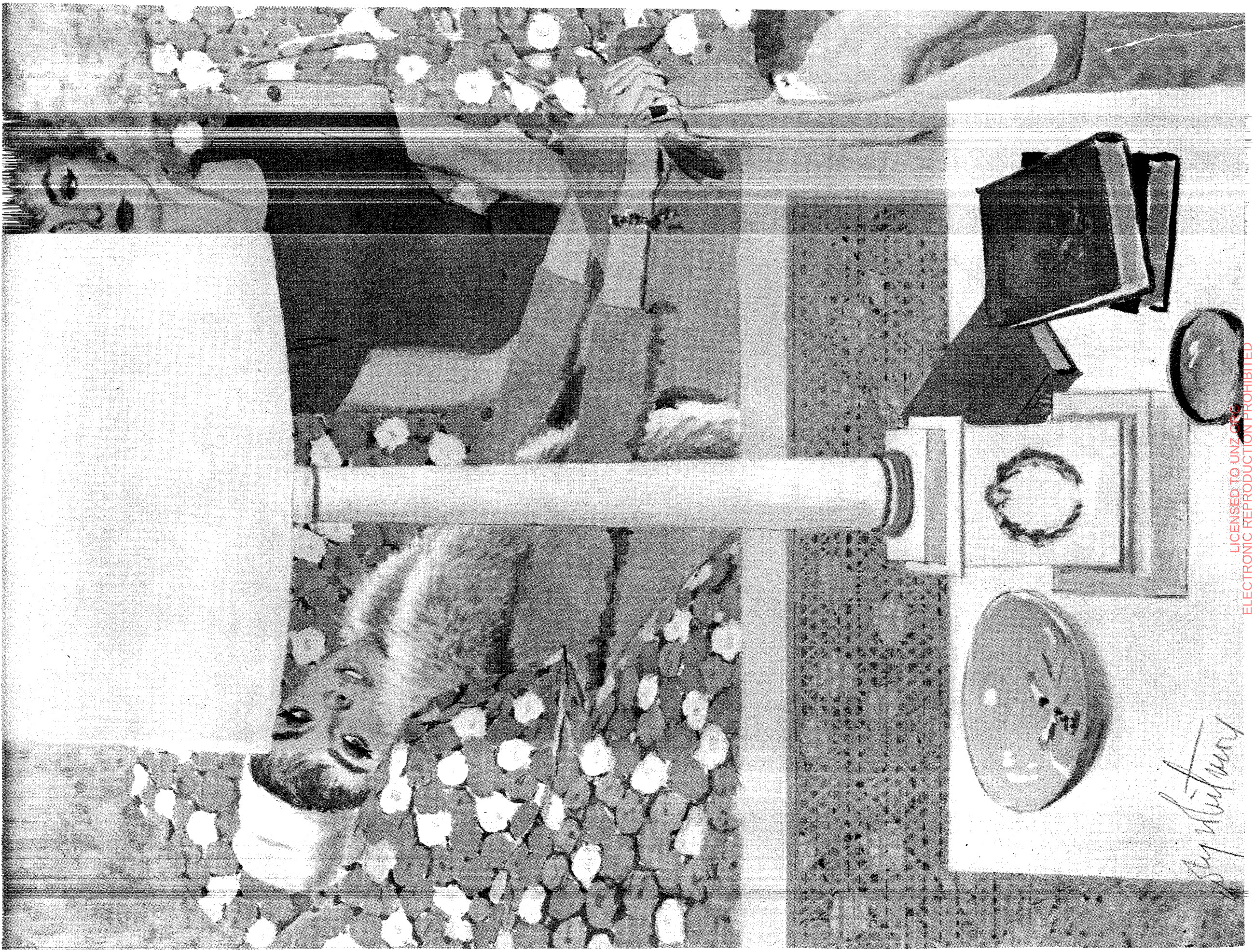

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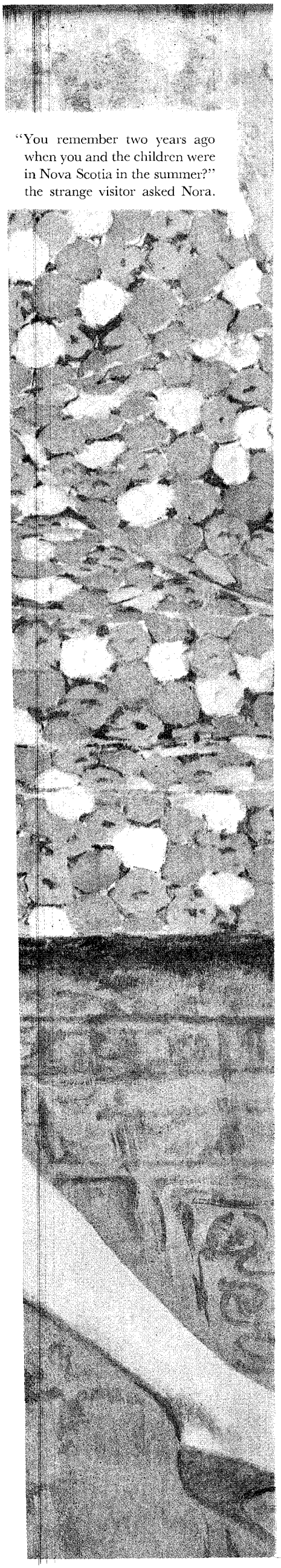

"You remember two years ago when you and the children were in Nova Scotia in the summer?" the strange visitor asked Nora.

Nora learned about the "other woman"... from the other woman herself.

The Marriage Wrecker

By ALLAN SEAGER

It was one of those Saturday nights in Westchester, not too far from the Hudson, when the word games had all been played, the platters of hors d'oeuvres were covered with scraps, the politics had all been talked, and the host had reluctantly decided on another batch of Gibsons. Twenty people, eight couples with two single men and two single women who all lived near one another and had achieved, if not friendship exactly, at least a kind of candid intimacy, had begun, now that the half-planned entertainment of the evening was finished, to talk about themselves and one another. It was the hour when a wife might complain of her husband to another woman or a husband might resent some gesture made toward his wife and call the man who made it outdoors where he might swing clumsily once or twice at the intruder or they both might look at each other sheepishly and say, "What are we doing here?" and go back inside, mollified and unhurt. It was the hour of quarrels.

But Nora Hapgood was not having any. She was sitting momentarily alone on the corner of a divan, watching her husband, when one of the single women, all Dior and pointed shoes, whose name she had never quite caught—an editress or something on a TV show—came, posed gracefully in front of her and said, "How do you do it, darling?"

"Do what?" Nora said.

"Do you have a wire running to him under the carpet with batteries, so you can press a button or what? I mean, Charles. Look at him, the lamb, holding off three separate women. Ten minutes ago he was holding off four others." The editress swayed a little and caught herself. "And he's not stupid. He's a very intelligent executive," she said. "But it's like that in every marriage. One spouse has everything; the other, but nothing. What brought them together? Makes you wonder, huh?"

"No. Not me," Nora said. "I brought Charles and me together, naturally."

"That's what I mean. Any woman would bring Charles and she—Charles and her—together, but what I wanna know is, why does he hold still? He's the handsomest man I ever saw."

"But you resent it because he's a faithful husband."

The editress looked off across the room toward Charles, who was indeed soberly holding off three separate women, bitterly competitive, terribly vivacious. "Oh, I gave him the business an hour ago—all the business I've got—but ——" She swung around angrily.

(Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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The Face of AMERICA

The Bleak Season

During the four months from frost to frost, winter holds Vermont in a hard grip. An occasional thaw like this turns the ground to slush, but by March a total of ten feet of snow will have fallen on Brett McKinney's 215 acres. He's counting on the hundred-odd tons of hay in the big main barn behind the house to see him through until he can put his Ayrshires out to pasture. Dairy farms like McKinney's—ten thousand of them—cover nearly half of the Green Mountain State and furnish, all told, some 800,000,000 quarts a year, which bring the farmer about ten cents a quart. That's a lot of milk, and 90,000 quarts of it come from this one farm. Farming is never an easy life, despite such amenities as electricity, inside plumbing, central heating. But the five McKinneys—six, pretty soon—can't imagine a better one.

Photograph by Arthur Griffin

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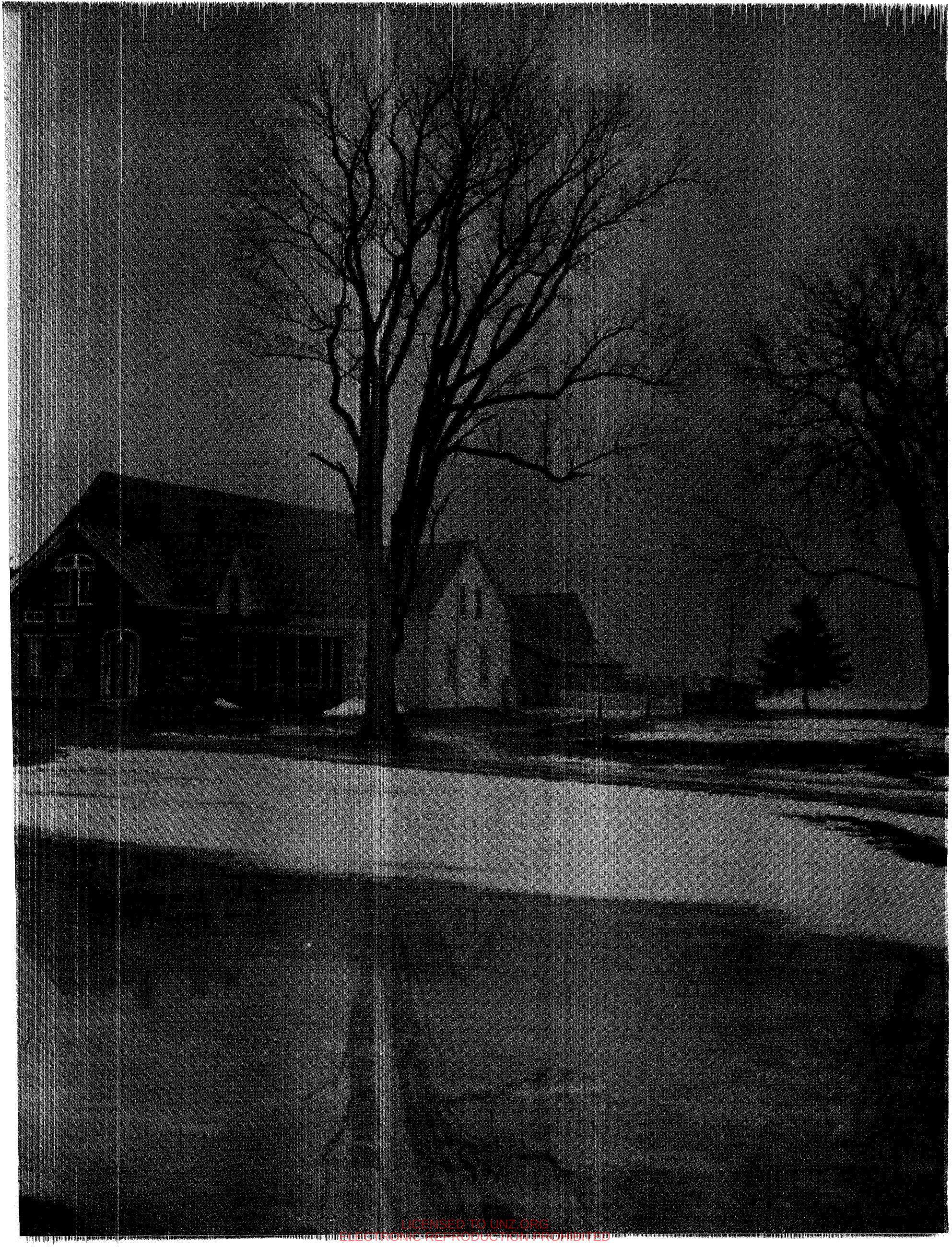

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Robert was about to take in the sail when the line squall struck. A heavy gust ripped the fabric. It sounded like a gun exploding.

RECKLESS VOYAGE

It was a foolhardy stunt for amateur sailors. Now they were in real trouble.

By RONALD SERCOMBE

They sat on the edge of their chairs in the living room and anyone, at a glance, could see that they were father and son. Their chairs were only fifteen feet apart, but it might as well have been the Gulf of Mexico.

The mother, who had black hair with a little gray splashed here and there, sat on a couch and mended socks. She had seen this gulf widening, deepening, roughening, for more than five years. She had observed the storm signals long before they were hoisted.

Her husband, John, and her son, Robert, were look-alikes, yes. But they were not think-alikes.

"So you've been reading the glamour books," Mr. Porter was saying, his voice vibrating with vexation. "You want to join the Navy and see the world. Well, forget about it. I'm not signing any release. You're going to enroll in the university next fall."

"To study what?" The young man's eyes were like his father's—usually calm and gray—but now they were flashing.

"I don't care what. Whatever you want to."

"Oh, sure. That figures."

"What do you mean, figures?" Mr. Porter's face was reddening.

"What the dean at the university told me when you sent me over there for some literature. He said, 'Half the kids in this brain factory are slicing a four-year loaf out of their old man's dough.'"

"Look," Mr. Porter said angrily, "I'm in a position to give you certain advantages that my parents couldn't afford. I'll even go along with the dean's wisecrack. It's my dough and I'll do with it as I please."

"Well, it's my life—and I happen to want Navy!"

"Get yourself a university education and then work for a commission. That's the sensible way."

"I don't want a commission. I want to go to boot camp—work on up."

"What do you know about Navy?" Mr. Porter's blood pressure was on a rampage. "You collect tropical fish. You play Brahms, Bach—who's that other guy?—Mozart on your hi-fi."

Now Robert was on his feet and his fists were clenched.

(Continued on Page 66)

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FURY ON ICE

By DAVE ANDERSON

Hockey-mad Montreal adores young Henri Richard and his big brother Maurice, who uphold Canadian honor at a bone-smashing game.

The Canadiens and the Bruins slug it out early this year in a game at the Boston Garden. On his knees at right is Henri, who helped get the battle started. Montreal won the game 3–1.

In a game with Toronto last November thirteenth, young Henri Richard, of the Montreal Canadiens, braked to a spraying stop when a teammate suddenly crumpled to the ice. It was his big brother, Maurice (the Rocket) Richard, for fifteen years the most exciting player in hockey.

Maurice could not get up. His right Achilles' tendon had been severely gashed by an opponent's skate in a freakish mishap. Teammates helped him to one foot, then guided him off the ice.

For two seasons Henri Richard had been skating in Maurice's shadow, playing center in the Montreal line which featured the Rocket at right wing. In the weeks this winter while his celebrated brother was recuperating, Henri proved that he was a star in his own right. He was a major factor in keeping the Canadiens, who have won the Stanley Cup the last two years, far out front in the National Hockey League.

The shortest player in the league—only five-seven and 153 pounds—Henri is called the Pocket Rocket. But such is his ability that he was in the running at twenty-two this season for the one goal that has always eluded the thirty-six-year-old Rocket—the league scoring championship.

The elder Richard has scored more goals than any other player in big-league hockey history. He had 504 at the time of his injury, plus seventy in Stanley Cup play-offs. He holds the record for most goals scored in a season, with fifty, and he shares the record for most points scored in one game, with eight—five goals and three assists. But Maurice has never collected enough points in a season to lead the league. Twice he missed by a single point.

ormidable pair: Henri (left) the "Pocket Rocket" with s older brother and idol, Maurice "The Rocket" Richard.

"With his great start this season, I thought Maurice would win it," Henri says, his original French accent clipping his English. "I know how much he hoped to win it. But maybe I can win it. At least it will be in the family."

There have been a number of great brother acts in sports, such as baseball's Dizzy and Paul Dean and hockey's Max and Doug Bentley, but they generally were approximately the same age. The unusual thing about the Richards is that they developed almost a generation apart. When Henri was a little boy, Maurice was already a big-leaguer—and Henri's idol.

"We were more like an uncle and nephew," Henri says. "Maurice married when I was six, so he was not at our home much. I hardly saw him during the season except at the games. From the time I was six, I went to the Montreal Forum with

(Continued on Page 71)

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The Restons flew to Europe and began their auto tour in Belgium. Tom, 11 (left), stayed with a family in France; Dick (right), 20, went along and did much of the driving.

We Motored to Moscow

An American newspaperman and his wife share their fascinating adventure behind the Iron Curtain. If you'd like to take this unusual drive yourself, here's what to expect.

By SALLY and JAMES RESTON

More than half a million Americans visit Europe every year, but almost all of them miss the only new thing added to the Grand Tour since the war. This is the new automobile route to Moscow, a 1000-mile drive through the Iron Curtain into Czechoslovakia, Poland and on to the Soviet capital.

Napoleon and Hitler took this route to Moscow, and while they had a poor time, things are different now. The Soviet Union has gone into the tourist business. It has opened up one road from Brest, on its western border, to Moscow, and another from Moscow south through Kharkov and Simferopol to Yalta on the Black Sea.

"We all ought to go to Russia this summer," father remarked one night after the Soviet announcement was in the papers.

"Fine idea," said mother. "I could strap little Tom on my back. We could put Jim in a concentration camp, and Dick could go along and help row us up the Volga Canal."

"Why not?" asked Dick. "The President said the other day that contacts between the

These Polish children were dazzled by the Restons' sleek, new American car with its folding hardtop. It fascinated the Russians too. Many of them took pictures, and in Moscow one artist even made a sketch of it.

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Highway traffic is so scarce that peasants spread sheaves on the pavement to dry. One group asked the Restons to help them thresh their grain by running over it

people of the world were the best hope of peace. We're people. The Russians are people. So what more do we need?"

"Five thousand dollars," said mother.

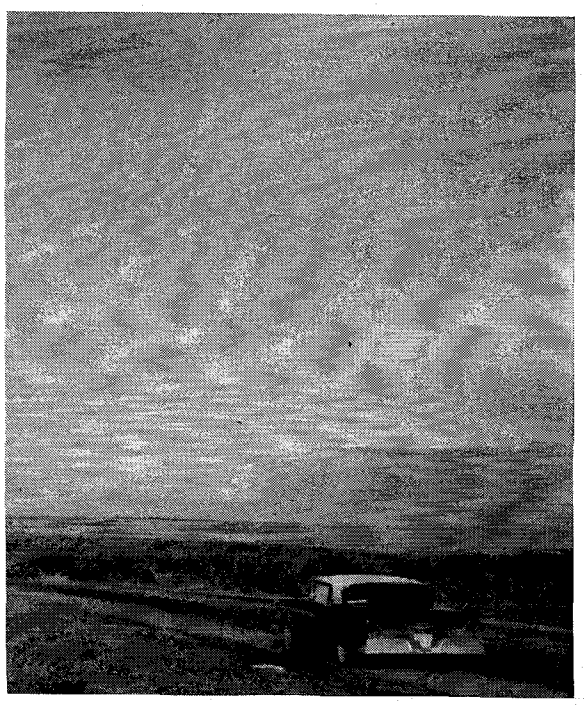
"Oh, mom!" said Tom. "Why bring up money?"

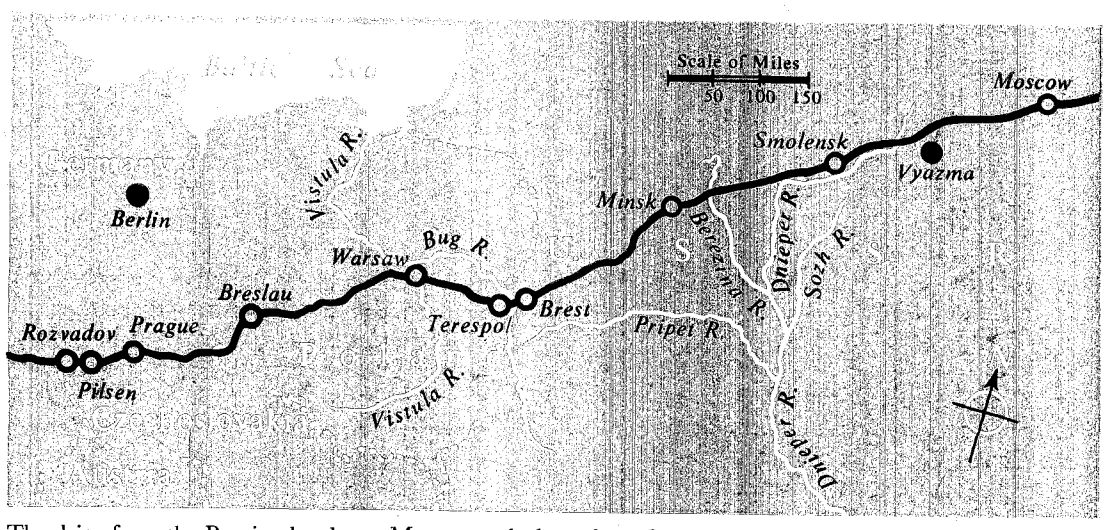
"Because," she said, "after living for twenty-two years in this men's locker room, it has come to me that somebody has to be practical."

So what started as a joke last summer led to a plan. We didn't put sixteen-year-old Jim in a concentration camp; we let him board at school in Washington. We took eleven-year-old Tom along as far as Bourges, France, where we dropped him in a family of seven kids to learn the French language. Dick, the twenty-year-old, navigated us as far as Moscow in the first American car to go over the Warsaw-Moscow road in twenty years, and then flew from Moscow to the University of Edinburgh for his junior year.

We expected trouble where we didn't find any, and found it where we didn't expect it. We thought Poland would be relaxed, but it was tense. We thought Czechoslovakia, with its tradition of freedom, would be easy, but it was grim. When (Continued on Page 74)

Moscow: Sally arrives at the National Hotel. The Lenin Museum is behind her at left, and the pointed building (right) is a watchtower in the Kremlin wall. In the distance (center) is the 400-year-old cathedral of St. Basil.





The drive from the Russian border to Moscow took three days. On the way, there were only five gas stations.

"No fences. . . . No houses. . . . So flat is the land that we could see the horizon in all directions." The sign warns against "wrong passing."

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Tashkent, Uzbekistan: The author visited this Moslem area of the U.S.S.R. during her long tour last year.

ON MY OWN PART FOUR

My Round-the-World Adventures

One of history's indefatigable travelers reports her visits to global trouble spots. She describes how she finally confronted Khrushchev and her conversation with Yugoslav dictator Tito.

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

"Tito's wife is really beautiful and has a warm personality," says Mrs. R., shown below with Mrs. Tito aboard the dictator's yacht.

When I was a little girl I spent many hours alone with books. I lived so much in one place, or in two places at most, that I read avidly anything I could lay my hands on that told me about the world.

My father often talked of a trip he had made around the world as a young man, and his vivid stories kept alive in my mind some of the things I remembered about a journey I had taken to Europe with my parents when I was five years old. But I did little traveling until I went to school in Europe. After I married, my husband and I frequently talked of traveling abroad, but I took very few trips anywhere because of the children. Even Franklin did not do a great deal of traveling, although he felt he knew whole areas of the world—particularly China—because of his mother's family ties with trade in the Far East. He did have a remarkably detailed knowledge of distant lands even if he had never seen them. Once during a critical time in the war he confounded the prime minister of New Zealand by calling attention to a good natural harbor on a tiny island off that country's coast—an island of which the prime minister had never even heard! Such remote places were only glamorous dreams to me.

(Continued on Page 95)

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BAIT FOR A BACHELOR

By FRANK A. CLARVOE

He was fair game, and he seemed only too willing to play right into her hands.

Catfoot Dowl was looking for a wife. He went about his hazardous task with the studied patience of a timber cruiser estimating board feet in a section of forest, with the same skillful footwork which had earned him his nickname.

Wiving, he had been told, was an uncertain business for the careless. A broken leg could mend, but never a broken heart or damaged pride. A man had to step lightly and be ready to act quickly if caught in a tight spot.

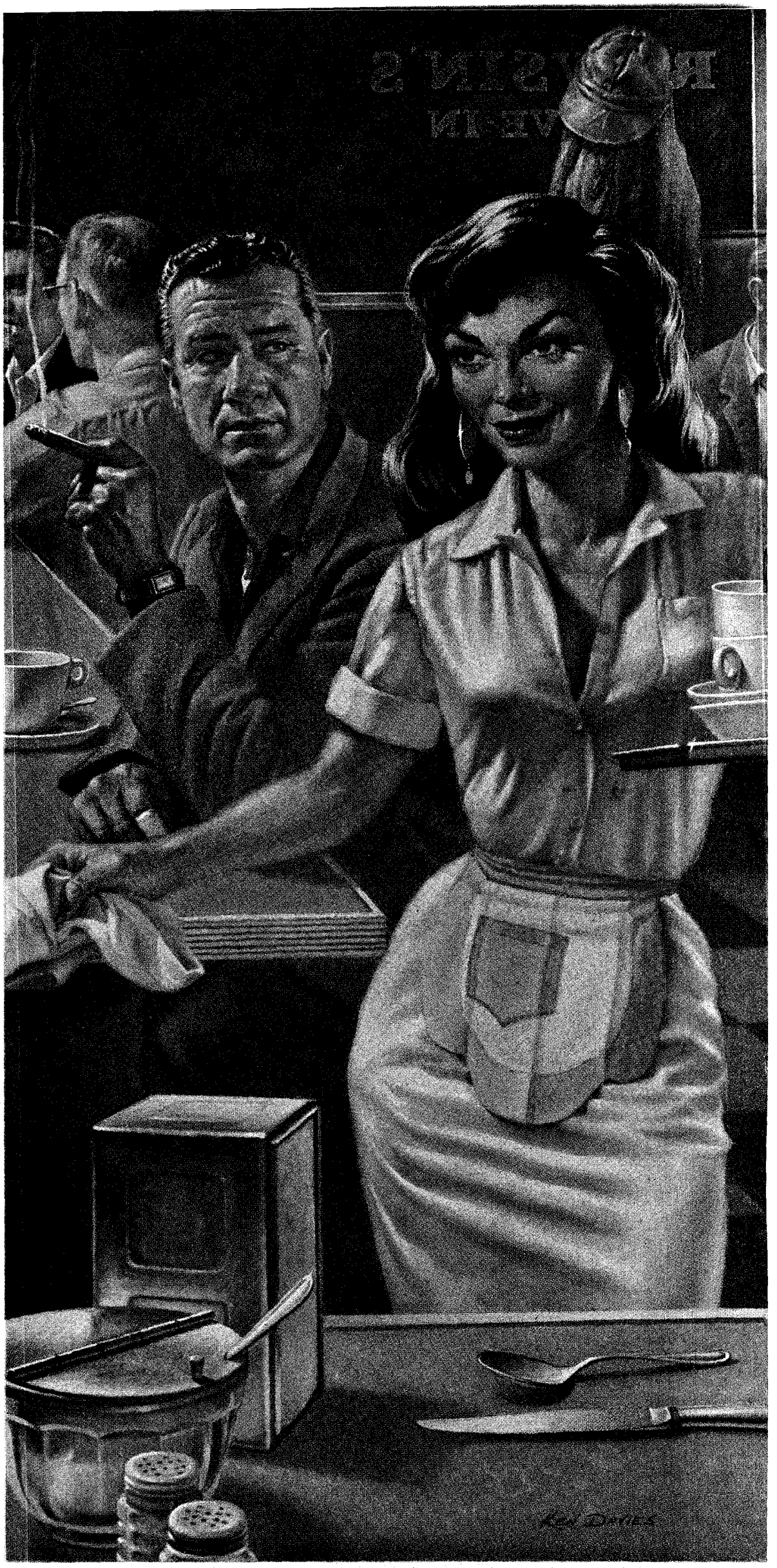
Catfoot had been in plenty of tight spots. He had ridden bucking logs on surging white water in Idaho, worked as a high rigger on the slopes of the frowning Cascades, handled high lines in the Sierra. He was a logger's logger, of the kind that attract only favorable talk behind their backs.

Now, as pond jack for the Red Bank Lumber Company in the Eureka-Arcata mill area of California, he decided he was home at last. No more bindle-stiffing around the timber circuit. He'd been doing it long enough.

A big man of fifty was Catfoot, but one who looked closer to forty. He had cash in the bank, a nice bundle of Guv'ments, and a piece of timbered land on which he planned to build a house someday.

That "someday" must dawn to perfection with the tender touch of the woman of his choice, one who could match him in bulk, and serenity of mind when he wanted peace; who could fight when he wanted to; and who could cook the fish he loved to catch. He thought he had found her—Sibbie Glidden, the fry cook at the drive-in on Highway 101, north of town. But he wasn't sure.

Usually he cooked his meals on a gasoline stove in the company shack assigned to him. Friday nights, with an allotted portion of his week's wages in his pocket, he dined in style at the drive-in, after an entrance which suited his explosive temperament and, he hoped, romantically impressed Sibbie and any other women who happened to be on hand. Monday nights, when the (Continued on Page 45)



"I'll be by at six," he said in a low tone. Grace smiled with satisfaction.

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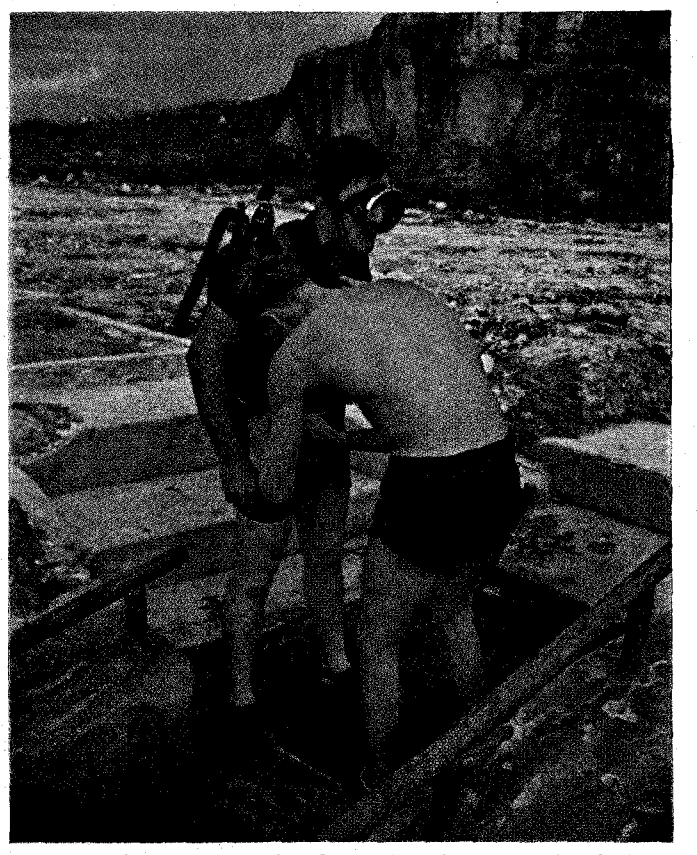
We Hunted Sharks and Sunken Gold

A Post editor's hair-raising Caribbean experiences with a professional treasure hunter who takes the view that most sharks are sissies.

By CLAY BLAIR, JR.

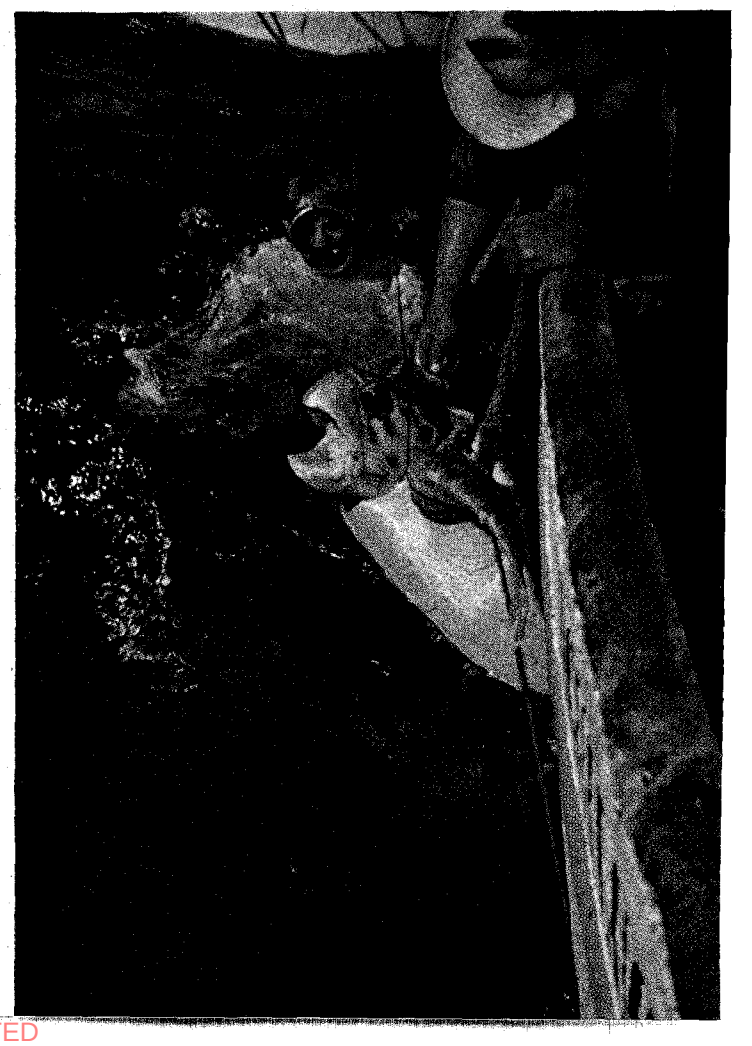
The harbor of San Miguel, the only town on the Caribbean island of Cozumel. The small sailing boat with the yellow awning is the Aguilucho, which took the author on his skin-diving adventure.



Before starting out, Bob Marx (right), a professional diver, checked the fit of the author's underwater breathing apparatus.

Marx speared this grouper for dinner. His long-sleeved shirt and leather gloves give him a measure of protection against the jagged coral, a scratch from which can cause serious infection.

After a struggle, the crew boated this huge leatherback turtle. Marx captured it alive after one shot from his spear gun.



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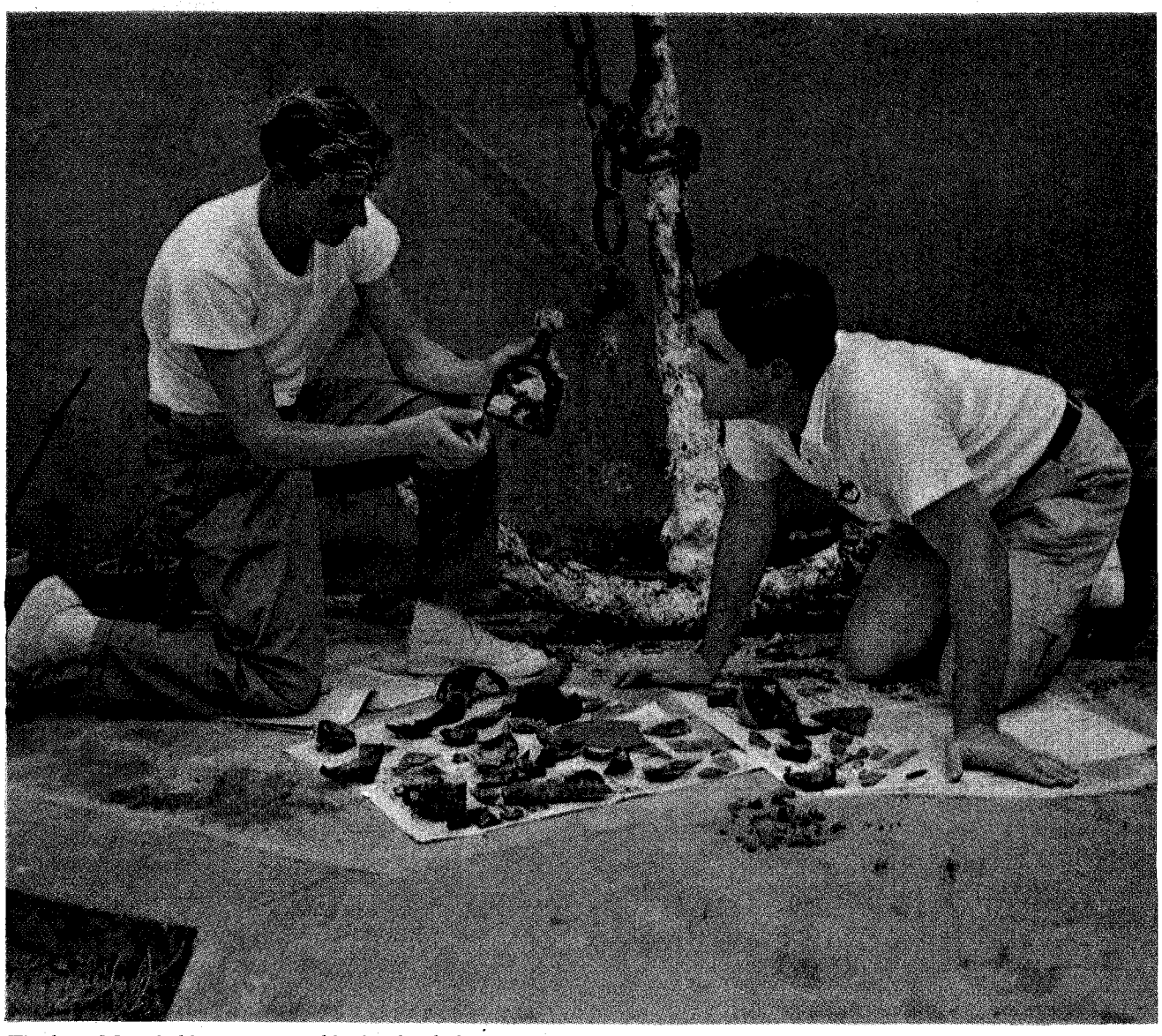
A few miles off the eastern coast of the Yucatán Peninsula lies a small, jewellike Caribbean island called Cozumel ("Land of the Swallows"), a territory of Mexico, unspoiled by American tourists and immensely rich in legend and history. Cozumel has served at one time or another as a religious mecca for the ancient Mayas, a hangout for buccaneers with their captured booty, and a final stepping-stone for Sixteenth Century Spanish conquistadors such as Cortés and Montejo. Today, on this tropical island nine miles wide and twenty-nine miles long there are 3000 natives and about half a dozen American residents.

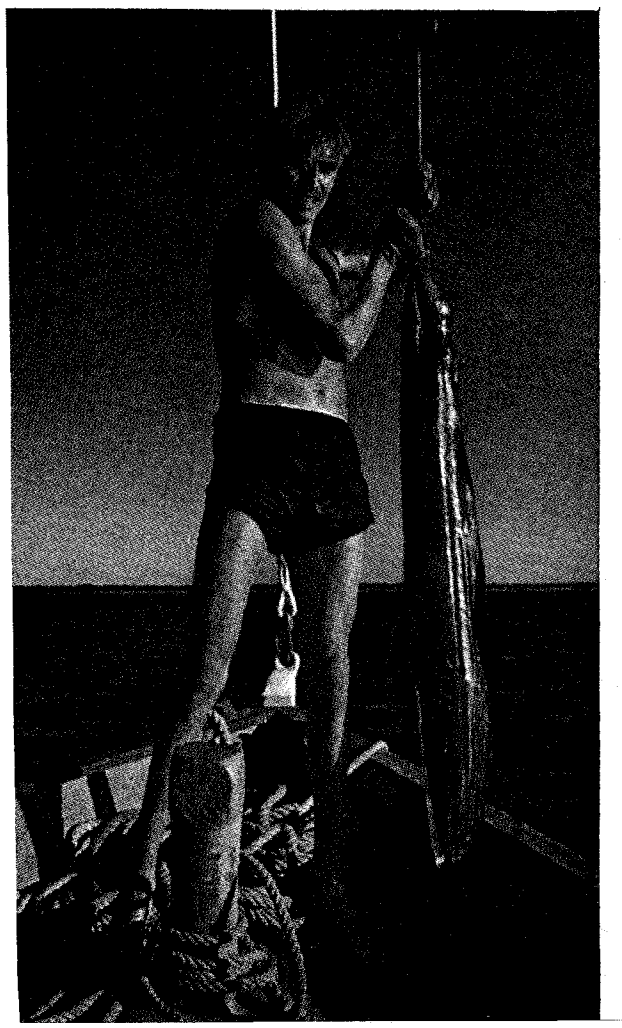
One of the latter, Bob Marx, is a friend of mine, a professional diver who has devoted his life to searching for sunken treasure and who has lately and not illogically made his headquarters there. Not long ago, he wrote, urging that I take a break from the old rat race and come to Cozumel to help him look for gold. I did, and it turned out to be an unforgettable experience. In six action-packed days, we located and dived on a lost Spanish galleon believed to be more than 300 years old, found a coral-encrusted "treasure" chest, engaged in close and deadly combat with big "man-eating" sharks and giant rays, and, incidentally, formed a memorable acquaintance with that gangster of the underwater world, the barracuda. Gather around, ye landlubbers, while I relate this tale of the sea.

Cozumel, I found, is far off the well-beaten tourist track, but surprisingly easy to reach by airplane. You leave the States either through New Orleans or Miami and fly to Mérida, the charming capital of Yucatán, in less than three hours—round-trip, first-class air fare about $100. At Mérida you shift to an airline called TAMSA, and after an hour's flight over jungle-matted Yucatán and a few minutes over the turquoise waters (Continued on Page 58)

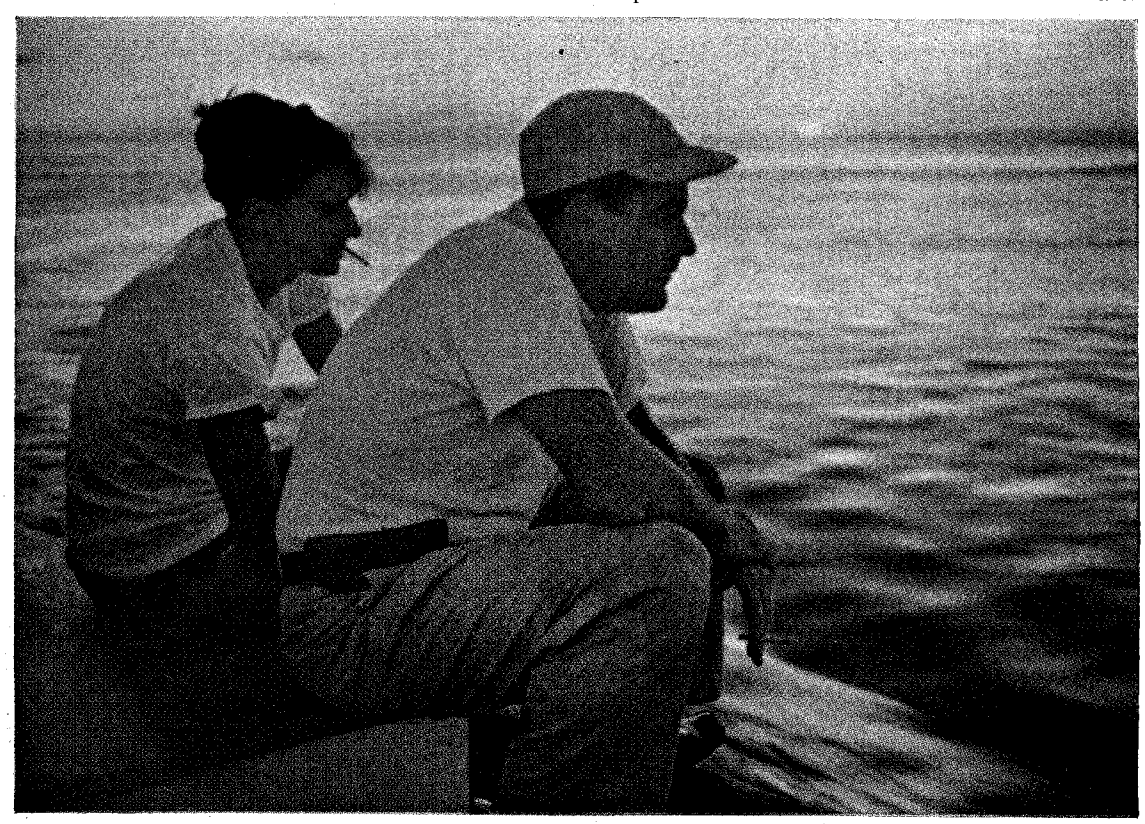


The loot: Marx holds a 300-year-old wine bottle he and Blair (right) brought up from the ancient wreck.

e moray eel is vicious. It's one fish you leave alone." This moray put up a wild fight while impaled on Marx's spear.



End of the day. Marx has located three sunken ships and thinks he knows where three more are.



Photographs by V. J. Craig

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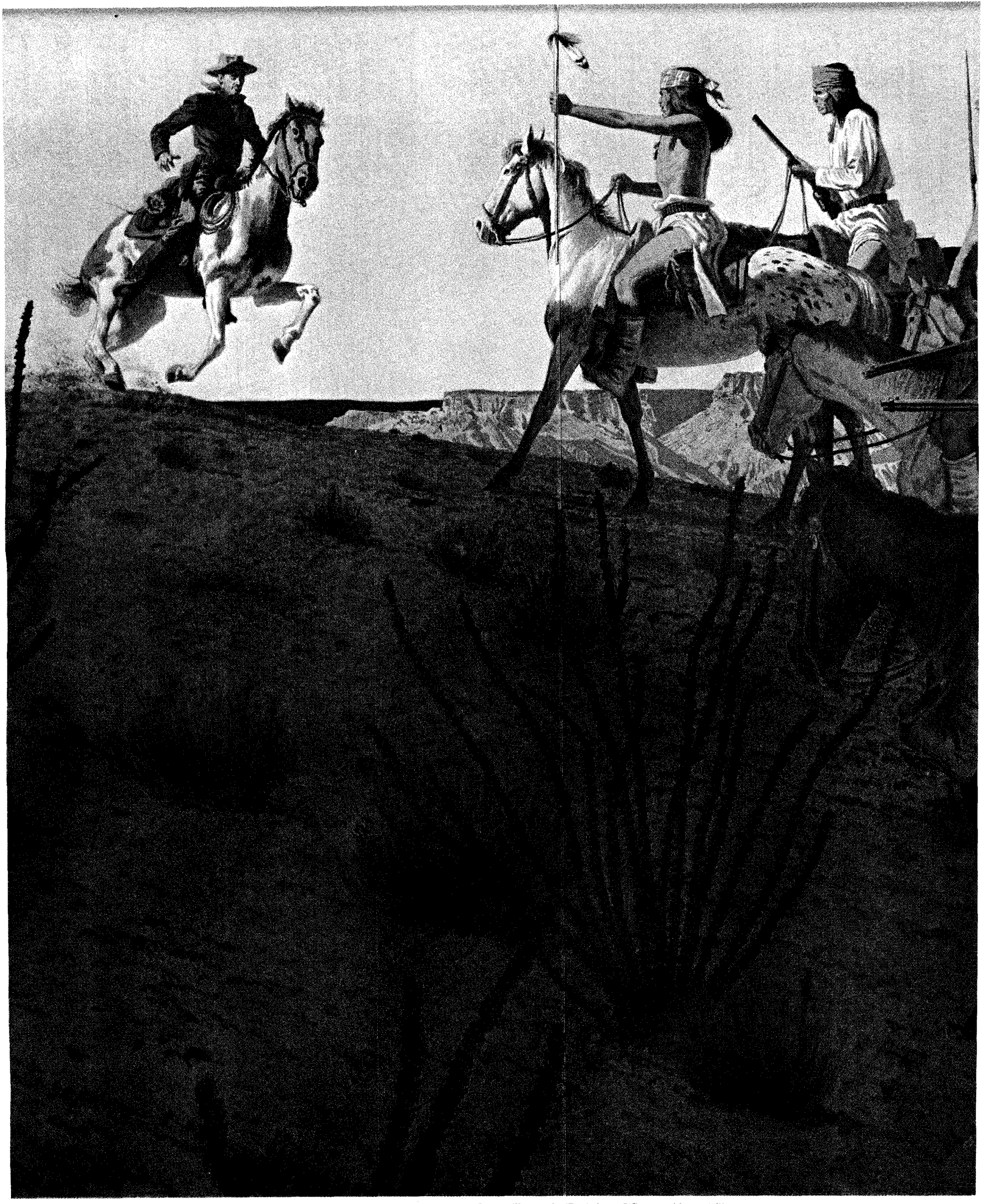

Red Arm called out, "Stop, Tall One. You will stop for Red Arm. Who would speak!"

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The Message

The Apaches could have tortured the white man, or killed him, but they had a terrifying reason for keeping him alive.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

The rider below had headed east out of Arizona and was moving in the direction of the Rio Grande in New Mexico. The Apache chief and his small band had been following him since he left the San Carlos Apache reservation. The chief watched the tall rider alertly, and saw that the white man's horse was limping badly.

The rider, Andy Andrews, pulled up and dismounted, grounding the reins of the bald-faced black. But there seemed to be little reason to do that; there was a slit in the right hock, probably from volcanic rock, and the fluid was coming out. The black should go no farther, that much was already established.

Andy pushed back his wide-brimmed hat and looked around. He was to hell and gone away from everything, and hell would only increase as he went on toward Socorro. A cool wind heralding dark was coming against his back. Ahead, the trail twisted into a canyon, and on the sides ranging above it were cactus and juniper, leading ever up into the faces of the Polvadera and Bear mountains. Nearby a stream was flowing.

He decided to lead the horse down to the water, do as much for the wound as he could, and hope that in the morning he would find a miracle accomplished. A man didn't easily dispose of his horse in these circumstances, and he didn't intend to. The death of his horse could well be his own. On occasion, wounds like this had healed; he would have to take a chance on its being so again, even if he had to stay here for days.

He bathed the wound, bandaged it with part of a white shirt he had carried in his bedding roll. He tethered Black on a short rope and set about making his supper. Dark came down fast in the valley. He sat at his campfire, smoked and drank a lot of coffee.

He got up when the stars shone and walked around, wearing his short Army coat. He walked along the bank of the stream. And it struck him as mighty weak-making that a man had to depend on a horse so much.

At length, he went back toward his camp. Perception caught him before he came into the open. He made himself part of a rock; he watched, but saw nothing. The shadows melted together. They came apart under his eyes, but none of them were men, nor were they anything else tangible. His camp was outlined in sharp relief; the big horn of his saddle stood up and lipped, and the saddle's spread was a crouch; his bedding roll was turned back and open, like a resting bird; his fire was cupped in the dark in front of two stationary rocks; his other equipment made forms against a greenish-blue dimness. A rosy firelight was on the stock of his Winchester. The circles of the cartridges in a bandoleer cast off rims of yellow. His gray-white, splotched coffeepot was like a pert old lady from Kansas with a snobbish nose. A latigo was like a snake, and the mound of the whale line was like the first form of an Indian vase being made from coils of clay. No living thing was in this rectangle and overlapping circle—not even the horse.

He heard the strike of an iron shoe on a stone—to the west, ascending. He limbered his pistol, creaking the leather. His thumb ran over the tongue of the hammer. He (Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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There's a stag line at Annapolis dances for the first time in eight years. But midshipmen are still reluctant to cut in, and most couples dance together all evening.

The Navy vs. "Going Steady"

Are the dating habits of American youngsters spoiling their chances of picking the right mate? Consider the Naval Academy's new experiment in a forced-feeding social life.

By CAPT. J. L. ABBOT, Jr., U.S.N.
Assistant to the Commandant of Midshipmen, United States Naval Academy

As of November, 1957, midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy were just like students everywhere else in the country: Monogamous. The insidious practice of "going steady," prevalent among American youth since World War II, also had become a social compulsion at Annapolis.

Not many old grads of the academy realized that this situation existed, but when they did find out about it, they were unanimous in labeling it "revolting!" As parents, they knew that teen-agers had developed the habit of pairing off on a permanent basis, but somehow they found it hard to believe that such untimely relationships could exist at their alma mater, where in their day "playing the field" had been the accepted, pleasurable and educational custom. It came as a particular shock to the old grads to learn that for eight years there had been no such thing as a stag

"The girls," says the author, "think this stag-line and 'cutting-in' business is just what the doctor ordered." From left: Carolyn Walker, Anne Bushman and Karen Ulrich, Annapolis "drags."

Preparing for the ordeal. Midshipmen attending the dance are given strict orders not to bring comic books or hide in the men's room.

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The commandant, Rear Admiral William Smedberg (center), entertains before the hop. At left, football captain Ned Oldham and Karen Anderson; right, Janice Seiler and quarterback Pat Flood.

line at the Naval Academy dances! If there were 444 girls present at a hop, you could bet the farm that there were also exactly 444 midshipmen.

Officers and faculty members at the academy looked at this phenomenon with grave misgivings. After all, a midshipman's contacts during the week are with his shipmates, his professors and various officers—all male. Then, when the weekend arrives, he supposedly has the opportunity to broaden his social development with delightful feminine contacts. But what has been happening under the going-steady rule that modern youth has imposed on itself? He takes his date to the dance and spends the entire evening constantly at her side. His outlook and experience are enhanced by the thoughts, opinions and personality of just one female. What should be a lighthearted change of pace from the midshipman's demanding routine and an opportunity to learn some social graces, all too often becomes a serious, headlong, almost-frantic search for a lifetime mate! The disinclination of today's young men to play the field means that many of them are selecting their future wives before they have developed much judgment in such matters—before they have had a chance to appraise a representative cross-section of the marital market. This, we think, is not the ideal way to choose Navy wives.

The lack of a stag line seemed, to officers and faculty at Annapolis, to be symbolic of this dreary situation. We figured that if a stag line were operating, each midshipman would meet, dance with and talk at length to a substantial number of girls. He would develop the ability to introduce people to each other easily and naturally. His personality would become enlarged by (Continued on Page 84)

Photographs

by

Ormond Gigli

Receiving line: Escorts must present their dates to the commandant's wife (left). The object is to learn the art of making introductions.

Academy officials feel that young men benefit from dancing with many girls—not just one—so the midshipman above obediently does his duty.

After the ball is over: A midshipman alone with his date. Escorts share their girls only on the dance floor.

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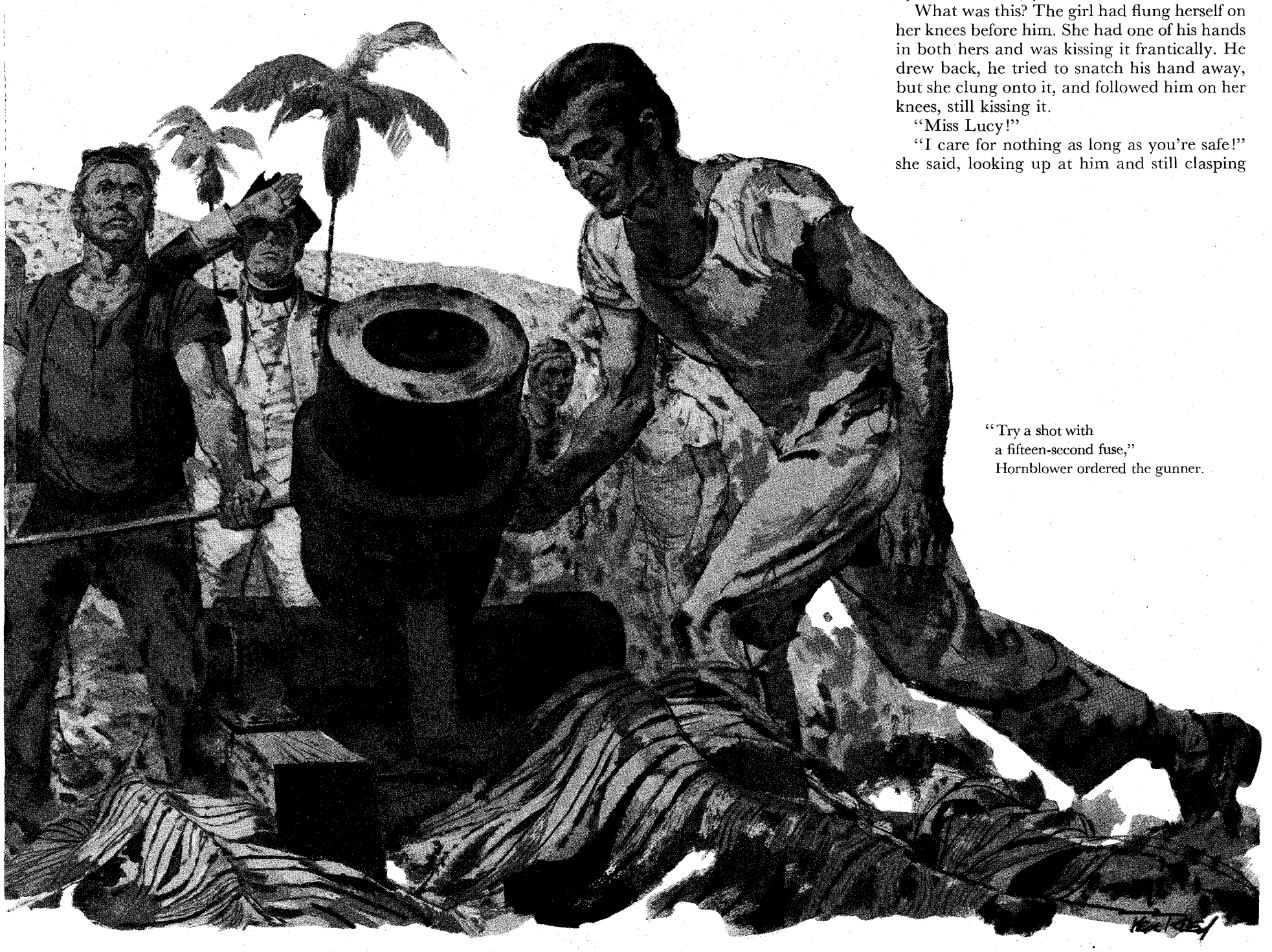
HORNBLOWER AND THE PIRATE PLOT

By C. S. FORESTER

The stronghold was impregnable. If Hornblower's tactics failed, the buccaneers would escape to raid and plunder once more.



"Try a shot with a fifteen-second fuse," Hornblower ordered the gunner.

"Go to the governor and get our pardon," the pirate leader threatened Hornblower. Then, pointing to Hornblower's faithful secretary, Spendlove, he added, "We can cut off his nose; we can dig out his eyes."

The admiral and his devoted aide were victims of a cruel kidnap scheme by which the hunted band of pirates hoped to bargain for their safety. Hornblower alone, they reasoned, could persuade the governor of Jamaica to grant them reprieve from the noose. Thus, with the loyal Spendlove's life in jeopardy on their remote cliff-top stronghold, they dispatched the admiral with the brutal terms.

Now, from his momentary haven at the outlying Hough house, the weary sea lord prepared to resume his journey with the fateful ransom note.

CONCLUSION

Hornblower found himself alone in the brightly lit sitting room. He felt that if he threw himself into one of the vast chairs there he would never get up again.

"My lord! My lord!" It was Lucy Hough, fluttering into the room, her skirts flying with her haste. He would have to tell her about Spendlove. "Oh, you're safe! You're safe!"

What was this? The girl had flung herself on her knees before him. She had one of his hands in both hers and was kissing it frantically. He drew back, he tried to snatch his hand away, but she clung onto it, and followed him on her knees, still kissing it.

"Miss Lucy!"

"I care for nothing as long as you're safe!" she said, looking up at him and still clasping

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his hand; tears were streaming down her cheeks. "I've been through torment today! You're not hurt? Tell me! Speak to me!"

This was horrible. She was pressing her lips, her cheek, against his hand again.

"Miss Lucy! Please! Compose yourself!"

How could a girl of seventeen act like this toward a man of forty-six? Was she not enamored of Spendlove? But perhaps that was the person she was thinking about.

"I will see that Mr. Spendlove is safe," he said.

"Mr. Spendlove? I hope he's safe. But it's you—you—you ——"

"Miss Lucy! You must not say these things! Stand up, please, I beg you!"

Somehow he got her to her feet.

"I couldn't bear it!" she said. "I've loved you since the moment I saw you!"

"There, there!" said Hornblower, as soothingly as he knew how.

"The carriage will be ready in two minutes, my lord," said Hough's voice from the door. "A glass of wine and a bite before you start?" Hough came in with a smile.

"Thank you, sir," said Hornblower, struggling with embarrassment.

"This child has been in a rare way since this morning," said Hough indulgently. "These young people —— She was the only person in the island, I fancy, who gave a thought to the secretary as well as to the commander in chief."

"Er—yes. These young people," said Hornblower.

The butler entered with a tray at that moment.

"Pour his lordship a glass of wine, Lucy, my dear," said Hough, and then to Hornblower, "Mrs. Hough has been considerably prostrated, but she will be down in a moment."

"Please do not discommode her, I beg of you," said Hornblower. His hand was shaking as he reached for the glass. Hough took up carving knife and fork and set about carving the cold chicken.

"Excuse me, please," said Lucy.

She turned and ran from the room as quickly as she had entered it, sobbing wildly.

"I had no idea the attachment was so strong," said Hough.

"Nor had I," said Hornblower. He had gulped down the whole glass of wine in his agitation.

"The carriage is at the door, sir," announced the butler.

"I'll take these with me," said Hornblower, a slice of bread in one hand and a chicken wing in the other. "Would it be troubling you too much to ask you to send a messenger ahead of me to warn his excellency of my coming?"

"That has already been done, my lord," answered Hough. "And I have sent out messengers to inform the patrols that you are safe."

Hornblower sank into the cushioned ease of the carriage. The incident with Lucy had at least had the effect of temporarily driving all thought of fatigue from his mind. Presently a galloping horse reined up beside the carriage; it was Gerard. The light of the carriage lamp revealed that he had ridden his horse into a lather. Hornblower had to listen to him say, "Thank God you are safe, my lord"—everyone used those same words—and explain to him what had happened. Gerard abandoned his horse at the first opportunity and got into the carriage beside Hornblower.

Spendlove walked toward the riverbank, stopping every few seconds to wave the flag.

"We tried to use the bloodhounds they track runaway slaves with, my lord, but they were of no use."

"Naturally, since I was on muleback," said Hornblower. "In any case the scent must have been several hours old."

"We'll have those pirates dangling on ropes before two days are up, my lord."

"Indeed? And what about Spendlove?"

"Oh—er—yes, of course, my lord."

Spendlove was very much of an afterthought with everyone, even with Gerard, who was his friend. But to Gerard must be given the credit at least for appreciating Hornblower's difficulty the moment it was pointed out to him.

"We can't let anything happen to him, of course, my lord."

"And how do we prevent it? Do we persuade his excellency to grant those pardons?"

"Well, my lord ——"

"There's nothing I would not do to set Spendlove free," said Hornblower. "Do you understand that? Nothing!"

Hornblower caught himself setting his jaw in grim determination; his ineradicable tendency to self-analysis revealed him to himself. He was cynically surprised at his own flow of emotion. How could he ever live with himself if anything were to happen to Spendlove? If the worst came to the worst, he would have to go back to the pirates and yield himself up to them.

"Government House, my lord," said Gerard, breaking in upon this train of nightmare thoughts.

Sentries at the gates, sentries at the door. A brightly lit entrance hall, where aides-de-camp looked at him curiously, curse them. So did Gerard. He was ushered through into an inner room, where, after only a moment, another door opened to admit his excellency, and the escorting aide-de-camp discreetly retired. His excellency was an angry man—angry as a man can only be who has been badly scared.

"Now, what is all this, my lord?"

There was none of the usual deference displayed toward the man who had attained a peerage, the man of legendary fame. Hooper was a full general, far above a mere rear admiral; moreover, as governor he was absolute ruler throughout this island. Hornblower explained briefly and quietly what had happened; his fatigue, if not his common sense, prevented an angry reply.

"Do you realize the cost of all this, my lord?" blared Hooper. "Every white man who can sit a horse is out. My last reserve—the Highlanders—are bivouacked at the roadside. What that will mean in malaria and yellow fever I do not dare guess. For nearly two weeks every man of the garrison except for them has been out guarding fishing boats and watching beaches at your request. The sick lists are enormous. And now this!"

"My instructions, and I believe your excellency's as well, laid the greatest stress on the suppression of piracy, sir."

"I don't need any whipper-snapper, jumped-up rear admiral to interpret my instructions!" roared Hooper. "What sort of bargain did you make with these pirates of yours?"

There it was. It was not an easy thing to explain to a man in this mood.

"I made no actual bargain, your excellency. But my honor is pledged."

"Your honor pledged? To whom? The pirates?"

"No, your excellency. To my secretary, Spendlove."

"What was the pledge?"

"He was retained as a hostage when I was set free."

"What did you promise him?"

"I made no verbal promise, your excellency. But one was implied, undoubtedly."

"What was implied?"

"That I should set him free."

"And how did you think you could do that?"

Nothing for it but to take the bull by the horns.

"I was released in order that I might solicit from your excellency pardons under seal for the pirates."

(Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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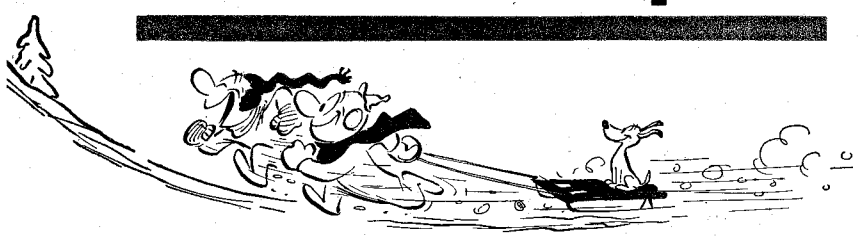
Post Scripts



Newspaper in Brief

Front-page story:
Gory.

Society:
Notoriety with propriety.

Screen and Thittuh:
Ham with glittuh.

Book reviews:
Coos and boos.

Editorial column:
Solemn.

Funnies:
None is.

Sport section:
Mamma wrapped the garbage in it. Who knows?

PENNY PENNINGTON

Explanations in Which I'm Not Particularly Interested

There are innumerable reasons for Hogarth and Company's leadership in the manufacture and installation of pneumatic and mechanical conveying systems, foremost among which is the fact that ——

"I think," Mayor Harold Brickley recently stated, "that a great many persons misinterpreted my recent remarks regarding the city ordinance dealing with street-improvement districts in Appletree Heights. What I actually had in mind was ——"

Here's how you can make a handy and clever tie rack from an ordinary wire coat hanger: Simply bend the ——

Gertrude Fesler, a member of the staff of the City Public Library, will not present her weekly book review next Friday evening, owing to ——

Where, you may ask, does Lawton Gruber, the well-known composer, get his ideas for the hit songs he writes? The answer is this: He gets them from plain, everyday occurrences. For example, just the other morning, Gruber was strolling down the street, when, suddenly ——

Exceptio probat regulam. The exception proves—that is, either confirms or tests—the rule: "proves," by not being within the reason; "tests" the form in which expressed, by observing whether ——

Eight out of ten persons prefer Whip Fudgies because ——

VERNON H. KURTZ

Woman vs. Fashion

The baggy, boxy clothes she'll wear
Make us poor fellows sour and glum,
As unimpressed we contemplate
The shapelessness of things to come.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Heinrich Schnibble and the TV Repairman

"Hullo. You the party who called for TV repair?"

"Ach, ja! Ich ben Heinrich Schnibble."

"O.K., what seems to be your trouble?"

"Mein trouble? Dummox, der trouble ist nicht mit meinself! Das schtunken TV ben troublisch."

"Look, friend, all I'm trying to find out is what your TV does wrong. Why did you call us?"

"Ich ben hunten in der newsenpaper und finden das advertisen mit claimen der fixen ist quickisch und der costen ist cheapisch."

"I don't mean why did you call us! I mean why did —— Never mind, I'll find the trouble myself."

"Goot! Der piktur ben missen."

"Well, why didn't you say so in ——"

"Ist der fixen ben quickisch, ja?"

"It's ben hard to tell yet. Let's just see."

"Ist der costen ben cheapisch?"

"How do I know what der costen is gonna ben? I've just barely turned on the set."

"Ach, du lieber! Das advertisen ist claimen der fixen ist quickisch und der costen ——"

"I don't care what das advertisen ist claimen —— Say, that's a real good picture you got there!"

"Goot! Ist der fixen ben ober?"

"Why, I ain't even ben starten der fixen yet. When did you first notice der trouble?"

"Mit upgetten und schplatten ein hootenowler mit ein bangenshooter. After der ——"

"Mit upgetten und whatten ein whatten?"

"Ein schtunken owler ben hooten outsiden und upwoken meinself late in der nighten. Ich ben loaden der shooter und schplat ——"

"I got it! You ben shooten ein hooten—— Hey! Is that when der picture ben missen?"

"Ja, ja! After der schplatten, meinself ist upstarten das TV, und der piktur ist nicht appearen."

"Mister, meinself don't think there's ben any thing wrong mit das TV. You see ——"

"Himmel, donderhead! Ein missen piktur ist wrongisch!"

"It don't ben wrongisch late in der nighten."

"Meinself ist demanden der quickisch fixen!"

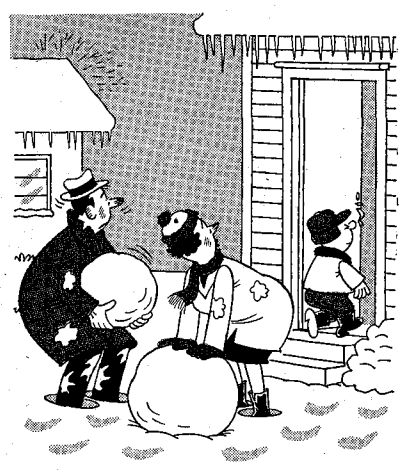
"Yourself don't needen der quickisch —— Look, when ein owler ist upshooten—I mean, das TV station don't broadschplatt —— Ach—late in der nighten der schtunken piktur ist nicht been hootencast —— Himmel! Der fixen ist ober, mister. Mitout costen ein cent!"

DAVE MORRAH

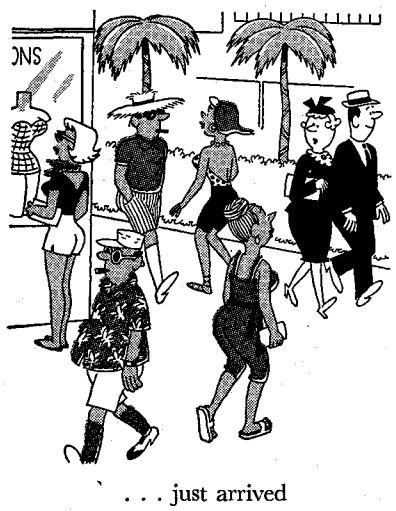
GUESS WHO

By BILL HARRISON

. . . has been out of town

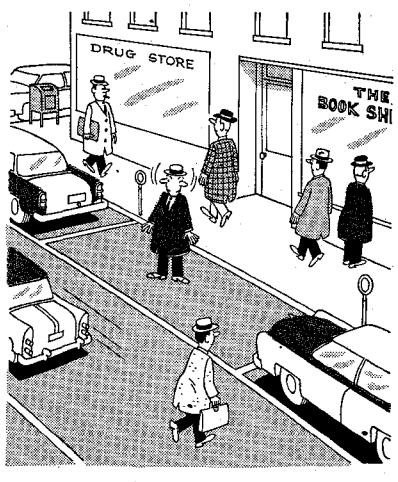


. . . insisted on making a snowman



. . . just arrived

. . . forgot his glasses



. . . always leaves the keys in his car

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Hideaway

Let no one call their sentiment grotesque
Who mourn the passing of the roll-top desk.
For half a century it stood at bay,
Its lid shut down upon a wasted day,
An oaken shield protecting from derision
Sheer laziness and chronic indecision,
A haven fit for unwashed lunch utensils,
For string, clogged fountain pens, unsharpened
pencils.
It sheltered in perpetual suspension
The problem that demanded prompt attention,
Provided pigeonholes for last year's pills,
Unanswered correspondence, unpaid bills.
A man could adamantly set his face
Against the dizzy rush of time's swift pace,
And then at last could clamber on the shelf
And pull the cover down upon himself.

P. J. BLACKWELL

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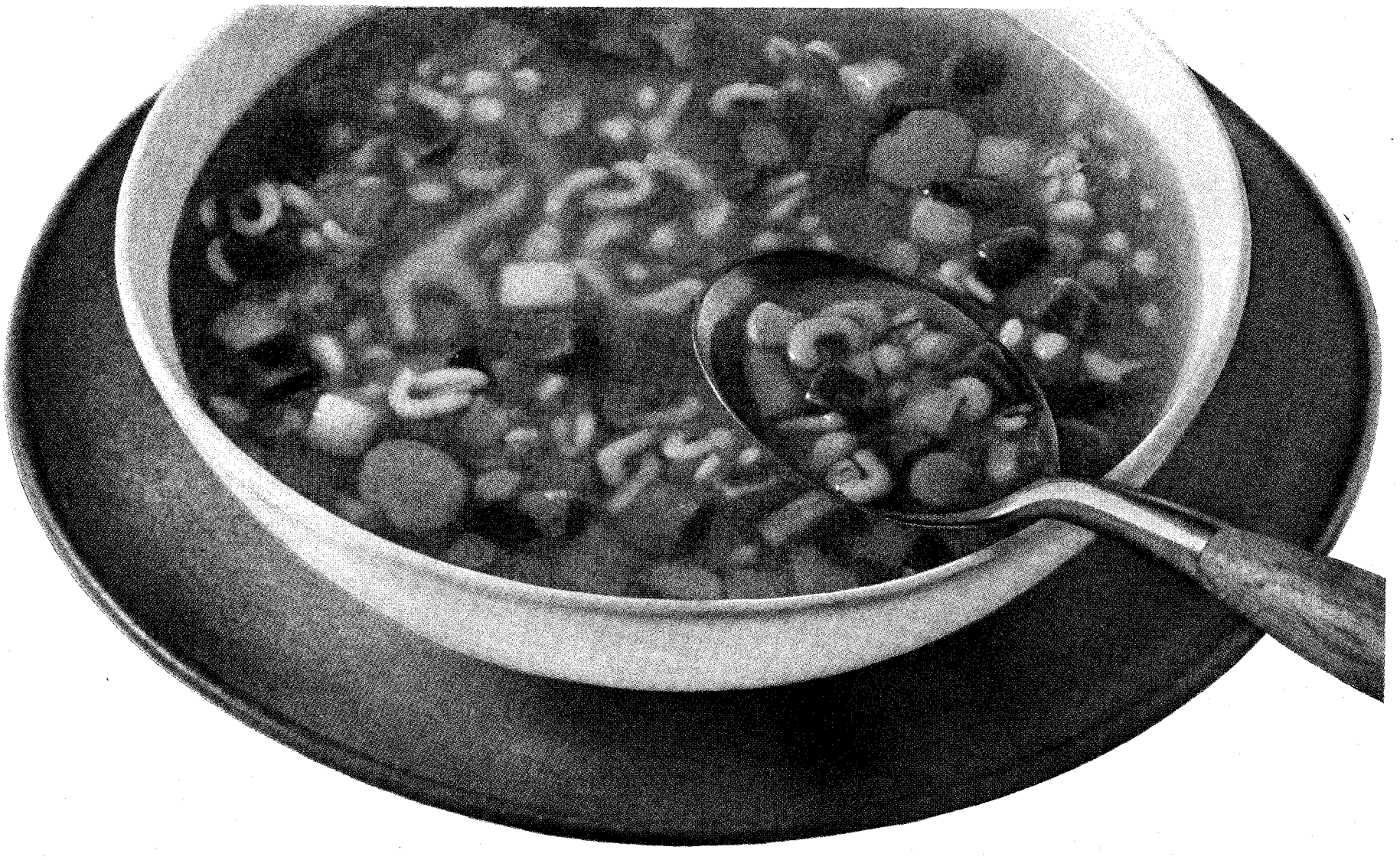

4-minute magic–pennies a plate*!

Every day, millions of Americans have Campbell's Soup for lunch, –and for more than one good reason. Campbell's Soups are hearty and satisfying . . . just right for noontime appetites. There's a soup to suit your taste . . . meat soups, vegetable soups, seafood soups. And they take only 4 minutes to make!

One of the best soup lunches you can have is Campbell's Vegetable Soup. 15 pick-of-the-garden vegetables in fine beef broth, seasoned just so! And it's *nourishing* good! Gives you proteins, vitamins and minerals!

So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

Campbell's Soups cost you less than 7¢ a bowl—such a good value in pleasure and nourishment.

Have you had your soup today?

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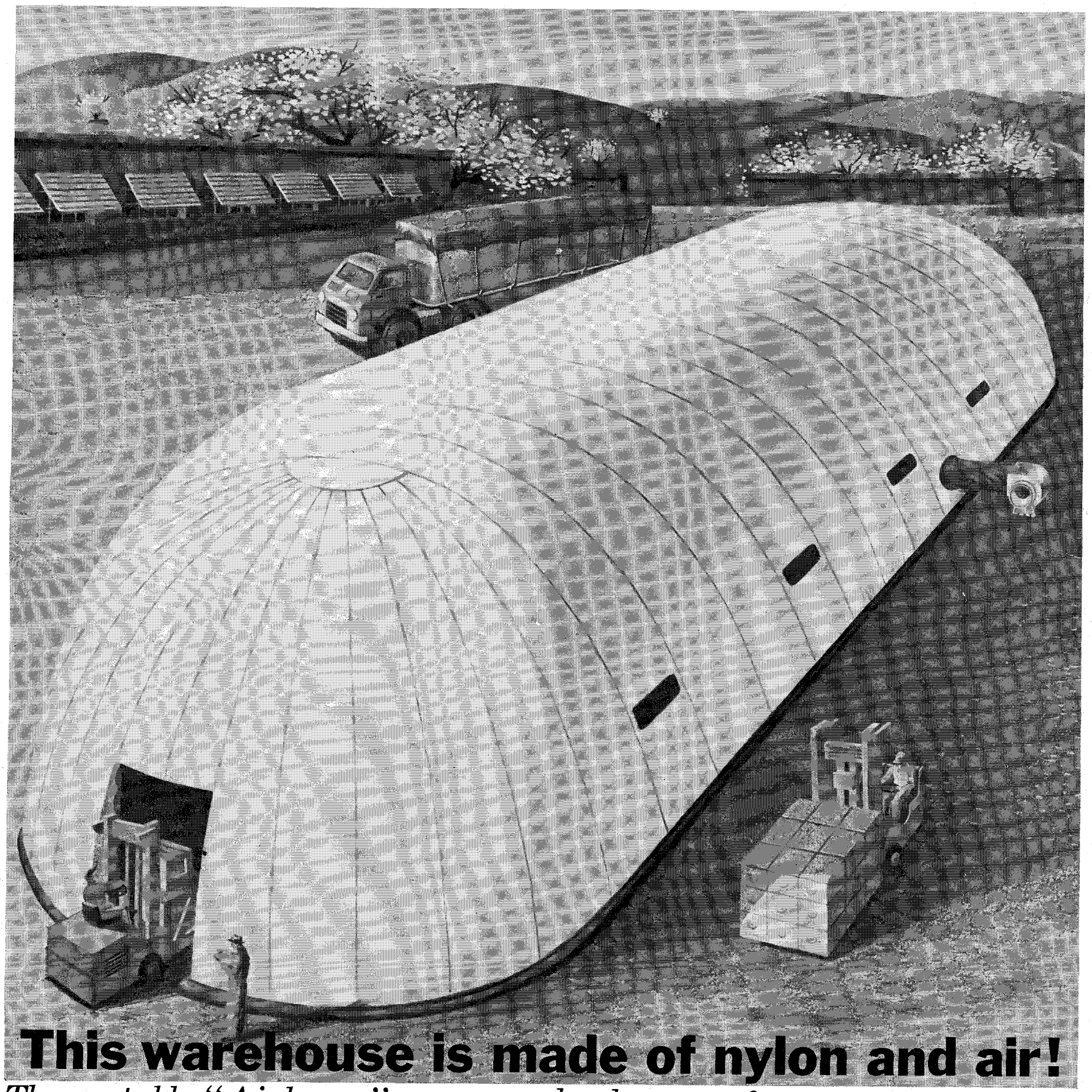

This warehouse is made of nylon and air!

The portable "Airhouse"... a new development for economical storage

One hour ago, this was empty space. Now a huge, firmly-anchored warehouse is in full operation providing low-cost protection for most any type of storage.

What makes it possible? Vinyl-coated nylon fabric . . . the strongest, lightest cover material yet made. Low-pressure air pumped into the "Airhouse" by a ventilating blower inflates and supports the entire dome-shaped structure.

Result: thousands of cubic feet of unobstructed storage space at astonishingly low cost.

Built for years of service, the "Airhouse's" taut nylon "skin" is completely fireproof. Tough, almost impossible to rip, it resists puncturing, weathering, mildew, oil. And you can take the "Airhouse" with you . . . it's compact enough to be carried in a station wagon. Again, industry has found in nylon's versatility the most economic and practical answer to a vital need.

Today, a growing share of nylon going into new products like the "Airhouse" comes from The Chemstrand Corporation . . . a major nylon yarn supplier. Made in the country's only completely unified nylon plant, Chemstrand nylon is as strong and uniform as man can produce...to make "Airhouses," rope, tarpaulin, tire cord ...still stronger, still better-wearing.

CHEMSTRAND® NYLON

Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest. THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla. • ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala.

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By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL

Why was rich, bluff Harriman Baylor so afraid of publicity about Fern Driscoll's death that he offered to buy off Perry Mason?

Carl Harrod's blackmail struck at two victims. One was Mildred Crest who, Harrod discovered, had switched identities with a dead girl named Fern Driscoll. The other was wealthy Harriman Baylor, whose son had apparently been involved in a sordid affair with Fern.

Now Harrod was dead, stabbed with an ice pick in Mildred's apartment. For Baylor this meant scandalous publicity, for Mildred a possible indictment for murder. Perry Mason, Mildred's lawyer, spoke bluntly to Baylor.

"You and I had better exchange a few facts," he said, "before the newspapers come out with a sensational story."

V

Baylor slammed up the telephone, walked back to his chair, looked at his wrist watch, regarded Mason thoughtfully and said, "All right, Mason. We haven't time to do any more sparring for position. My son became involved with Fern Driscoll. She may be a most estimable young woman. I don't know. My son is also attached to a very nice young woman who is in his social set, a woman who would make him happy, and who would be unquestionably accepted into the social circle in which my son moves, something which would be exceedingly difficult for Miss Driscoll. Now then, the report seems to have spread in some way that there had been certain indiscretions; that Miss Driscoll was in trouble and that I had given her a large sum of money to leave the country. That report is absolutely, unqualifiedly false."

"How about your son?" Mason asked.

"My son assures me that the report is false as far as he is concerned," Baylor said with dignity.

"Well," Katherine Baylor said, "I happen to know that ——"

"That will do! Please keep out of this, Katherine," Baylor said. "The situation is rather delicate."

Katherine glanced indignantly at him. "What I was going to say might have been of some help ——"

"Please!" her father commanded. "Now then," Baylor went on, "the situation became complicated because of this man Harrod. It seems that Fern Driscoll was involved in some way in an automobile accident, and Harrod was an investigator for an insurance company. He started backtracking and somehow or other found out a lot of garbled facts. Somebody gave him a lot of misinformation. The point is that he (Continued on Page 78)

"Blast it, Mason!" Baylor said. "I don't have to draw you a blueprint! I want those letters!"

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He made a frozen frontier tell its secrets . . .

On Thanksgiving Day, 1929, a small tri-motored plane reached latitude 90°. An American flag tumbled down on the imaginary spot called the South Pole. This would have been enough for most men.

But not for a man like Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

He was born an adventurer. He was the kind of man who always wants to see what's over the horizon—the kind who always has to look a little bit farther than anybody else has looked. The Pole was just the beginning.

Here was the world's last frontier—a lifeless continent, half again as big as Europe, waiting to be discovered. Here were thousands of miles of coast to be charted. Under the ice were unbelievable riches. And here, set up by Nature, was a gigantic laboratory where man could experiment and find out a million things he wanted to know—about the weather, about the earth, and about himself.

Dick Byrd went five times to the bottom of the world. He gazed on more unknown area than any human in history. For months he lived all alone out on the terrible Ross Ice Shelf, where it was thought no man could ever survive. And while death lurked, cold and dark, he made this silent kingdom give up its secrets, one by one.

Why?

America, since the beginning, has bred men who had to go into the unknown—to look around and see what's there, to tame it for those who come later. A new continent, a new labor-saving device, a new cure for disease—so much of all the good things we have in our country, we owe to these restless, questing Americans who, like Dick Byrd, could never be content until they had turned the unknown into the *known.*

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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If you've wondered, too...

We get many letters about our famous series of advertisements featuring great Americans. In case you, too, would like to know, here are some of the most frequently asked questions—and the answers.

How many have appeared?

The advertisement presented here is the 97th in the series.

How long has the series been appearing?

Since 1947.

Why do you run this type of advertising?

Our company has prospered, just as America has prospered. From a humble beginning in Boston nearly 100 years ago, we've grown to a company with over 20 billion dollars of life insurance in force, 14,000 people, more than 10,000,000 policy owners. One way in which we could express our sense of obligation and thanks was to have our advertising tell of the basic beliefs which are the root of the wonderful country in which our company grew up. We also like to believe that many of the things these great Americans stood for are also things for which our company stands. Our agents, too, understand well the importance of freedom and independence, and the well-being and dignity of each individual.

BYRON K. ELLIOTT
President

★ ★ ★

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Bait for a Bachelor (Continued from Page 31)

drive-in was closed, he would take Sibbie out to dinner. Both attired as befitted the occasion, he would drive her grandly downtown to the Loggers Rest in his pickup truck—a recent acquisition—hand her down gallantly, and give her an evening.

This was Friday night, and his preferred hour, when business at the drive-in was slack. Catfoot paused beside one of the big windows and surveyed the warm scene within. The young waitress they called Kitten demurely checked out a group of talkative dudes. A big girl Catfoot didn't recognize was clearing the tables at the far end. Tom Rawsin, the proprietor and short-order cook, leaned negligently on the shelf of the pass-through.

Sibbie—on her his gaze rested fondly—busily scraped hamburger bits and bun crumbs from the big griddle into the grease trough. Her plain face was flushed, her gray hair arranged neatly under the big cook's cap. Her broad beam—which reminded Catfoot of the rear end of a tank truck disappearing uphill—supported her generously. Her full bosom projected commandingly over the griddle. A fine figure of a woman!

He bulldozed through the door, and struck a grinning pose with arms extended in benediction.

"Ba-bees!" he roared. "It's Friday night!"

"Catfoot!" squeaked Kitten, reacting as always. Rawsin grinned a yellow-toothed welcome. Sibbie simpered and pretended to see something of interest above and beyond him. The new girl turned quickly and faced him squarely across the room. Her hands moved instinctively to her hips, her shoulders went back and she thrust out her bosom arrogantly. In her ears were bright things that looked to Catfoot like fish lures. She seemed to have been told of the logger's prospective arrival, and was making the most of it.

"Where's Jackie?" Catfoot demanded, looking around the place.

"She quit," Rawsin announced. "Husband got back from Okinawa."

Grumbling, Catfoot eased his bulk into a booth seat. He liked Jackie. Good waitress. That was his first disappointment of the evening. Rawsin provided the second also.

"There ain't no lamb fries, Catfoot," he called out. "Not an ounce in town, the meat man said. What'll it be besides hamburger? How 'bout some nice pig's liver?"

"Pig's liver, then," he assented gloomily, and glanced up indifferently at the new girl poised above him, order pad in hand. He wondered how she could make the fish-lure earrings flutter without seeming to move her head. "Bring me a hamburger first," he ordered. "Sibbie knows how to fix it."

"Everything on it?" she asked conversationally.

"Like I said," he responded gruffly, "Sibbie knows how to fix it."

"Well, don't bite my head off. Jes' askin'."

"Ain't bitin'—yet. Ain't even growlin'. Jes' git th' hamburger." He turned from her heavily. "On the fire, Sibbie?"

"On the fire, Mr. Dowl," she assured him. He thought her voice sounded a little queer; sort of cracked-like, as if she'd been poked in the throat with a peavey handle while in the act of speaking.

"My name's Grace," the new girl announced irrelevantly. "Want your coffee now?"

"Yeh—Grace. Black."

She went and got it, placed it carefully before him, and lingered—thus earning a frown from Kitten and an angry look from Rawsin. Sibbie pretended not to notice.

Catfoot liked the girl's voice—sort of musical, like water gurgling through the cracked plank in the pool dam at the mill. Sibbie's was more baritone, but gentle. He glanced up again at Grace, saw she was smiling; laughing, maybe. He noticed that her teeth were white and even, parted a little now to reveal a bit of pink tongue. He also noticed that her uniform was buttoned unusually low in front, presenting to view a kind of split-log effect. As she turned away to get his hamburger, he noted that her skirt fitted tightly, as rounded as a jib straining in the wind.

"Best 'burger I ever et," he called to Sibbie, when he had swallowed the first generous bite. This was also routine for Friday night. So was his invitation: "Bring your coffee over now, can'tcha?"

"Thank yuh, Mr. Dowl," Sibbie accepted according to custom. She glanced at Rawsin, who nodded quickly. He was displeased at the way the new girl hovered over Catfoot.

"Like a Trinity Alps hawk," he muttered.

Catfoot's third disappointment came when he had settled down for a cozy chat with Sibbie. His intake of pig's liver, mashed potatoes and vegetables impeded his conversation not at all. They reviewed the activities of their respective weeks and satisfied the other preliminaries to his usual proposal:

"How 'bout Monday night?"

"Mr. Dowl, I ——" Her voice sounded disappointed, embarrassed—and a little fearful.

"Can'tcha call me Sid?" he asked plaintively, but she ignored him and went on: "I can't go Monday night—and not the Monday after either—maybe not for some time, Mr. Dowl," she finished miserably.

"Hell's bells! Why not? We ain't missed a Monday in two years. What's goin' on?" he demanded when he saw tears in her eyes. "Whatcha bawlin' about?"

"Ain't bawlin'. It's the smoke. I gotta go to the city."

"San Francisco?"

"Where else?"

"I guess it ain't none o' my business, but what ——"

"Like you say, Mr. Dowl, I guess it ain't none o' your business," she whispered, and fell silent.

Catfoot was as troubled as Sibbie looked. He felt helpless, angry. "You comin' back?" he asked suspiciously.

"I aim to. Where else could I git a job, with all these slick young chicks wantin' to work? I'll be back when I git here—one week, two, maybe longer."

"How you goin'?" he asked, accepting the fact as it lay.

"I'm catchin' th' express tonight." She glanced up at the clock. "In about an hour."

"Want me to drive you to the depot?"

Catfoot was impelled by both consideration and curiosity. He wanted to see how big a suitcase she was taking.

"Thank yuh jes' th' same. But I'll manage."

He bore this rebuff with fortitude and pursued the matter no farther. When the express arrived from the north, he was standing well back in the shadows. He saw Sibbie hand the driver a medium-sized bag, and sadly watched the bus depart in a cloud of distillate fumes.

Usually he stayed at the drive-in. Toaster, the itinerant dishwasher, always had some comic books around, and then he'd walk Sibbie home. He could go to a bar and tie on a few, but there was no percentage in that. Might as well go back to the drive-in, hang around awhile, thinking about Sibbie; then go home and check up on his tackle for the morrow's fishing.

The late rush was on. Two girls in tight pants, part-timers, were handling the car trade. Tom's wife, Rachel, presided at the griddle, where she would work until Sibbie came back; if she came back. Kitten's counter was filled, so he went to the other end where the new girl worked, climbed on a stool which was flatteringly small, and brooded.

"I saw you wink at the dog when you said that!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Grace came hipping along and paused. "What'll you have—if anything?" she asked unprofessionally.

"Coffee," he ordered bluntly.

"Coffee it'll be!"

When she put it before him, she leaned over and whispered, "I'm not doing anything Monday night."

Having planted the thought, presented the temptation, she did not await a reply. She would have received none, for Catfoot's thoughts were laboriously shifting gears.

He sat and stared at the surface of the brew in which his thick eyebrows and broad forehead were darkly reflected. Until Grace had spoken, this attractive possibility had not occurred to him.

He wondered if Sibbie would mind. Why should she? He hadn't "spoken" to her. She had no real claim on him, and he none on her, except custom through the unbroken line of Monday dates. And she had gone off with little more than the word of her going; not caring to confide in him; not trusting him. For all he knew, she might be going to meet a guy; to get married, maybe. He hoped she'd feed her husband hamburgers until he choked to death on them.

Having emotionally lost Sibbie, got her married and widowed all in a small cycle of thought, he watched his opportunity with Grace. A man had to have some fun, and a woman was the handiest varmint to have it with.

"Where d'ya live?" he asked in a low voice when she jiggled by the next time. Grace smiled with satisfaction. Her hook was in the water, baited, and the line straight and clear.

"Harbor and Hill—the white house," she whispered, flicking some crumbs from the counter with her napkin. She wanted to do her fishing quietly.

"One with the yard?"

"Yeh."

"I'll be by at six."

"Six it'll be."

Although this exchange had been in rapid, low tones, and might reasonably have been regarded by an observer as small talk while Catfoot awaited his check, Rawsin saw it all from his vantage point of the pass-through, rightly surmised what was going on, and frowned disapprovingly. But after all, he ruminated, what business was it of his? Catfoot was a big boy. Sibbie and Grace were big girls. Let them work it out. If he thought he had been the sole witness to the brief scene, he learned otherwise after closing time.

After Grace had gone, Kitten lingered as usual and joined Tom and Rachel at the kitchen table.

"Did you see what I saw?" she asked angrily.

"What? And why don'cha watch the customers' plates insteada th' customers?" Tom asked without rancor.

"Mr. Dowl and Grace?" asked Rachel, confirming the belief that nothing can be secret to those who wish to pierce its mysteries. "She didn't waste any time, did she?"

"The cat!" Kitten spat in disgust.

"Jest a minute," Tom protested. "I don't claim we're all one big happy family here, but let's git along. Grace's a good waitress. What she does outside hours, and who with, ain't no business of mine—or yours," he added with pointed emphasis.

"I don't care," Rachel said. "If anybody asked me ——"

"Nobody's ast yuh!"

"If anybody asked me," Rachel repeated, ignoring her husband, "I'd say she's a hussy."

"Hussy—shussy—bussy! Nuts!" Tom said with spirit. "I had to garntee her a month's work if she was any good. Which she is. She handles them dudes like she owns 'em. Take that buncha punks that barged in tonight: they'd have driven you crazy, Kitten. She talked 'em down like a hard-rock foreman. So let 'er alone!"

Kitten nodded, generously agreed. "She's O.K. that way. But, dammit, make her keep her claws out of Mr. Dowl. He belongs to Sibbie."

"Don't cuss," Tom admonished the girl. "I toldja ma I'd look out for your mawrls."

"Did you see her throw herself at him when he first came in tonight? I thought she'd pop her blouse," Kitten said scornfully.

"I'll bet Catfoot didn't even notice," Tom objected amiably.

"I'll bet!" Kitten scoffed. "What man wouldn't?"

"Or woman either," Tom teased. "For you, this place may be too—too ——"

"Educational?" Rachel supplied.

"Yeh—too—what you jest said."

"Let the kid alone," Rachel told her husband. "She might's well learn a few tricks while she's young."

"Oh, I know a few," Kitten said airily, tucking up a strand of hair with a saucy gesture.

"Well, practice 'em on boys your size and don't get tangled up with a San Quentin quail like Grace. Now what about her and Mr. Dowl? Do we do anything?" Rachel concluded thoughtfully.

"We don't," Tom said firmly. "Jes' keep an eye on things."

"I don't want Sibbie to get hurt," Kitten said sadly. "She's terrible fond of Mr. Dowl."

"Wise kid," said Rachel. "I don't either. Sibbie's a grand person. Much too good for the likes of Mr. Dowl. If he only knew."

"Well, he don't, an' he'll not be told by any of us. An' that's that!" Tom said with finality. "Now let's clean up an' go home."

As he rose, the women looked at each other with feminine significance, but said nothing more.

When Grace emerged from her rooming house on Monday night, she was arrayed to shame the flowers of the field—most of them anyway—and she walked in a cloud of fragrance which had never known a garden. Her hat was the latest, and sat on her head like a coal scoop. Her green dress fitted like the bark on a tree, including the limbs and the burls. Her rouged face mocked the sunset over Humboldt Bay.

Catfoot, oblivious of her cold glance of disapproval at the pickup, met her gallantly, hat in hand, and assisted her up with deference. He walked around, climbed up beside her, and saw her eying the gas gauge.

"Somethin' th' matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Wanted to see how much we had," she said, looking up at him with a mocking smile. "I've been out with the boys before."

She had decided on this minor artifice to set herself in what she felt should be the proper maidenly perspective for Catfoot's benefit. He played it as it lay.

"Oh, we ain't goin' beyond walkin' distance," he assured her without guile, and they started grandly on their way.

He had decided on the Robbers Roost. It didn't seem right to take Grace to the Loggers Rest. That was Sibbie's place. Besides, the people there would wonder. At the Robbers Roost he might not attract attention. The place catered mostly to the sports-car trade.

If Catfoot had counted on companionship on his one (*Continued on Page 48*)

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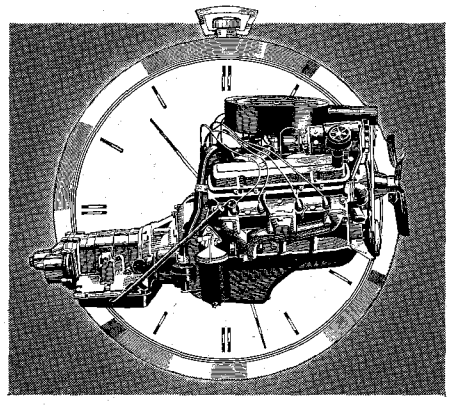

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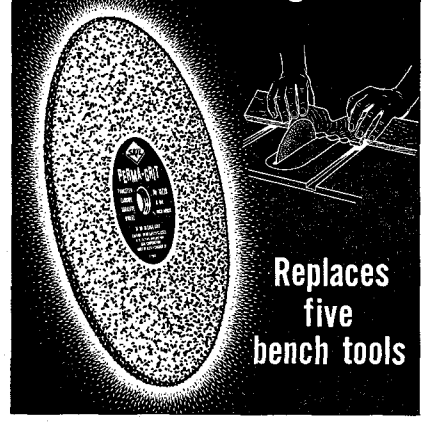

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(*Continued from Page 46*) night out on the town, of a kind calculated to make him forget Sibbie, Grace knew how to supply it. She found the truck not so bad. The seat was clean, and so was the floor. It purred, and she purred along with it, sending gracious little signals of small talk over the waves of musk. Catfoot was entranced. Sibbie usually had little to say, choosing to ride along in companionable silence while he did the talking. Sibbie used no perfume. To Catfoot's nostrils, she exuded, winter and summer, days on the job and days off, the subtle aroma of hamburgers.

Grace also knew her way along a bar rail. He had to argue Sibbie into taking a little something, but Grace fixed the bartender with a knowing eye and ordered a double bourbon in separate jiggers and water back. Sipping his beer, Catfoot watched in admiration as she tossed off one, coughed delicately, and took the tiniest sip of water possible to refresh herself for the next.

"If they'd wanted water in the stuff, they'd have put it in at the distillery," she said gaily.

Two more of the same loosened her tongue for a colorful and at times profane description of people and places in her past. If she cleaned up the history a bit as she went on, Catfoot was not one to suspect the censorship. She beat him two games of miniature pool and later made her dinner preference known in tones happily eager.

"Steak," she told the waiter. "Filet if you've got it. Black on the outside, breathing inside."

Pleased, Catfoot ordered the same.

"Never kin git Sibbie t'eat steak," he said regretfully. "She orders hamburger. Can't see why, after cookin' the blamed stuff all week."

Grace had hoped that the subject of Sibbie would be introduced at some moment in the evening's conversation. She wanted to get in a little dagger work on the opposition. Catfoot having brought up the matter, she lost no time moving to the infighting.

"Small wonder," she said with pretended indifference. "She's got no back teeth. She can bite, but she can't chew."

"I hadn't noticed," he said uncertainly.

While they moved stoutly and quickly through the preliminaries of soup and salad, he did recall that Sibbie worked in a rather narrow range on her hamburger, preferred soft rolls instead of the ones he loved to crunch, and seemed to have difficulty with string beans and broccoli.

"A pity, too," Grace went on with false concern. "She makes good money, even more'n I do, with tips. You'd think she'd get some store teeth. And I'll bet she hasn't darkened the door of a beauty parlor in years and years."

"Why this cable clamp on Sibbie?" he asked.

Grace wondered if she didn't detect a note of suspicion in his voice. Maybe her tactics had been a bit too direct. No, she decided; he was too simple-minded—all brawn and little brain—and she thought she had what it took to dull his conscience, if any. Sibbie had been the best he could get, up to now. Grace was sure she could change all that. After all, she was getting no younger. It was time she made definite plans for the future. Catfoot was no bargain, but a prospect was a prospect. This one would be worth her while. From what she'd heard around the drive-in, a word here, a knowing observation there, this jack might be dumb, but he'd managed to hold onto a fair stack of the dark green, and she hadn't heard it was fir boughs. If she could hook him, and then found she was unable to stand the life, she could separate him from a bundle and go her way. She'd done it before and could do it again. She decided to keep slugging.

"You need a woman with appreciation," she said archly, reaching across the table and touching his rough hand lightly. Catfoot thrilled to the caress—Sibbie never did anything like that—and shivered in the wave of perfume stirred by the gesture. Sibbie just sat and smiled at him warmly. A more observant man than he would have seen her heart in her eyes at that moment. All Catfoot had seen was the grin; the visible form, and not the substance behind it.

"I guess I do, at that," he agreed warmly, and leaned back politely as fragrant platters of steak and vegetables were placed before them.

"Watch it; it's hot," the waiter told him. He didn't warn Grace, but glanced at her as if he had seen her somewhere before—or the likes of her on the prowl. "Coffee now or later?"

"Now and later," Grace said throatily, taking charge of things. "And more water, boy.... It helps to know this racket," she confided to Catfoot, after the man had turned to get the pitcher.

She had caught the significance of the waiter's remark—a subtle warning to Catfoot. She also saw that the logger had missed it entirely.

If she thought Catfoot planned to make a pass at her during the evening she'd read her man wrong. But she did consider it an intimate gesture when he drove her up into the hills to see the lot he hoped to build on someday. All he did was to walk her around the level, beautifully wooded piece of land, touch the trees lovingly, and later deliver her untouched at home on the dot of ten.

"It's been nice—so-o-o nice," she cooed graciously, and lingered in the dark for any possible amorous development. But Catfoot had been shaken with enough emotion for one evening, and wanted to get away to his shack where he could think.

"Yeh, thanks fer comin'," he said, and drove off.

During the next week the newsdealer waited in vain for Catfoot to drop by and rummage through the latest comic books. Tackle lay about untended. Catfoot haunted the drive-in and drank enough coffee during the evenings to float a log two feet through at the butt. Grace was most attentive and assumed an air of lofty disdain in response to the dark looks flashed her way by Kitten and Rachel. This constant attendance deprived his Friday-night appearance for dinner of all its drama. He morosely refused a hamburger and ate his lamb fries without relish.

"Can't see why you eat that mess," Grace observed, serving him.

"Ain't no mess. Gives a man somethin' good to go on," he said heavily. He looked up at her thoughtfully. "How 'bout Monday night?" he asked.

"I dunno," she said coyly. "I guess maybe I'll be free."

"Well, be," he said gruffly.

"You really wouldn't take 'no' for an answer, would you?" she asked flirtatiously, and leaned toward him. "I like hard hats," she said softly, provocatively.

Catfoot's heart leaped with pleasure. This woman knew how to show a man her appreciation.

Tom, Rachel and Kitten watched him come and go these nights, and strut by with an air on Friday night. He seemed to have lost his appearance of gloom as he inquired carelessly of Rachel, "Any word from Sibbie?"

"Not a word," she said bitterly; adding under her breath, "As if you cared."

Although Grace felt she had cleverly worked things around to where she had created the proper atmosphere of off with the old, on with the new, she was surprised when Catfoot plied her with questions on Monday night about Sibbie. It seemed to her as if he wanted to

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Sam and Jack pried open the trunk of a parked car and stole the spare tire. Caught, they were charged with burglary under a law against stealing from a locked car.

"These boys are guilty at most of a mere misdemeanor, theft, not of the more serious crime of burglary," their lawyer argued. "The law says it is burglary only when a person breaks through a car 'door.' Clearly, the lid of a car trunk is not a door."

"The purpose of the law is to make it a more serious offense to steal from a locked car than from an unlocked one," the prosecutor replied. "Therefore it is just as reprehensible to break through the trunk door as one of the side doors."

If you were the judge, would you try Sam and Jack for burglary?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Burglary it was. The court pointed out that trunks or luggage compartments, as well as side doors, are fitted with locks "for carrying things of value." It concluded that the legislature undoubtedly meant to make a trunk break-in as serious an offense as burglary through a door.

Based upon a 1957 California decision.

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hear criticisms of the absent woman, to have her pick out flaws and discuss them. Was he trying to justify in his own mind the idea of throwing over Sibbie for her? If so, she thought, he had come to the right person to assist such a cause and effect her desired result. But even her inventive mind finally ran out of material.

"After all," she explained, "I've only known her close up for a week—less, even. But let's talk about you, big boy—and me."

She maneuvered the talk so that they did, and exchanged confidences sweet and precious. Grace got a pretty good line on the extent of his savings and felt her palms itch. When he invited her to drive up to the lot again, and discuss with him the best location for the house she felt her campaign was as good as won. A pushover!

This opinion seemed virtually confirmed when he put his big arm around her as they reached her place that night and squeezed her hard against him.

"You're a good kid, Grace—a good kid!" he rumbled. She was sure she heard a little catch in his throat as he uttered the words. By way of reward, she kissed him on the cheek; then got out quickly before he could move to assist her.

"Be seein' you!" she said softly.

On Tuesday night, Tom, Rachel and Kitten held a council of war at the kitchen table. Grace, not yet accepted to the intimacy of the small circle, had departed with dignified indifference after finishing her share of the cleaning up. She was sure she knew what went on behind her back; was sure that her virtual conquest of the logger Lothario was the topic of bitter discussion. But what could they do about it?

Kitten was heavy-hearted as they sipped their coffee. "Something's gotta be done," she mourned.

"Yes, but what?" Rachel demanded. "Stupid man! But then, they're all like that, present company not excepted. But like you said, Tom," she added by way of apology, "he's a big boy and oughta know better."

"I ain't sure he ain't dumber'n I thought," Tom admitted. "Maybe you girls ——"

A heavy knock on the outside kitchen door interrupted him. When he opened it, there stood Catfoot, glowering. He shouldered his way in and towered like a figure of vengeance over the women at the table. Rachel thought apprehensively he was about to bawl them out for their cool treatment of Grace.

"What's the big idea—holdin' out on me?" he demanded harshly.

His blue eyes were hard, his face set in grim lines.

"Holding out—what?" Rachel asked, a little frightened.

"Sibbie!" He pronounced the name like a sigh, turned angrily to Tom. "Don't you pay 'er no dough so's she kin git stuff?"

"Now jest a minute, Catfoot. She gits good dough. But what business is it o' yourn?"

"Plenty! She eats them lousy hamburgers because she ain't got no teeth. She never gits her hair done—whatever that is. Ain't had new shoes or a new dress in years; jes' fixes up the old one with cuffs an' collars an' things. I ought'd noticed."

Kitten stared into her half-empty cup.

Rachel sniffed indignantly. "It's a pity you didn't," she said.

"Sit down, hard nose," Tom said softly, "an' have some coffee. This time it'll be on th' house."

The good Lord moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform; choosing the instruments which come readily to hand; acting in His own good time with a pretty heavy schedule. Tom, Rachel and Kitten were handy, and such voluble instruments that Catfoot listened, shamefaced. Furthermore, it should have been no great surprise to anyone on the inside of this matter when the big bandsaw at the mill snapped in two places early Wednesday morning and got all fouled up in the pulleys. The operation had to be shut down. Catfoot left his familiar pond and took the noon express to the city.

Nor, with Providence moving in high gear, should Sibbie have been too surprised, being a good woman herself and on the right cosmic frequency, when she looked up that evening from her loving task of adjusting the braces on a little boy's legs, to see the big man in the wrinkled suit standing over her. But she was.

"Mr. Dowl!" she cried. "How —— What ——"

"Your darter let me in," he said stiffly, "an' I kin walk soft. Whinecha tell me?"

"Tell you what?" Sibbie asked, squatting back on her heels. "This is Walter, my grandson," she said, remembering her manners. . . . "The man's Mr. Dowl, Walter."

"Yeh, I know all about him," said Catfoot. "Whenna ya comin' home?"

"I'd thought maybe next weekend," said Sibbie, but without conviction. "Jennie—she's my daughter you met—she's well again. I had to come down an' nurse her through this flu," she went on defensively, "an' take care of Walter an' all."

"Yeh, I know," said Catfoot.

"How'd you know?"

"First Grace ——"

"Grace?"

"Yeh! That broad picks up stuff. Then Tom an' Rachel an' Kitten. Now I know where your money ——"

"Stop right there, Mr. Dowl," she commanded. "I won't have my private affairs discussed by a stranger."

"I ain't no stranger, an' you know it," he said roughly. "An' I intend to be less than that. I'll be by, right after sunup tomorrow. Have your bonnet on!"

Grace was surprised when Friday night came and went with no sign of her victim, and Tom and Rachel and Kitten pretended to be. But even they recognized an occasion of high surprise when the San Francisco-Portland express bus stopped with a flourish at the drive-in on Sunday night. It was unheard of. Even the driver seemed *en fête* as he honked two long blasts, as if he wanted curb service for himself and all his fares.

The door opened and Catfoot descended and deposited three suitcases carefully on the blacktop.

Then, to the goggle-eyed wonder of staff and customers alike, Sibbie emerged. The white feather on her hat fluttered gallantly, and to the watching Grace it was both a banner of victory for Sibbie and the emblem of her own defeat. Sibbie's green silk dress—Catfoot had insisted upon it—was a bit wrinkled from long sitting, but fitted her like the bark on a tree, burls and all. As she moved toward the door, she resembled a big green wave, foam-crested, about to break thunderingly upon a hospitable beach.

Catfoot left the bags where they sat as the bus roared away north, thrust the portal wide and held it for the queenlike entrance of the erstwhile fry cook. Her new teeth gleamed as her embarrassed smile embraced them all.

Cigar in one hand, new gray hat in the other, Catfoot spread his arms wide in his customary benediction.

"Ba-bees!" he roared. "A big steak fer th' wife!"

THE END

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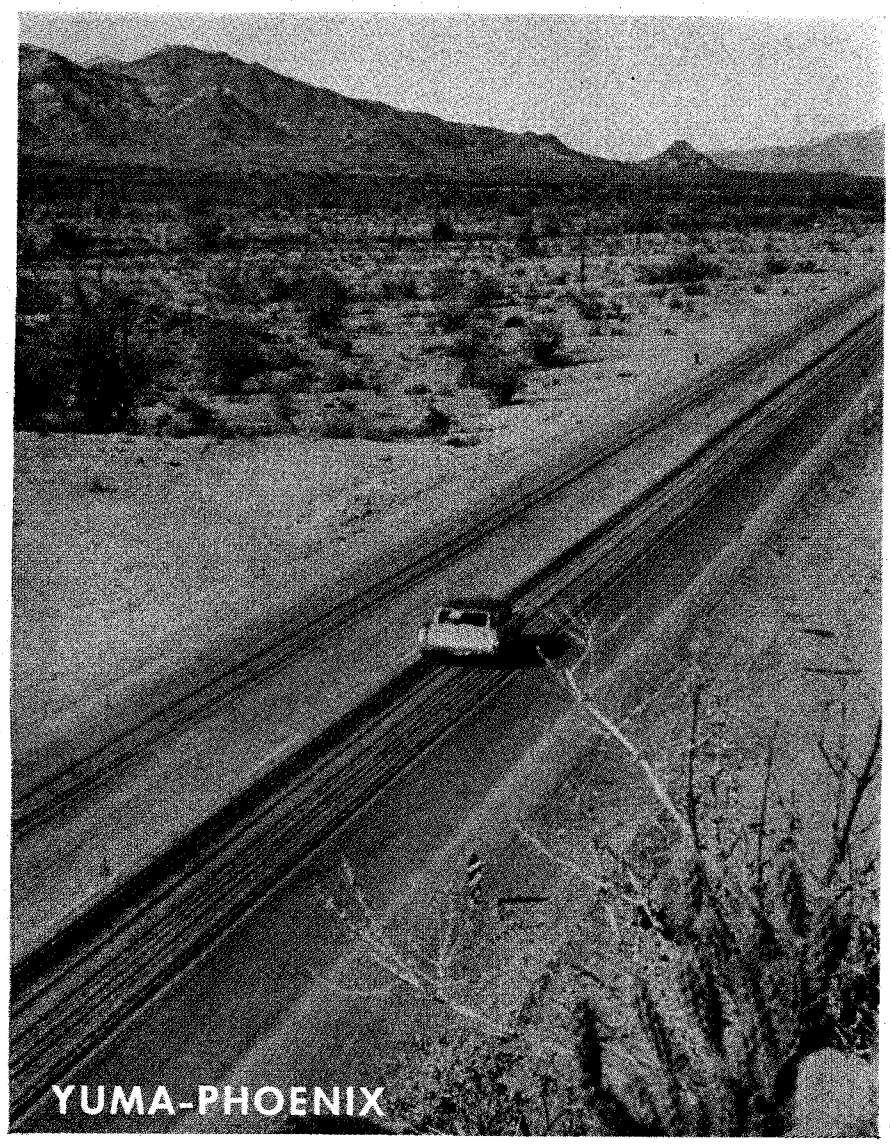

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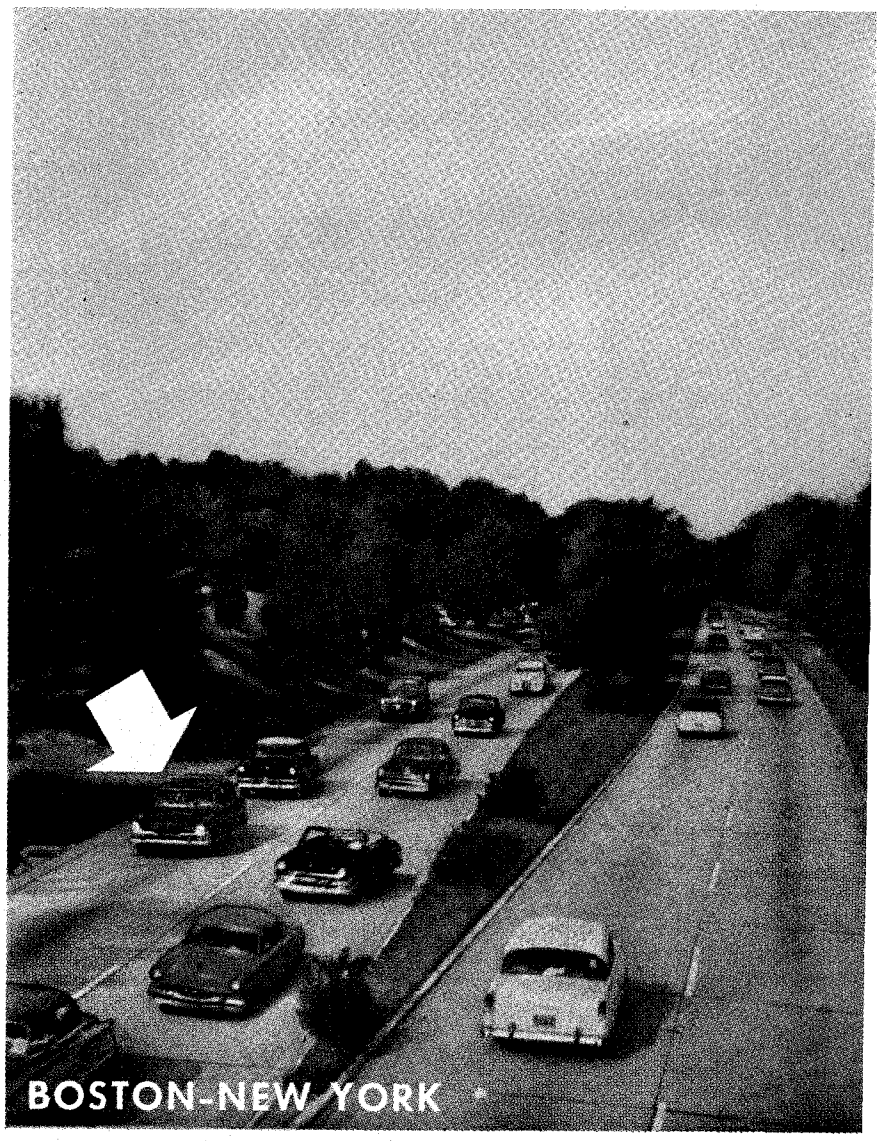

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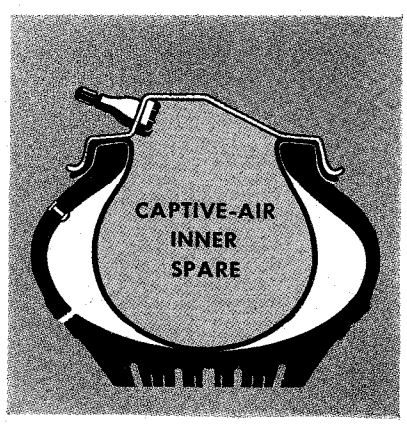

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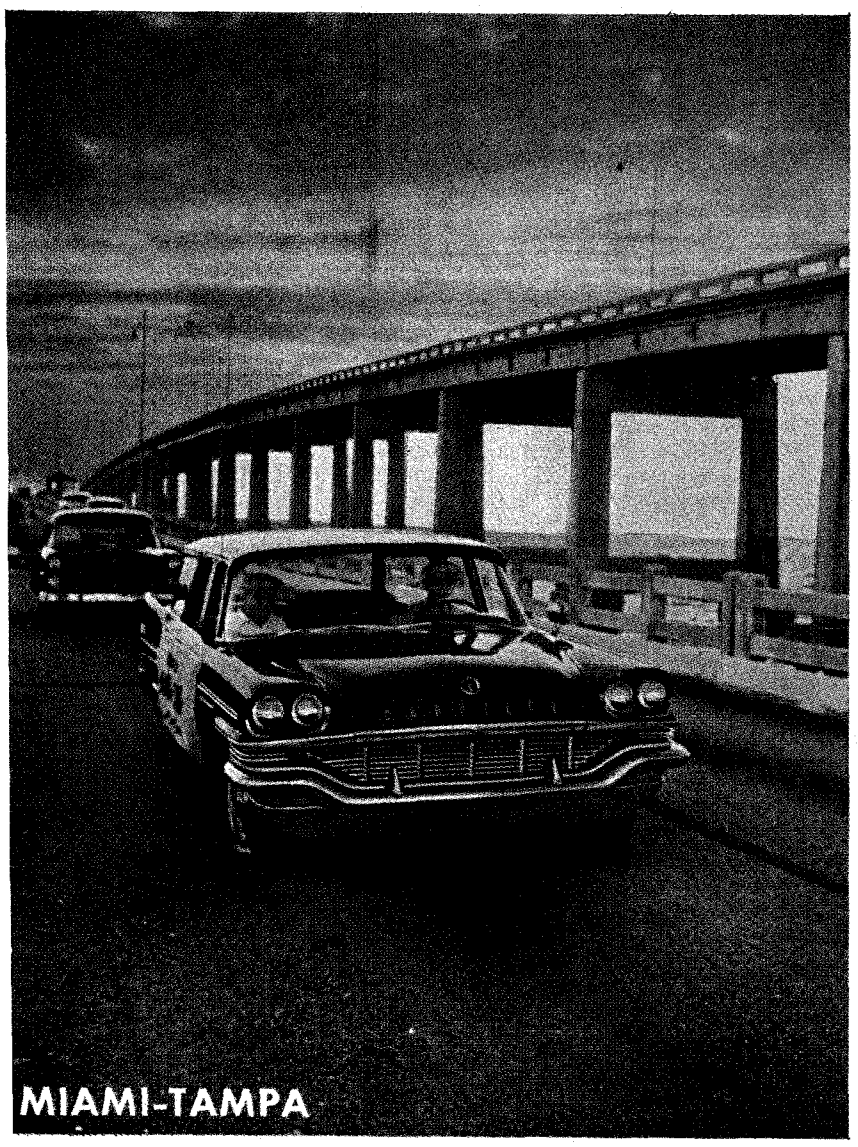
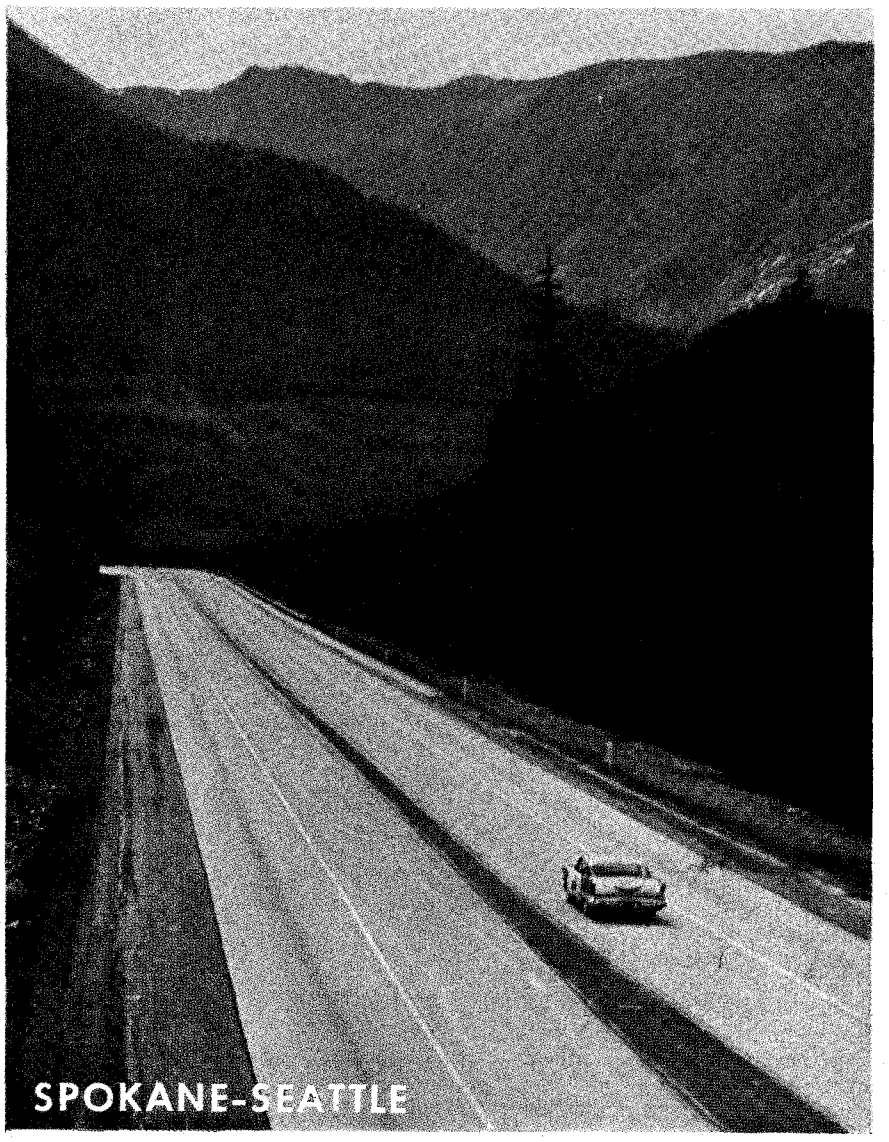


320 miles- MOUNTAINS!



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Hornblower and the Pirate Plot

(Continued from Page 39)

"Pardons! Par——" Hooper could not even finish the word a second time. "Are you insane, my lord?"

"That was why I was released. And that is why Spendlove is still retained."

"Then this Spendlove must take his chance."

"Your excellency!"

"Do you think I could grant pardons to a gang of pirates? What d'ye mean? So that they can live like lords on their booty? Rolling in coaches round the island? A fine way that would be of suppressing piracy! D'ye want the whole West Indies in a turmoil? Have you lost your senses?"

The effect of this speech was in no way modified by the fact that Hornblower had guessed long before that Hooper would argue exactly along this line.

"I fully see the difficulty of the situation, your excellency."

"I'm glad you do. You know the hiding place of these pirates?"

"Yes, your excellency. It is a very secure place."

"No matter. It can be reduced, of course. A few hangings will quiet this island down again."

What in the world was there that he could do or say? The sentence he framed in his mind was patently absurd to him even before he uttered it.

"I shall have to go back there before you take any steps, your excellency."

"Go back there?" Hooper's eyes almost came out of their sockets as the implications of what Hornblower was saying dawned upon him. "What new foolery do you have in mind?"

"I must go back and join Spendlove if your excellency does not see fit to grant the pardons."

"Rubbish! I can grant no pardons. I cannot. I will not."

"Then I have no alternative, your excellency."

"Rubbish, I said! Rubbish! You made no promise. You said yourself that you gave no pledge."

"I am the judge of that, your excellency."

"You're in no condition to judge anything at present, if ever you were. Can you imagine for one moment I'll let you tie my hands like this?"

"No one regrets the necessity more than I do, your excellency."

"Necessity? Are you dictating to me? I'll have you know that I'm your superior officer as well as governor of this island. One more word and you'll be under arrest, my lord. Let's hear no more of this nonsense."

"Your excellency ——"

"Not one more word, I said. This Spendlove is one of the king's servants. He must run the risks of his position, even though he is only a secretary."

"But ——"

"I order you to keep silence, my lord. You have fair warning. Tomorrow when you're rested we can plan to smoke out this wasps' nest."

Hornblower himself checked the protest that still rose to his lips. Hooper meant what he said when he threatened arrest. The massive discipline that permeated the armed forces of the Crown had Hornblower in its grip as surely as if he were the least seaman. To disobey an order was hopeless from the start. The irresistible force of his own conscience might be driving him forward, but here he was up against the immovable barrier of discipline. Tomorrow? Tomorrow was another day.

"Very well, your excellency."

"A night's rest will do you all the good in the world, my lord. Perhaps it would be best if you slept here. I will give the necessary orders. If you instruct your flag lieutenant as to the fresh clothes you will need, I will send to Admiralty House for them to be ready for you in the morning."

"Your excellency is very kind."

"Allow me to conduct you to your room, my lord," said Hooper.

The mirror in the bedroom confirmed his fears regarding his appearance. The bed, with its enormous mosquito net, was wide and inviting. It was a relaxation to soap himself in a tepid bath, despite the smarting protests of the raw places on his body. And yet, bathed and relaxed, with one of his excellency's nightshirts flapping round his knees, he could not give way to his weaknesses. His innermost ego refused to recognize them. He found himself hobbling barefooted about the room. It was one of those dreadful nights; sometimes he relaxed so far as to sit on a chair, but within a few seconds a new train of thought brought him to his feet again, to limp up and down.

It was maddening that he could not keep his thoughts concentrated on the problem of Spendlove. He felt a contempt for himself that he should find his mind deserting his devoted secretary; there was a rival train of thought which was frequently successful in holding his attention. He knew, before the night was over, just how he would deal with the pirates' lair if his hands were free; he even knew satisfaction in recapitulating his plans.

Weariness took him by surprise in the end; he had sat down and rested his head on his hand, and then awakened with a start as he fell forward in his chair. The awakening was not complete enough; unconscious of what he was doing, he settled himself back in his chair and slept in that fashion.

Then Giles came in, bearing clean linen and a uniform and razors; the business of shaving and of dressing carefully served to steady him and kept him from thinking too furiously about the problem he would have to solve in the next few minutes.

"His excellency would be glad if his lordship would take breakfast with him."

That was a message conveyed through the door to Giles; the invitation must be accepted, of course, as it was the equivalent of a royal command. Hooper, apparently was partial to a steak for breakfast; a silver dish of steak and onions was brought in almost as soon as Hornblower had uttered his formal good morning. Hooper looked at Hornblower oddly when he answered the butler's inquiry with a request for papaya and a boiled egg; that was a bad start, for it confirmed Hooper in his opinions of Hornblower's eccentricity that he should have these outlandish Frenchified notions about breakfast.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Well enough, thank you, your excellency."

Hooper's abandonment of the formal "my lord" was a not too subtle indication that he was willing to forget last night's discussion and to act magnanimously, as if Hornblower was a normal person with only a temporary lapse on his record.

"We'll leave business until we've eaten."

"As you wish, your excellency."

But not even a governor can be sure of his future. There was a bustle at the door, and a whole group of people came hurrying in, not merely the butler, but two aides-de-camp and Gerard and—and—— Who was that? Pale and ragged and weary, almost unable to stand on tottering legs.

"Spendlove!" said Hornblower, his spoon clattering to the floor as he rose and hurried to him.

Hornblower clasped his hand, grinning with delight. Perhaps there had never been a moment in his life which had held so much sheer pleasure for him.

"Spendlove!" He could only repeat the name at first.

"Is this the return of the prodigal?" asked Hooper from the table.

Hornblower remembered his manners.

"Your excellency," he said, "may I take it upon myself to present my secretary, Mr. Erasmus Spendlove?"

"Glad to see you, young man. Take a seat at the table. . . . Bring Mr. Spendlove some food! He looks as if a glass of wine would not come amiss. Bring the decanter and a glass."

"You're not wounded?" asked Hornblower. "You're not hurt?"

"No, my lord," said Spendlove, extending his legs cautiously under the table. "It is only that seventy miles on horseback have stiffened my unaccustomed limbs."

"Seventy miles?" asked Hooper. "From where?"

"Montego Bay, your excellency."

"Then you must have escaped in the night?"

"At nightfall, your excellency."

"But what did you do, man?" demanded Hornblower. "How did you get away?"

"I jumped, my lord. Into the water."

"Into the water?"

"Yes, my lord. There were eight feet of water in the river at the foot of the cliff; enough to break my fall from any height."

"So there was. But—but in the dark?"

"That was easy, my lord. I looked over the parapet during the day. I did it when I said good-by to your lordship. I marked the spot and I measured the distance with my eye."

"And then?"

"And then I jumped when it was fully dark and raining hard, and came down feet first into the water."

"Unhurt?"

"Unhurt, your excellency."

"A most commendable deed," commented Hooper.

"Nothing for a desperate man, your excellency."

"Perhaps not. And then? After you were in the water? Were you pursued?"

"As far as I can tell, your excellency, I was not. Perhaps it was some time before they noticed my absence. Even then they would have to let down the ladder and climb down it. I heard nothing as I made off."

"Which way did you go?" asked Hornblower.

"I kept to the river, my lord, making my way downstream. It reaches the sea at Montego Bay, as we decided, if you remember, my lord. when we were making our first observations."

"Was it an easy journey?" asked Hornblower. Something was stirring in his mind, demanding his attention despite the strong emotions he was experiencing.

"Not easy in the dark, my lord. There were rapids in places, and the boulders were slippery. I fancy the main pass is narrow, although I could not see it."

"And at Montego Bay?" asked Hooper.

"There was the guard over the fishing boats, a half company of the West Indian Regiment, your excellency. I had their officer awakened, and he found me a horse, and I took the road through Cambridge and Ipswich."

"You got yourself remounts on the way?"

"I claimed I was on a mission of the greatest importance, your excellency."

"You made good time, even then."

"The patrol at Mandeville told me his lordship was on his way to your excellency, and so I rode straight to Government House."

"I shall represent your conduct to the Lords Commissioners, Mr. Spendlove," Hooper said, formally.

"I must thank your lordship."

"And I shall represent it to the Secretary of State," added Hooper.

"Your excellency is too kind."

"Enough of compliments," said Hooper, mopping up his gravy with a piece of bread. "Now we have to destroy these pirates. This lair of theirs—you say it is strong?"

Hornblower let Spendlove answer.

"Impregnable to direct assault, your excellency." (*Continued on Page 54*)

"Now let's suppose we raise $1,000,000 in long-term financing and then float a stock issue of $2,000,000. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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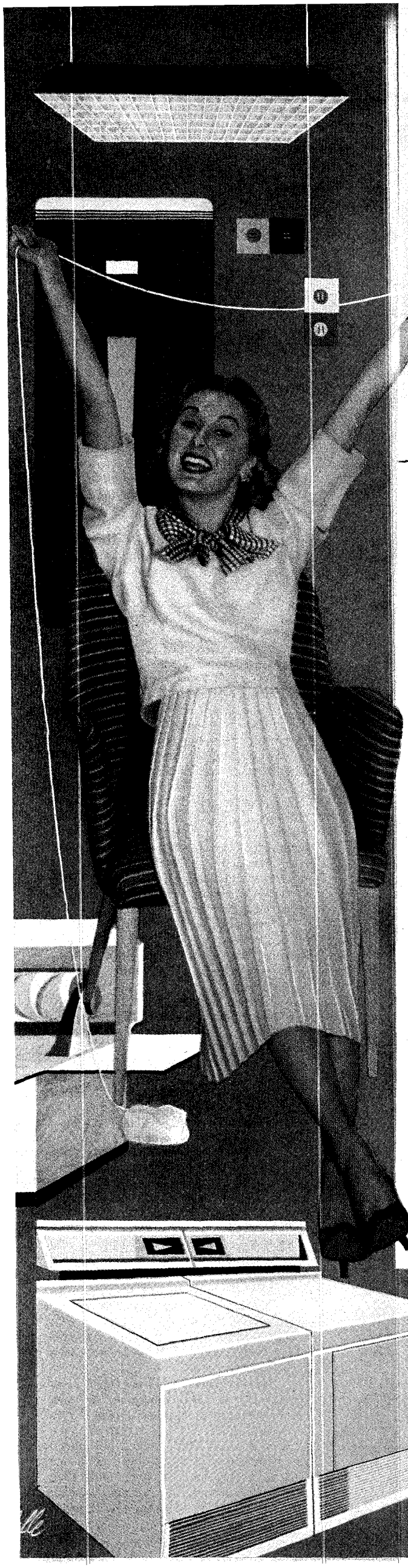


Is your washday work load too heavy?

Check the "Live Better Electrically" scale and see

So many new ways to take things easy on washday! Amazing electric servants that put starch in your back, iron the wrinkles out of your brow and keep you fresh and crisp, no matter how many you wash for. So if your work load on the Live Better Electrically scale is heavier than you expected, don't fret. Just stop in today at your local electric utility or appliance dealer and see all the marvelous new electrical appliances he has for you. You'll like the way they save you work—and are easy on the pocketbook, too.

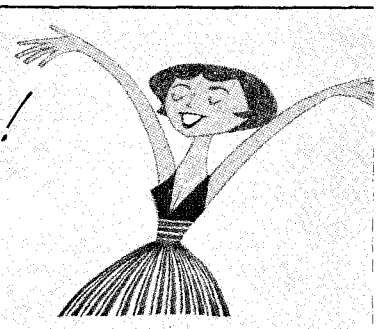
Answer these questions — *Count number of "yeses"* — *Here's how your washday work load rates!*

	YES	NO
Can you wash and dry clothes in less than five minutes of your own time?	☐	☐
Are your clothes free of lint after every wash?	☐	☐
Can you wash lingerie or work clothes automatically?	☐	☐
Can you automatically dry any kind of fabric safely?	☐	☐
Do you always have plenty of hot water for all your wash?	☐	☐
Does your dryer save you ironing time?	☐	☐
Does your automatic washer let you choose the right amount of water for the load?	☐	☐
Can you iron clothes without wasting time dampening them?	☐	☐
Can you dry clothes quickly and easily in any weather?	☐	☐
Can you wash and dry clothes while you're away from home?	☐	☐
Can you press clothes without using a pressing cloth?	☐	☐
Do you get along with fewer clothes and linens because you can wash and dry them so quickly?	☐	☐
Can you launder a blanket after breakfast and sleep under it that night?	☐	☐
Is your dryer vent-free and your laundry moisture-free?	☐	☐
Can you iron a ruffled curtain in four minutes, sitting down?	☐	☐
Is yours a cool, clean, all-electric laundry?	☐	☐

13-16 YESES

Whoops, my Dearie!

Your time is your own—you're living better electrically on washdays—every day—every wonderful way!



9-12 YESES

Light and Cheery

You're in the know, so you rest easy, even on washdays! But look at all the conveniences you're still missing!

5-8 YESES

Damp and Dreary

You've switched some of the load to electricity—but you've still a lot to learn about saving time and energy!

1-4 YESES

Worn and Weary

You're using more muscle than you should . . . because you haven't learned to let electricity do the dirty work!

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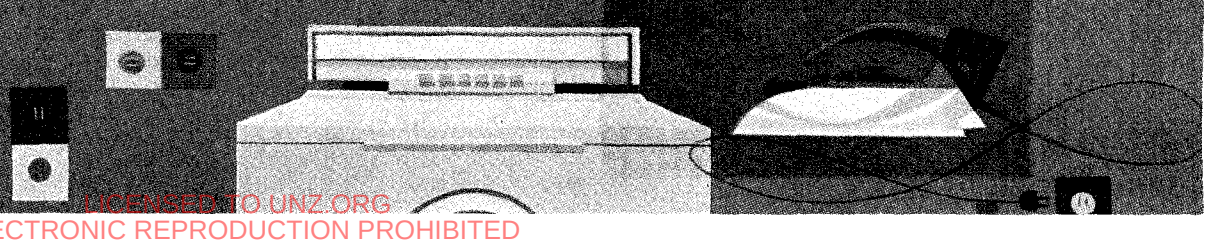
Look for this seal in other advertisements for products to help you Live Better Electrically.



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(*Continued from Page 52*) "M'm. D'ye think they'll make a stand there?"

For the past several minutes Hornblower had been debating this point with himself. Those leaderless men, dazed now by the complete failure of their scheme—what would they do?

"They could scatter all over the island, your excellency," said Spendlove.

"So they could. Then I'll have to hunt them down. Patrols on every road, movable columns in the mountains. And the sick list is high already."

"Maybe they'll scatter," said Hornblower; and then he committed himself, "But in my opinion, your excellency, they will not."

Hooper looked at him sharply. "You think not?"

"I think not, your excellency."

"And you say this place is impregnable? It would mean a long siege?"

"I might reduce them quickly with a naval force, your excellency, if your excellency would give me leave to try."

"Your lordship is welcome to try anything that will save lives." Hooper was looking at him curiously.

"Then I'll make my arrangements," said Hornblower.

"You'll go round to Montego Bay by sea?"

"Yes."

Hornblower restrained himself from saying "Of course." Soldiers always found it hard to realize the convenience of the sea for rapid and secret movements.

"I'll maintain my patrols, in case they bolt while you smoke out the nest," said Hooper.

"I think your excellency would be taking a wise precaution in doing so. I trust my plan will not take long in execution. With your excellency's leave ——" Hornblower rose from the table.

"You're going now?"

"Every hour is of importance, your excellency."

Hooper was looking at him more inquisitively than ever. "The navy displays its notorious reserve," he said. "Oh, very well then. . . . Order his lordship's carriage. . . . You have my leave to try, my lord. Report to me by courier."

There they were, in the warm morning air, sitting, the three of them, Hornblower, Spendlove and Gerard, in the carriage.

"The dockyard," ordered Hornblower briefly. He turned to Spendlove. "From the dockyard you will go on board Clorinda and convey my order to Captain Fell to make ready for sea. I shall be hoisting my flag within an hour. Then it is my order to you that you get yourself some rest."

"Aye aye, my lord."

At the dockyard, the captain-superintendent did his best not to appear surprised at an unheralded visit from his admiral, who by the last news had been kidnaped.

"I want a boat mortar, Holmes," said Hornblower, brushing aside the expressions of pleased surprise.

"A boat mortar, my lord? Y-yes, my lord. There's one in store, I know."

"It's to go on board Clorinda at once. Now, there are shells for it?"

"Yes, my lord. Uncharged, of course."

"I'll have Clorinda's gunner charge 'em while we're under way. Twenty pounds apiece, I believe. Send two hundred, with the fuses."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"And I want a punt. Two punts. I've seen your hands using 'em for calking and breaming. Twenty foot, are they?"

"Twenty-two foot, my lord," answered Holmes; he was glad that he could answer this question while his admiral had not insisted on an answer regarding so obscure a matter as the weight of boat-mortar shells.

"I'll have two, as I said. Send them round to be hove on deck."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Capt. Sir Thomas Fell had his best uniform on to greet his admiral.

"I received your order, my lord," he said, as the twittering of the pipes died away in a last wail.

"Very well, Sir Thomas. I want to be under way the moment the stores I have ordered are on board. You can warp your ship out. We are going to Montego Bay to deal with pirates."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

Fell did his best not to look askance at the two filthy punts that he was expected to heave onto his spotless deck—they were only the floating stages used in the dockyard for work on ships' sides—and the two tons of greasy mortar shells for which he had to find space were no better. He was not too pleased when he was ordered to tell off the greater part of his ship's company—two hundred and forty men—and all his marine detachment for a landing party. The hands were naturally delighted with the prospect of a change of routine and the possibility of action. The fact that the gunner was weighing out gunpowder and putting two pounds apiece in the shells, a glimpse of the armorer going around with the admiral on an inspection of the boarding pikes, the sight of the boat mortar, squat and ugly, crouching on its bed at the break of the forecastle, all excited them. It was a pleasure to thrash along to the westward, under every stitch of canvas, ghosting along in the tropical darkness with the lead at work in the chains, and anchoring with the dawn among the shoals of Montego Bay, the green mountains of Jamaica all fiery with the rising sun.

Hornblower was on deck to see it; he had been awake since midnight, having slept since sunset—two almost sleepless nights had disordered his habits—and he was already pacing the quarter-deck as the excited men were formed up in the waist. He kept a sharp eye on the preparations. That boat mortar weighed no more than four hundred pounds, a mere trifle for the yardarm tackle to lower down into the punt alongside. The musket men were put through an inspection of their equipment; it was puzzling to the crew that there were pikemen, axmen, and even mallet men and crowbar men as well. As the sun climbed higher and blazed down hotter, the men began to file down into the boats.

"Gig's alongside, my lord," said Gerard.

"Very well."

On shore, Hornblower returned the salute of the astonished subaltern commanding the detachment of the West Indian Regiment on guard over the boats—he had turned out his men apparently expecting nothing less than a French invasion—and dismissed him. Then he ran a final glance over the rigid lines of the marine detachment, scarlet tunics and white crossbelts and all.

"You can make a start, captain," he said. . . . "Keep me informed, Mr. Spendlove, if you please."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

It was time to give orders to Clorinda's first lieutenant.

"Now, Mr. Sefton, we can move."

The little river had a small bar at its mouth, but the two punts carrying the mortar and the ammunition had been floated in round it. For a mile there was even a track beside the water, and progress was rapid as they dragged the punts along, while the vegetation closed in round them. Then they reached the first stretch of shallows, where the river came bubbling down a long, perceptible slope between steep banks under the light filtering in through the trees.

At least they had saved a mile and more by water carriage even this far. Hornblower studied the grounded punts, the soil and the trees. This was what he had been thinking about; it was worth making the experiment before putting the men to the toil of carrying the mortar up by brute force.

"We'll try a dam here, Mr. Sefton, if you please."

"Aye, aye, my lord. . . . Axmen! Pikemen! Mallet men!"

The men were still in high spirits; it called for exertion on the part of the petty officers to restrain their exuberance. A line of pikes driven head downward when the soil was soft enough to receive them formed the first framework of the dam. Axmen felled small trees with a childish delight in destruction. Crowbar men levered at stumps and rocks. A small avalanche came tumbling down into the river bed. The water swirled about the trash; already there was sufficient obstruction to hold it. Hornblower saw the level rise before his very eyes.

"More rocks here!" roared Sefton.

"Keep your eye on those punts, Mr. Sefton," said Hornblower—the clumsy craft were already afloat again. "Get the punts upstream."

Four hundred willing hands had achieved much; the water was banked up sufficiently to float the punts two thirds of the way up the shallows.

"Another dam, I think, Mr. Sefton, if you please."

Already they had learned much about the construction of temporary dams. The stream bed was choked in a twinkling, it seemed. Splashing knee deep in water, the men dragged the punts higher still. They grounded momentarily, but a final heave ran them over the last of the shallows into a reach where they floated with ease.

"Excellent, Mr. Sefton."

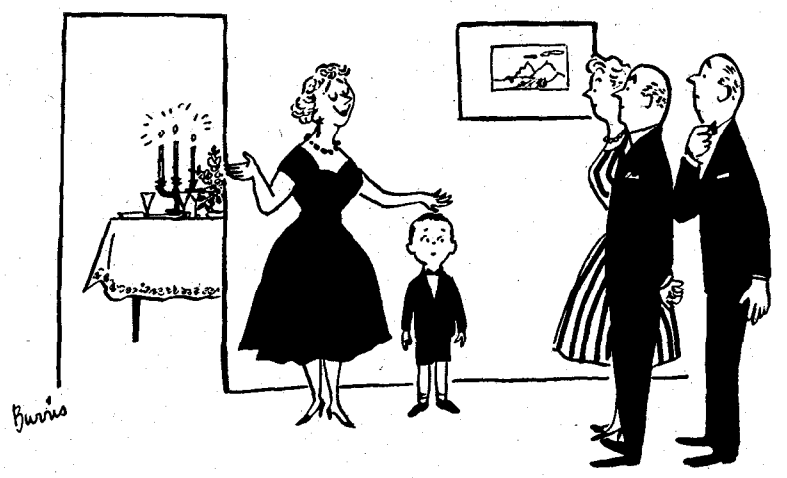
That was a clear gain of a quarter of a mile before the next shallows.

As they were preparing to work on the next dam the flat report of a musket shot came echoing back to them in the heated air, followed by half a dozen more; it was several minutes before they heard the explanation, brought back by a breathless messenger.

"Captain Seymour reports, sir. We was fired on by someone up there, sir. Saw 'im in the trees, sir, but 'e got away."

"Very well."

So the pirates had posted a lookout downstream. Now they knew that a force was advancing against them. Only time would show what they would do next; meanwhile (*Continued on Page 56*)



The Perfect Squelch

It was the pre-dinner period and Mrs. Staley, a woman who delighted in talking, was well launched on her favorite subject. "I simply adore formality in dining," she told her guests. "A well-appointed table means more to me than food. . . . Little touches like candles and flowers and the proper crystal and silver. These aren't trimmings to me; they're a necessary part of gracious living, really a part of our family pattern."

After continuing her unrequested lecture for far too long, Mrs. Staley rose to lead her guests to dinner. "I feel that dining formality is especially valuable for children," she said, pausing to pat the head of her small son, Billy. "It teaches them a natural love of the gracious, and, of course, it gives them a true reflection of the family in which they live."

In the brief pause that followed, Billy's whispered comment to his father was all too clear. "Gee, dad, look," he said wonderingly; "we're eating in the dining room."

B. J. Alford

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(*Continued from Page 54*) the punts were afloat again and it was time to push on. At the next dam Hornblower was tempted to sit and allow the sweat to stream down him. He had hardly done so when another messenger arrived from the advance guard.

"Captain Seymour reporting, sir. 'E says to say the pirates 'ave gorn to ground, sir. They're in a cave, sir, right up in the cliff."

"How far ahead of here?"

"Oh, not so very fur, sir."

Hornblower could have expected no better answer, he realized.

"They was shooting at us, sir," supplemented the messenger.

That defined the distance better, for they had heard no firing for a long time; the pirates' lair must be farther than the sound could carry.

"Very well. . . . Mr. Sefton, carry on, if you please. I'm going ahead. . . . Come along, Gerard."

He set himself to climb and scramble along the riverbank. On his left hand as he progressed he noticed the bank was growing steeper and loftier. Now it was really a cliff. Another stretch of rapids at a corner, and then he opened up a fresh vista. There it was, just as he remembered it, the lofty overhanging cliff with the waterfall tumbling down it to join the river at its foot, and the long horizontal seam halfway up the cliff; open grassland with a few trees on his right, and even the little group of mules on the narrow stretch of grass between the cliff and the river. Redcoated marines were strung out over the grassland, in a wide semicircle whose center was the cave.

Hornblower forgot his sweating fatigue and strode hastily forward to where he could see Seymour standing among his men gazing up at the cliff, Spendlove at his side. They came to meet him and saluted.

"There they are, my lord," said Seymour. "They took a few shots at us when we arrived."

"Thank you, captain. . . . How do you like the look of the place now, Spendlove?"

"As much as before, my lord, but no more."

"Spendlove's Leap," said Hornblower.

He was pressing forward along the riverbank toward the cave, staring upward.

"Have a care, my lord," said Spendlove urgently.

A moment after he had spoken, something whistled sharply just above Hornblower's head; a puff of smoke appeared over the parapet of the cave and a sharp ringing report came echoing from the cliff face. Then, made small by the distance, miniature figures appeared over the parapet, waving their arms in defiance, and the yells they were uttering came faintly to their ears.

"Sefton will be up with the mortar before long," Hornblower said.

"Yes, my lord."

"Where shall we site it?" He swung round and looked about him, measuring ranges with his eye. "It had better be out of range of that rifle."

His interest in what he was doing immediately erased the memory of his danger. Another puff of smoke from the parapet; another echoing report.

"Did anyone hear the bullet? No? Then we can assume we're out of rifle shot here."

"If you please, my lord," asked Spendlove, "what range can you expect with a boat mortar?"

"The encyclopedic Spendlove displaying ignorance! Seven hundred yards with a one-pound charge of powder, and a time of flight of fifteen seconds. But here we have to burst the shell sixty feet above the firing point. A nice problem in ballistics." Hornblower spoke with perfect indifference, confident that no one knew that at one o'clock that morning he had been studying those figures in the manual. "Those trees there will be useful when we come to sway the mortar up. And there's level ground within twenty feet of them. Excellent."

"Here they come, my lord."

The first of the main body appeared round the distant corner of the cliff, hurrying along the riverbank. As they took in the situation they broke into a yell and a run, leaping and scrambling over the broken ground; Hornblower was reminded of hounds rushing up, clamoring at sight of their quarry at bay.

"Silence, there!" he roared. "You midshipman, there, can't you keep your men under control? Mark their names for punishment, and I'll mention yours to Mr. Sefton!"

Abashed, the seamen formed up quietly. Here came the punts, gliding like fate along the silent pool, towed by working parties scrambling along the bank.

"Orders, my lord?" asked Sefton.

Hornblower glanced finally round the terrain before issuing them. The sun was long past its zenith as eager men clambered up the trees to fix the tackles; soon the mortar hung dangling from a stout limb while the mortar bed was hoisted out and settled in a smooth spot, the gunner fussing over it with a spirit level to make sure it was horizontal. Then, with violent manual labor, the mortar was swung over and finally heaved up into position, and the gunner drove the keys through the eye bolts.

"Shall I open fire, my lord?" asked Sefton.

"What's your elevation, gunner?"

"Sixty degrees, sir—my lord."

"Try a shot with a fifteen-second fuse."

The gunner went carefully through the processes of loading, measuring the powder charge and wadding it down into the chamber, clearing the touch hole with the priming iron and then filling it with fine grain powder from the horn. He took his bradawl and drove it carefully into the wooden stem of the fuse at the selected point—these were very newfangled fuses, graduated with ink lines to mark the time of burning—and screwed it into the shell. He lowered the shell down upon the wad.

"Linstocks," he said.

Someone had been chipping away with flint and steel to catch a spark upon the slow match. He transferred the glow to a second linstock which he handed to the gunner. The gunner, stooping, checked the pointing of the weapon.

"Fuse!" he said. His assistant touched his linstock down, and the fuse spluttered. Then the gunner thrust his glowing match upon the touch hole—a roar and a billow of powder smoke.

Standing far back from the mortar, Hornblower already had his face turned to the sky to track the shell in its flight. Against that light blue there was nothing to be seen—no, there at the height of the trajectory there was a brief black streak, instantly invisible again. A further wait; an inevitable thought that the fuse had failed, and then a distant explosion and a fountain of smoke down at the base of the cliff somewhat to the right of the cave. There was a groan from the watching seamen.

"Silence, there!" bellowed Sefton.

"Try again, gunner," said Hornblower.

At the next shot there was a cloud of dust and a small avalanche from the cliff face high above the seam, and instantly afterward the burst of the shell on the ground at the near edge of the river where it had fallen.

"Better," said Hornblower. He had seen the principles of ranging with a mortar—a huge thirteen-inch one—at the siege of Riga nearly twenty years before.

Two more shots, both wasted—the shells exploded at the top of their trajectory, high, high up. Apparently those newfangled fuses were not quite reliable. Fountains spouted momentarily from the river surface as fragments rained into it. But the pirates must by now be fully aware of what the mortar implied.

"Give me that telescope, Gerard."

He trained the instrument on the seam in the face of the cliff. He could see every detail now—the rough stone parapet, the waterfall at one end—but he could see no sign of the garrison. They were at the back of the cave or crouching behind the parapet.

"Fire another shot."

Fifteen long seconds after, the report. Then he saw fragments flying from under the overhang.

"Good shot!" he called, still watching. The shell must have fallen right into the cave. But as he uttered the words a dark figure appeared at the parapet, the arms swinging together. He saw the tiny black disk of the shell against the background of rock curving downward and then a burst of smoke. Someone had seized the hot shell in his two hands and slung it over the parapet in the nick of time. A desperate deed.

"Pitch another shell there with a second's less fuse and it will be all over," he said; and then, "Wait."

Surely those helpless people must surrender and not stay to be massacred. What must he do to persuade them? He knew perfectly well.

"Send a white flag forward, my lord?" asked Spendlove, voicing his thoughts.

"I was thinking about it," said Hornblower.

"I'll do it, my lord," said Spendlove. "They know me."

This was the price he had to pay, thought Hornblower, for his lofty position, for being an admiral. He had to order his friends to their death. Yet on the other hand —

"Very well," said Hornblower.

"Let's have your shirt and your pike, my man," said Spendlove.

A white shirt tied by the sleeves to a pike staff made a fair white flag. As Spendlove went forward with it through the cordon of redcoated marines, Hornblower was tempted to call him back. It was only unconditional surrender that could be offered, after all. He went as far as to open his mouth, but closed it again without saying what he had in mind.

Spendlove walked toward the riverbank, stopping every few seconds to wave the flag. Through the telescope Hornblower could see nothing up in the cave. Then he saw a flash of metal and a line of heads and shoulders over the parapet. A dozen muskets were taking aim at Spendlove. But Spendlove saw them, too, and halted, with a wave of his flag. There were long seconds of tension, and then Spendlove turned his back upon the muskets and began to retrace his steps. As he did so, there was a puff of smoke from the parapet; the rifleman had fired as soon as he had seen there was no chance of luring Spendlove within musket shot. Spendlove came walking back, trailing the pike and the shirt.

"He missed me, my lord," he said.

"Thank God," said Hornblower. . . . "Gunner, fire."

The wind may have shifted a little or the powder was not consistent. The shell burst in the air just below the level of the cave—so the fuse must have been efficient—but some considerable distance from the cliff.

"Fire again," said Hornblower.

There it was. A burst of smoke, a fountain of fragments, right in the cave. Horrible to think of what was happening there.

"Fire again."

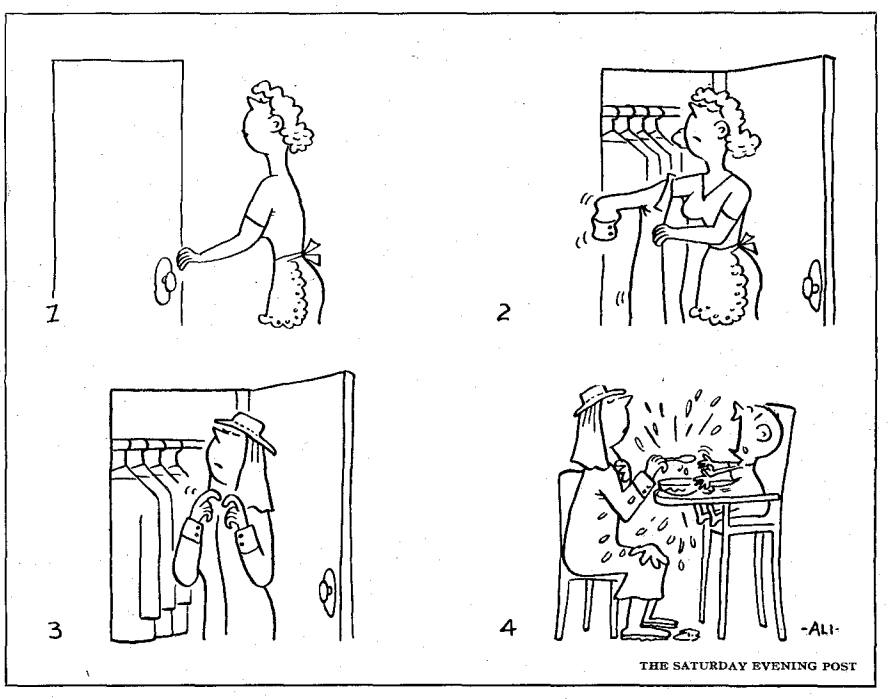
Another burst right in the cave.

"Fire again. . . . No! Wait!"

Figures were appearing on the parapet. There had been some survivors, then, from those two bursts. Two figures—quite small in the field of the telescope—seemed to hang in the air as they leaped. The telescope followed them down. One struck water in a fountain of spray. The other fell on the rocky shore, broken and horrible. Hornblower raised the telescope again. There was the ladder being thrown over from the parapet. There was a figure, and another figure, climbing down. Hornblower shut the telescope with a snap.

"Captain Seymour! Send a party forward to secure the prisoners!"

He did not have to see the horrors of the cave, the mutilated dead and the screaming wounded. He could see them in his mind's eye when Seymour made his report of what he found when he ascended the ladder. It was done, finished. The wounded could be bandaged and carried down to the beach on litters to the death that awaited them, the unwounded driven along with them with their wrists bound. A courier could be sent off to the governor to say that the pirate horde had been wiped out, so that the patrols could be called in and the



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militia sent home. He did not have to set eyes on the wretched people he had conquered.

The excitement of the hunt was over. He had set himself a task to do, a problem to solve just as he might work out a longitude from lunar observations, and he had achieved success. But the measure of that success could be expressed in hangings, in dead and in wounded, in that shattered, broken-backed figure lying on the rocks; and he had undertaken the task merely on a point of pride, to re-establish his self-esteem after the indignity of being kidnaped. It was no comfort to argue with himself—as he did—that what he had done would otherwise have been done by others, at great cost in disease and in economic disturbance. That only made him sneer at himself as a hair-splitting casuist. There were few occasions when Hornblower could do what was right in Hornblower's eyes.

It was pleasant, when he returned to the ship, to find that Fell had already dined, so that he could eat his dinner merely in the company of his flag lieutenant and his secretary. Nevertheless, there was one more unexpected crumpled petal in his rose-leaf bed, and he discovered it, contrariwise, as a result of what he intended to be a kindly action.

"I shall have to add a further line to my remarks about you to their lordships, Spendlove," he said. "It was a brave deed to go forward with that flag of truce."

"Thank you, my lord," said Spendlove, who bent his gaze down on the tablecloth and drummed with his fingers before continuing, eyes still lowered in unusual nervousness. "Then perhaps your lordship will not be averse to putting in a word for me in another quarter?"

"Of course I will," replied Hornblower in all innocence. "Where?"

"Thank you, my lord. It was with this in mind that I did the little you have been kind enough to approve of. I would be deeply grateful if your lordship would go to the trouble of speaking well of me to Miss Lucy."

Lucy! Hornblower had forgotten all about the girl. He quite failed to conceal his surprise, which was clearly apparent to Spendlove when he lifted his glance from the tablecloth.

"We jested about a wealthy marriage, my lord," said Spendlove. The elaborate care with which he was choosing his words proved how deep were his emotions. "I would not care if Miss Lucy had not a penny. My lord, my affections are deeply engaged."

"She is a very charming young woman," said Hornblower, temporizing desperately.

"My lord, I love her!" burst out Spendlove, casting aside all restraint. "I love her dearly! At the ball I tried to interest her in myself, and I failed!"

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Hornblower.

"I could not but be aware of her admiration for you, my lord. She spoke of your lordship repeatedly. I realized even then that a single word coming from you would carry more weight than a long speech from me. If you would say that word, my lord——"

"I'm sure you overestimate my influence," said Hornblower, choosing his words as carefully as Spendlove had done, but, he hoped, not as obviously. "But of course I will do all I can."

"There is no need for me to reiterate my gratitude, my lord," said Spendlove.

This pleading creature, this poor lovelorn fellow, was the Spendlove whose cool daring had risked a leap in the darkness down a sixty-foot precipice.

Hornblower remembered Lucy's lips on his hands, remembered how she had followed him on her knees across the floor.

The less he had to do with any of this the better, he decided. But the passion of a child hardly out of the schoolroom for a man of mature years was likely to be fleeting, transient, and the memory of her lost dignity would later be as painful to her as it was to him. She would find need to assert herself, to show him that he was not the only man in the world—and how could she demonstrate that more plainly than by marrying someone else? To use a vulgar phrase, there was quite a chance that Spendlove might catch her on the rebound.

"If good wishes can help," he said, "you have all mine, Spendlove."

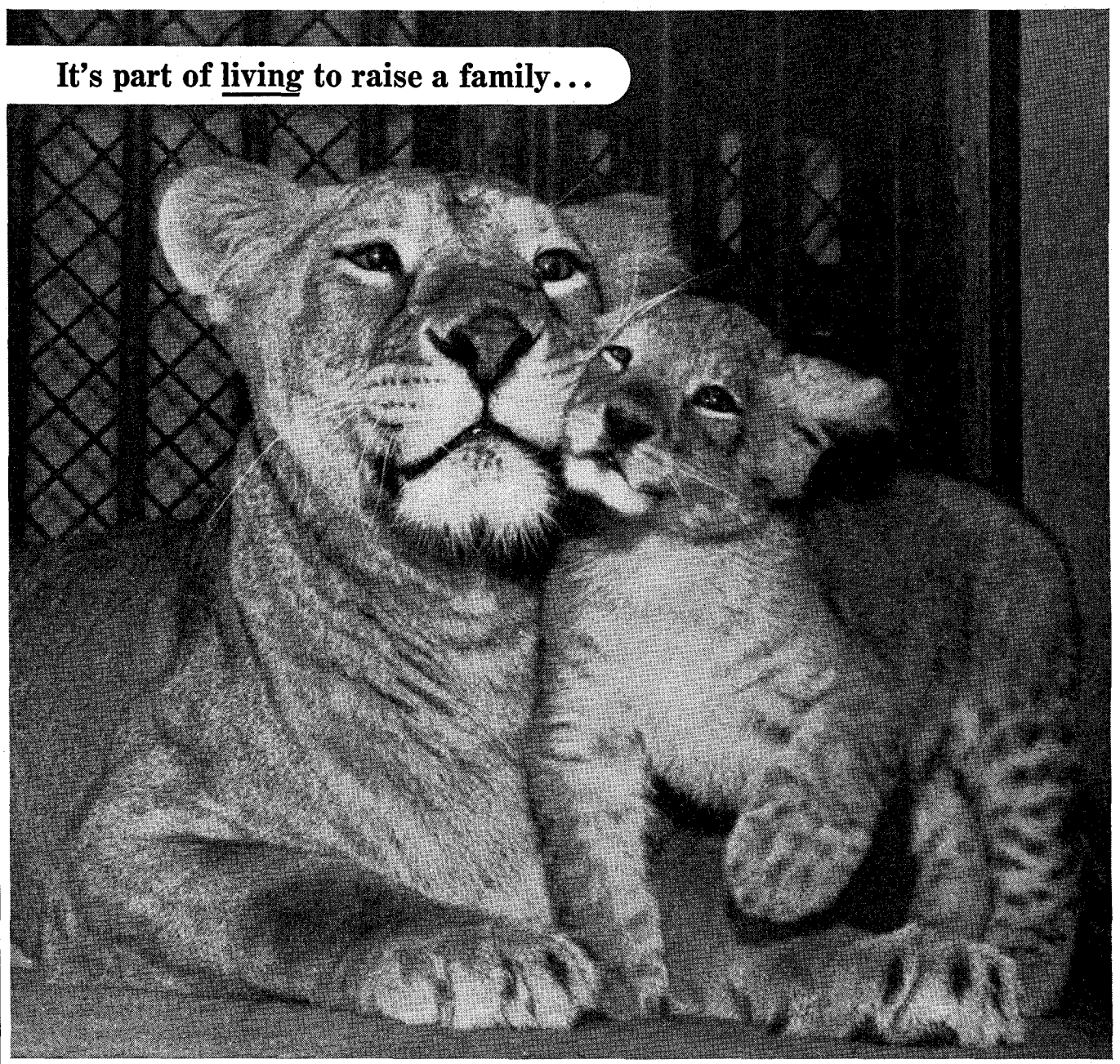
Even an admiral had to choose his words with care. Two days later he was announcing his immediate departure to the governor.

"I'm taking my squadron to sea in the morning, your excellency," he said.

"Aren't you going to stay for the hangings?" asked Hooper in surprise.

"I fear not," answered Hornblower; and added an unnecessary explanation, "Hangings don't agree with me, your excellency."

It was not merely an unnecessary explanation; it was a foolish one, as he knew as soon as he saw the open astonishment in Hooper's face. Hooper could hardly have been more surprised at hearing that hangings did not agree with Hornblower than he would have been if he had heard that Hornblower did not agree with hangings—and that was very nearly as correct. THE END



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We Hunted Sharks and Sunken Gold

(Continued from Page 33)

of the Yucatán Channel, you land on Cozumel.

I had expected to rough it on Cozumel, but, to my surprise, the plane was met by a late-model station wagon and a swarm of white-coated attendants who saw my bags through customs and then drove me to the Cozumel Beach Hotel in nearby San Miguel, the island's principal, or I should say only, town.

If night life is your main escape, stay away from Cozumel. The island folds about nine P.M. But if you're a sportsman, bring your own gear and be prepared to find a paradise. The waters and jungles of Cozumel are teeming with fish and wildlife, and there is no limit on anything. There isn't even a game warden on the island.

In winter months, islanders say, the sky is black with ducks which migrate from the north. Doves are so thick that the natives build blinds in the road and bat them down with sticks. At certain times of the year the parrots of Yucatán flock there to lay eggs, since there are no poisonous snakes on the island. Ride a few hours on a boat to the mainland and you can find jaguar, if you're the big-game type. If you're a skin diver, I can guarantee that you'll find the waters around Cozumel's reefs one of the best spearfishing spots yet explored by man. If you don't land a couple hundred pounds of edible fish in an hour, you'd better turn in your spear gun. If you like to fish the old-fashioned way—from the surface—you can have everything from sailfish to bonefish, including tarpon, tuna, triggerfish, mackerel, red snapper and—well, you name it. All this, and treasure too.

Quite soon after I arrived on the island, I joined my friend Marx in his room, which was jam-packed with the paraphernalia of his profession: diving lungs, air compressors, snorkels, face plates, fins, maps and five footlockers full of information on sunken wrecks. Although he is only twenty-four, I am convinced that Marx is one of the worlds' leading experts on sunken ships.

In fact, all in all, Marx is one of the most extraordinary offbeat characters I've ever met. Born in Los Angeles, he made his first dive in a helmet suit at the age of twelve, coached by an uncle who was a diver. Since then, I believe Marx has spent about half of his life under water. Now that I think of it, he is even beginning to look like a fish—long, thin, with powerful lungs. I first met Marx some years ago, when he was in the Marine Corps. While diving off Cape Hatteras with a lung, which, in those tricky currents, is something of a feat in itself, Marx located the famed Civil War ironclad Monitor, and later we joined forces and mounted an expedition to buoy her, with the ultimate hope of raising the ship. But the inevitable bad weather at Hatteras did us in and we had to give up. After that, Marx moved to the Caribbean area and organized a Marine Corps diving school, and after his discharge moved to Cozumel.

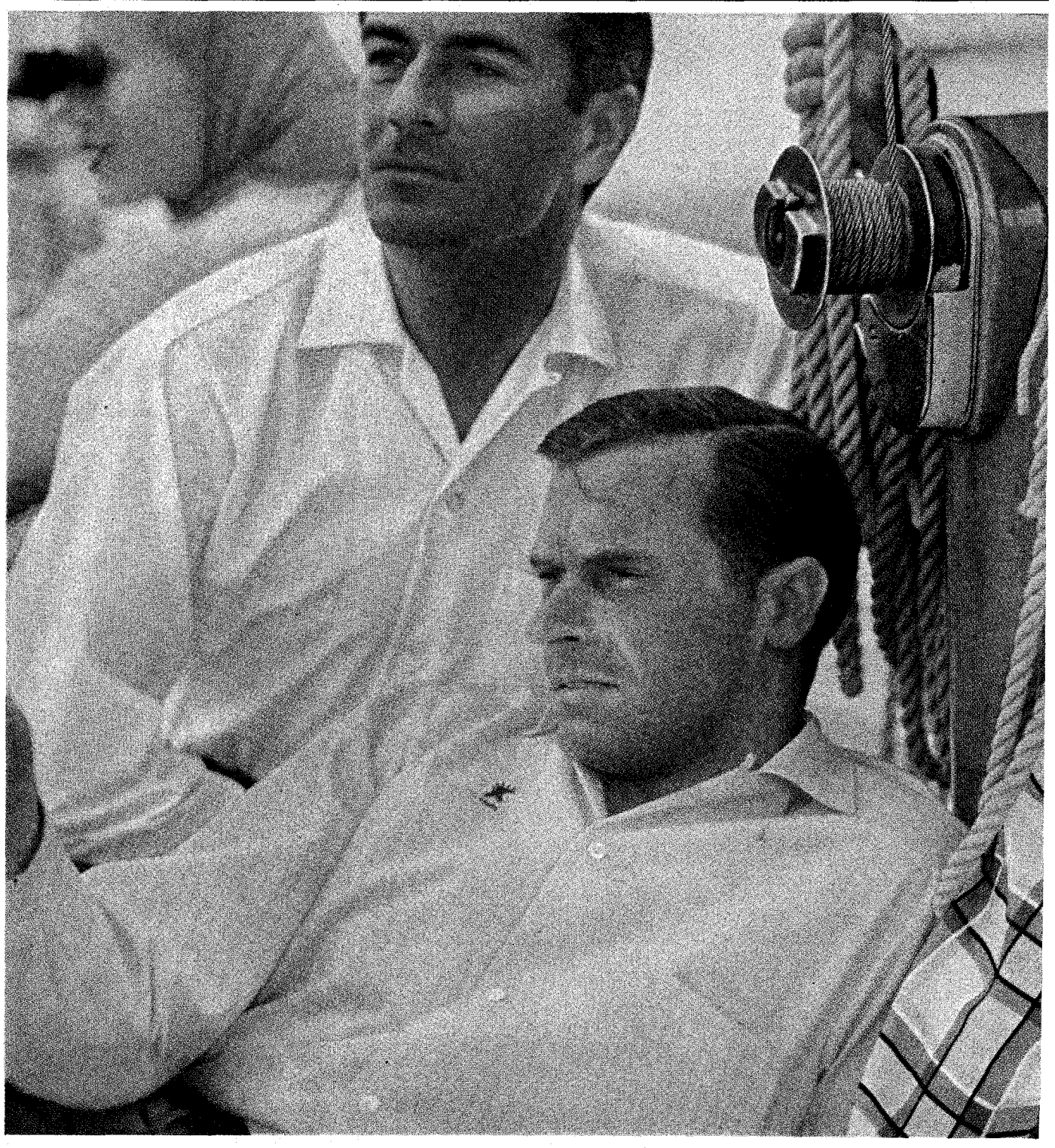
Everywhere Marx goes—and I must say that he turns up in obscure places—he drags along his mountains of diving gear and records, and systematically explores every available shoreline and reef, fearlessly, and usually alone. Much of his basic information is obtained from local fishermen and boatmen, with whom Marx has an appealing but searching manner. He found the Monitor that way when an old seaman from the Outer Banks recalled seeing the turret of the Monitor at low tide near the lighthouse on Hatteras. Since arriving on Cozumel he has been using the same system, and that night he told me that he had located three "galleons" (most wrecks located by divers in the Caribbean are called "Spanish galleons"—not all are, actually) on which no one except him had ever dived, and three "probables" which he had yet to check out—all of them within a few miles of Cozumel.

In olden days, he explained, many of the vessels that sailed from Puerto Bello to Havana with Pizarro's treasure came up through the Yucatán Channel in order to take advantage of a prevailing northbound current and the availability of fresh water on Cozumel. Some of these ships had foundered on the dangerous offshore reefs near the desolate mainland of the Yucatán Peninsula. It was possible that any or all of the wrecks and "probables" Marx had located contained millions in gold. Apart from Marx, only a couple of divers had ever worked in the area, and then only briefly and unsuccessfully. The natives, fearing sharks and barracudas, seldom went into the water. Thus, from a treasure hunter's viewpoint, Marx explained, it was practically virgin territory.

"Do you want to check the probables or dive on the certains?" Marx asked.

"Let's try the certains," I replied. When I look for gold, I like to play it conservatively.

We went over the maps and Marx pointed to a blank reef off the Yucatán Peninsula. "There's one here."



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A little past midnight of my second day on Cozumel we got all the equipment and provisions squared away and boarded our small sailing vessel, the Aguilucho. After a thirty-mile voyage, we made our landfall about ten o'clock in the morning, and anchored for a couple of hours in a beautiful, placid cove.

Soon we were under way again, steering a northward course along the coastline, skirting the treacherous reefs. The water was rougher now—rougher than it had been for months—and the Mayan skipper of our boat, whom Marx called "Cappy," muttered darkly to himself. Marx trained his eyes on the desolate shoreline, searching for a marker he had erected some months before that would give us a bearing on the wreck. Soon I saw him signal sharply. We hove to and dropped anchor a hundred feet from the shore. Within minutes we had donned our face plates, fins and snorkels, and were swimming through the warm, unbelievably clear water, scrutinizing the exquisite coral reef for signs of a man-made object.

In shallow tropical waters, a sunken wooden ship, such as a Spanish galleon, disintegrates very rapidly. Within a very few years little remains except the metal parts—the cannon, the anchor, ballast, bolts and, of course, the doubloons. These pieces themselves become encrusted with coral, and form, in some cases, a part of the coral reef. It takes a skilled eye to pick out the remains. However, Marx had already scouted this wreck once or twice previously, so he knew the location of most of its surviving parts. Almost immediately, he pointed out the massive anchor—its shank must have been ten feet long—and a dozen cannon, six or seven feet in length, which were lying askew along the reef.

By then, barracuda of all sizes had come on the scene. I might just as well take this opportunity to set the record straight about this fish since there are many lurid and inaccurate tales concerning his temperament and capabilities. During my visit to Cozumel and surrounding waters, I must have seen no fewer than 200 barracuda. Unlike most other species of fish, the barracuda is unusually inquisitive and seemingly quite bold. They swim close by and hang around, as one tourist at the hotel put it, "like an ax over your head." However, I was never attacked by a barracuda or even threatened. In talks with scores of skin divers and frogmen who have worked in the Caribbean, I have yet to hear of a single instance of a barracuda attacking a skin diver.

As is well-known, bathers have been struck by barracuda. But I'd be willing to bet that the attacks occurred in murky waters, or when the bather foolishly dangled a foot or hand in the water from a boat, or when a bather panicked and displayed loss of self-control, or was injured. From my experience, I am unshakably convinced that no barracuda will attack if he sees your entire body in the water, uninjured and under complete control.

In fact, I found, the barracuda will run from a skin diver if the latter makes a threatening gesture in the fish's direction. They are extremely difficult to spear, partly because they are slim, but mainly because—clever devils—they usually remain beyond the range of your gun.

Amid swarms of these overrated fish, we explored our wreck. Suddenly my eye caught a glint on the bottom. A barracuda? Not at that depth. They usually hang around the surface. I took a breath and dived down. Beneath a ledge of coral I was astonished to find innumerable pieces of windowpane glass, some partially covered by a thin layer of coral. I carefully dislodged several pieces and swam to the surface. A quick inspection told me that it was obviously very old glass. I went back down again to look under the ledge and I immediately saw a dark green object. I took out my bayonet knife and began hacking the coral around it. Soon I recognized the green shape as a bottle—probably a very old wine bottle, I thought. Longing for more air and hanging onto the coral to keep from being swept against the reef, I hacked away. Alas, the knife slipped and plunged into the bottle, shattering its side. At that moment, a bubble released from the broken bottle wandered slowly to the surface. I thought that it must have been the oldest bubble in history!

Presently, Marx joined me near the ledge, and with far more skill and the help of a chisel, he began hacking another bottle out of the coral. We got that one to the surface in one piece, and, when we examined it closely, we noted the thick, imperfectly formed glass and the bottle's lopsided shape. We concluded it was very old indeed.

While Marx was working the bottle loose, I observed that directly underfoot there was a rectangular shape in the coral about two feet wide and three feet long. Scooting up and down for air, I began prying at the shape with my bayonet knife. Soon my knife broke through the coral and plunged into something soft. The soft something immediately turned to fine black powder which clouded the water like octopus ink. It could be only one thing: rotted wood, held captive all these years by its coating of coral. I hacked on furiously, digging my knife into the soft substance. Next I worked down the side

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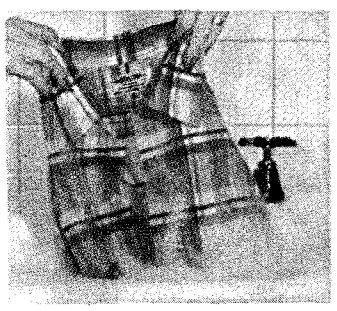

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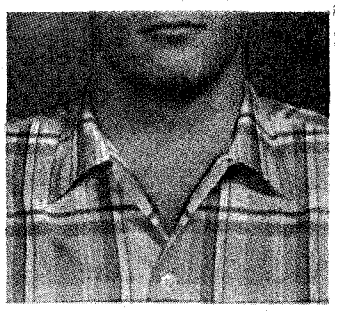

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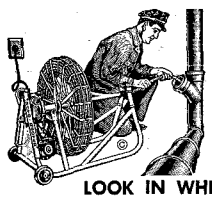

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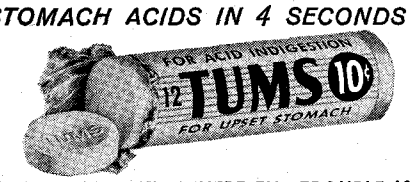

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of the rectangular shape, where I found more of the rotted wood beneath the coral outline. It was then clear to me that I had stumbled on a wooden chest imbedded in the coral! I raced over and dragged Marx to my digging site.

After noting my discovery, Marx rose to the surface and swam to the boat to put on the single lung we had brought along against just this possibility. Meanwhile, I hovered over the rectangular shape, mentally estimating how many doubloons it could hold. Marx returned wearing the lung, but also bringing the sad news that Cappy was concerned for the safety of the boat. The chop had increased considerably, and we were anchored perilously close to the reef. Like many Mayas, Cappy is very superstitious, and he looks with disfavor on treasure hunters who ignore barracuda. He wanted to get under way at once, but Marx had prevailed upon him to stay a little longer. However, from then on, it was a race against time.

Marx, trailing a stream of silver bubbles from the lung, descended on the rectangle and began jabbing away into the coral. By then I had a small sack, and I shuttled back and forth between Marx on the bottom and the anchored boat, loading and unloading the chunks of the reef, any one of which could contain a coral-encrusted doubloon. Suddenly I saw Marx cast aside his chisel and go pawing madly across the ocean bottom. Then he stopped and waved me down. When I reached his side, he very carefully deposited in my hands a shiny, hand-cut stone, seemingly, I quickly estimated, about a carat and a half in size. One thought blazed through my mind like a bolt of lightning: a diamond!

I put the stone in the pocket of my bathing trunks, buttoned it carefully and, on a signal from Marx, descended again. This time he had three more hand-cut stones. One of them was greenish, like an emerald. It is impossible to describe our excitement. When I reached the surface with my precious cargo, I found myself breathing through my snorkel at about ten times my usual rate. Below, Marx was pounding away, and soon he gave another signal. I went back down and gathered up several shiny pieces of metal, cut clean by the chisel. There was no question about its composition: silver. Seconds later he handed me a flossily engraved silver ornament that might have been a belt buckle or the outside trim of an important chest.

I transferred these to the boat, and by the time I returned Marx held three more white stones, as well as a handful of small, loose beads. Then, to my amazement, he came up with a chunk of wood—a piece of the chest that somehow had escaped deterioration. It appeared to be teakwood, although long years in the coral had turned it jet black.

At that crucial moment a shark wandered into our underwater scene. He stared curiously at the bubbles rising from Marx's lung, and then looked at me. Had it not been for a thorough firsthand indoctrination on sharks and other deep-sea monsters which Marx conducted the second day on the island, I think I might have been disturbed. But I can truthfully say that while I have respect for these and other underwater beasts, I have no fear of them. Maybe I had better explain this more fully.

Being an amateur skin diver and treasure hunter, naturally one of the first questions I had asked Marx on arrival in Cozumel was: "What about sharks?" He looked at me as though I had asked a very silly question, and shot back: "To hell with them. They won't bother you." I must have looked skeptical because Marx at once laid on a shark-hunting expedition to prove his point, and we were soon under way in the boat, bound for the outer reefs of Cozumel, where the deep-water sharks hang out. Ordinarily Marx does not take tourists to this reef. However, he allowed four to accompany us that day.

We were soon in the water and, much too soon for me, had found our first shark, which we believe was a tiger. He was asleep, bless him, lying on the bottom near a piece of mushroom-shaped coral. When I got a good view, from about thirty-feet slant range, I literally gasped at his size, which I estimated at fifteen feet. (Later I found that I had been deceived by the inevitable underwater magnification; expert Marx fixed his length at ten feet.) We got all the tourists out of the water. Then, cocking his standard, single-rubber Arbalete gun—Marx doesn't believe in using carbon-dioxide guns, double rubber guns or explosive charges in the spear head—my friend took a deep breath and dived straight down until he had brought the spear to within a foot of the middle of the shark's enormous head, aiming for the brain. Then, zingo, the spear flew, and the shark, the coral, the sand and my nervous system erupted in a wild frenzy. While I stared in horrified fascination, the shark bent the spear into the shape of a pretzel, cast it away and then started going round and round the coral, with Marx in hot pursuit. Somehow in this melee, Marx reloaded with another spear, and plunked that monster in the head again. This time the spear stuck.

Everything was going peachy—since this eerie scene was taking place fifteen feet below me, slow-motion-like, in a kind of faraway land—when suddenly the wounded shark, in its ever-widening circles, began gaining altitude. That meant he was coming closer to my dangling, morgue-cold feet. Then I realized that he was headed directly for me with the spear sticking out of his head like a radio antenna. What to do? Where is the shark manual? Having no gun, I thought it best to bluff him by showing my full body, so I took a deep breath, submerged and swam directly toward this slate-gray "Queen Mary." The range closed rapidly. I remember thinking: *This is like playing "chicken"*—the game in which two teen-agers drive cars directly at each other. The one who veers out of the road first is chicken. I could see everything—the eyes, the mouthful of teeth, the massive white belly—details which, by the way, are indelibly engraved in my memory. When he was no more than five feet from me, the shark chickened. He veered away and went back down again.

Marx was determined to get that shark, so we started chasing him. He was bleeding badly, and within a few minutes three more sharks—two large, one small—hove into view, swimming all around us.

At this point, I must confess, I was longing for the old rat race. I was certain that our wounded shark would be torn to pieces by its mates, and that in the confusion I would be mistaken for shark steak. However, resorting to my newly learned tactics, I submerged as before and swam toward these monsters. Each time I did, they chickened out, as Marx had predicted.

We roamed around like this for about two and a half hours, with Marx scoring two more shots on the wounded shark—and firing unsuccessfully at one of his passing friends—but we couldn't keep up with him. I think Marx alone, with his unlimited stamina in the water, could have landed him, but I gave out, and Marx reluctantly abandoned the tracking.

I collapsed on the deck on the boat. Meanwhile, Marx, lagging behind in the water, carrying his spear, spotted some-

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thing beneath a coral formation. He thought it was a grouper and, since we had speared no edible fish that day, down he went. Soon he was back up again, shouting to Cappy for another spear. The grouper turned out to be a deadly moray eel, and he had one of Marx's precious spears imbedded in his back.

The book says the moray eel is one fish you leave alone. They are vicious, aggressive and, with their enormous mouthful of teeth, they have been known to inflict serious, if not fatal, injury on man. Marx went under again, and presently there was a tremendous thrashing in the water, and up he came with the eel wiggling wildly to free himself from the second spear. When we got him on the boat, the eel measured out at six feet plus a little. As far as we can determine, this is a world's spearfishing record.

By nightfall, in the safety and comfort of the hotel bar, I was ready to concede that maybe Marx was right about sharks. Maybe most of them are basically afraid of men. They might attack when they smell blood—as in an airplane crash—or far out at sea, where there is not much to eat, or when trapped in a foodless lagoon or bay, as frequently happens, I'm told, near the reefs in Australia; but I had seen with my own eyes that close to shore and presumably well fed, even the most fearsome types chicken. "To hell with 'em," I said, sipping my rum Collins and thinking what an enormous relief it was to have had that point proved. However, a minute later I was startled out of my seat when Marx chortled, "Well, I'll show you for sure tomorrow."

On the second shark-hunting day we left all tourists behind and Marx picked his reef carefully. We were in the water six hours, and during that period encountered an even dozen deep-water sharks.

Marx shot at three of these sharks, including a fair-sized mako—about seven feet in length—none of which we landed because the sharks either thrashed until they had dislodged the puny spear or had cut the line on coral.

Although we failed to get a shark on this indoctrination cruise, we did land a couple of sea monsters of a different variety. One was a giant leatherback or loot turtle which Marx captured alive with a single shot from his spear gun after I spotted him coming from behind us. He was of the biting variety and weighed 422 pounds—a spearfishing record, we believe—and we had quite a struggle getting him into the boat. He thrashed his huge flippers and opened and closed his massive mouth in a menacing manner. We turned him over to the natives in San Miguel, still alive, and I guess everyone ate turtle steak for about a week.

Later, on that second shark-hunting day, we spotted a giant sting ray—wingspread about six feet—half buried in the sand. Skillfully, Marx took a breath of air, dived down and put a spear into his head. The ray went totally berserk, and began caroming around in every direction, flapping his huge wings and whipping his deadly tail. On one particularly wild sortie, he charged to the surface between Marx and me, thrashing madly, and almost smothering me with one wing. Fortunately, the tail missed us both. Since the natives on Cozumel find the ray a tasty dish, we took him back to port too. He weighed 230 pounds, which, we believe, is also a spearfishing record.

We were so busy in the water with these giants that when a massive, ugly jewfish, which must have weighed 500 pounds, lumbered by, tanklike, we had to let him go without firing a shot. We also saw huge tuna—one, we estimated, weighed about 200 pounds—but Marx said we could never land them with our equipment, so they, too, went scot-free. We finished off by spearing a few small grouper for dinner. By the end of this indoctrination tour, I'm frank to say, my fear of sharks and other underwater giants had greatly diminished.

And so it was that when a shark appeared at the crucial moment in our treasure hunt, he caused little or no excitement. In fact, I shooed him away by lunging toward him underwater. Then I swam to the boat with another load of broken coral. There I found Cappy impatient and yakking sternly in Spanish, and pointing to the dark, ominous-looking sky, which spelled storm. I knew he would stay no longer, and that if we did not get out of the water, he would certainly sail away and leave us on this desolate reef. Reluctantly we climbed into the boat, half exhausted—partly, I suppose, from the hard work and partly from the excitement. It was a crushing disappointment to have to leave without breaking into the chest itself. But we had no alternative. We could find consolation in the knowledge that the chest would not float away. And only we—and Cappy, who, like most Mayas, does not like to explore sunken wrecks—knew the location.

On the return voyage to Cozumel, and still later, in the garden of the hotel, we made a careful survey of our "loot." Apart from the perfectly preserved ancient wine bottle, we had collected seven white stones and one green one, all about the same size, as well as about thirty-one loose beads, and the silver ornament, which, when cleaned with mild acid solution, glistened like a newly minted dime. We observed that the white stones easily cut ordinary glass, and for several days we were certain that we had found a cache of unpolished, crudely cut diamonds. But, alas, when we found a diamond expert we were informed that the white stones were simply hard glass, probably clothing ornaments, or perhaps trinkets brought along by the explorers to trade with the Mayas. While the stones turned out to be worthless, no amount of money could have purchased the thrill and excitement of finding them. Although we are still searching the records to obtain positive identification, and have consulted the Smithsonian's sunken-ship expert, Mendel Peterson, I am convinced that the wreck is at least 300 years old.

When I left my Caribbean paradise to return home—I couldn't stay to make another trip to the wreck—Marx was busily planning his next treasure hunt, which he squeezes in between skin-diving trips with the tourists. These tourist trips, with tips, afford him a meager living. He has his eye on a beautiful, two-masted schooner, complete with galley and head, which he hopes to rent and outfit exclusively and especially for treasure hunting and diving. He needs a boat of this size to raise the heavy cannons and anchors from the sunken wrecks. If this plan works out, he expects to take tourists on treasure hunts. This will enable him to spend all his time diving on galleons, many of which have never been explored. There is no doubt in my mind that this young lad will ultimately find treasure.

But, avast, ye landlubbers and prospective treasure hunters, don't expect to dive on that chest we discovered. Marx is saving that one for me.

THE END

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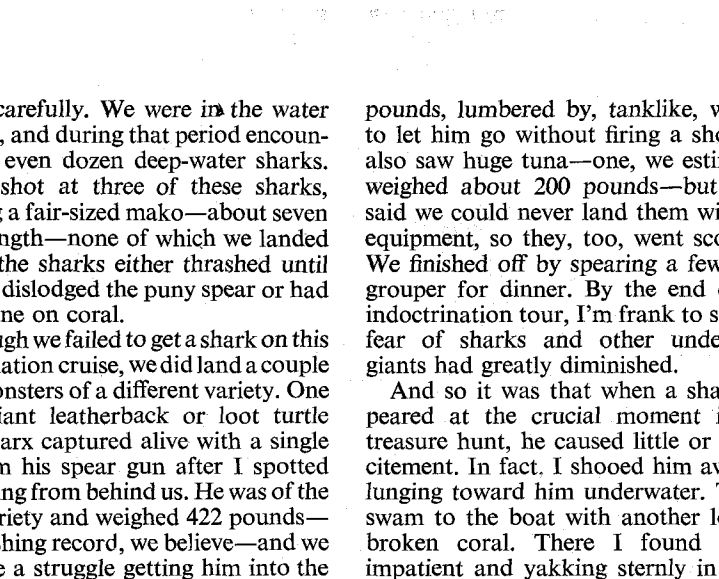

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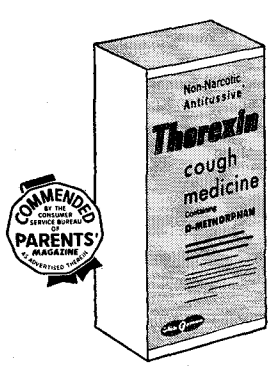
*speeds relief directly to the cough control center**



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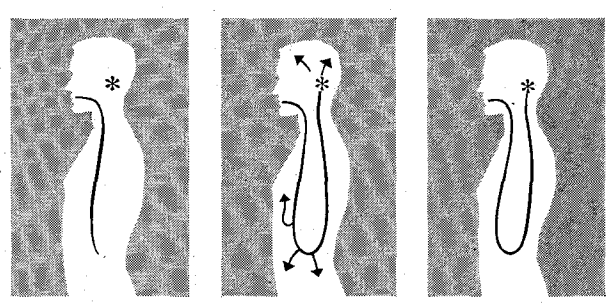

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The Marriage Wrecker

(Continued from Page 23)

"Yes. I resent it! What right have you got to —— Ah, nuts," the editress said, and strolled over to the host and his Gibsons.

Not bad-looking, beautifully turned out, but thirty years old—anyway almost thirty—and worried, Nora Hapgood thought placidly. It was like this every Saturday night, not so baldly expressed, perhaps, but some woman would vent her curiosity about Charles' steadiness, considering all the attacks that were made on it. After sixteen years of marriage, Nora accepted the steadiness—not his good looks, which seemed miraculously fresh every morning, like the milk, but the fact that Charles could talk pleasantly to a woman for half an hour and, oftener than not, the woman, admiring and frustrated, would come and tell her how politely Charles had baffled her. He seemed to be a bait, but there wasn't any trap to go with it. She had given up thinking that it was her money that tied Charles to her. He made more than her income now, and they lived off it almost entirely.

The editress came back, focused her eyes and all her muscles to keep her drink level, and slowly sat down beside her. She took a sip and said, "You know? It's not Air Force pilots he looks like. They're all halfbacks, dumb little boys with crewcuts. Captain of industry? No, they look mean because people jump when they talk. An actor? No. I'm trying to think," she said, and loosed a charming smile at Nora, as if thinking were something Nora would be glad to help her with. "Now it's coming. I was in Paris last summer, and you go out to Chantilly to the races and somewhere in a box there or in the paddock —— Or you go to one of the big restaurants and you see men like Charles. Not often. Charles is rare. But once in a while ——"

"Why don't you just go away?" Nora said.

Caught in her dream of Paris, the editress pretended not to hear. "—— you see a man in a derby hat—nobody wears derbies here any more—and he resembles Charles. Now I know. Charles looks like a French count, that's it. Brought up in some château, then the Sorbonne, then the Resistance fighting." She turned and said, as if Nora had been wondering all her life what Charles looked like, "He looks like a French nobleman."

"Well, he's a banker by trade," Nora said dryly.

The editress turned on her furiously. "Something's going to happen to you someday! Something awful! Because you're smug!"

Across the room, Charles nodded to her. Nora stood up and said, with an acid perfunctoriness, "So nice to have seen you," and joined her husband.

Going home in the car, they did not talk much, because one Saturday night was very like another and they had already covered their obvious possibilities. There was only one thing. Nora thought it over carefully and said to herself, *I am not smug.* And, in the light from the dash, she thought her husband might have been a French count—one of the tough ones.

On the Monday morning following, she drove her children to school, and then her husband to the station. By the time she got back in the house, Mrs. O'Brien had finished the breakfast dishes and was busy making the beds. Mrs. O'Brien took the only money Charles allowed her to spend of her own. It was quite a lot, but Mrs. O'Brien was worth it. Nora sat down with two cookbooks and a bound sheaf of old menus to lay out the week's dinners. She liked to cook and Mrs. O. was always there to wash up.

She had got as far as Thursday and she was trying to decide between fried ham and dried apples in the Pennsylvania-Dutch manner, which Charles liked, and *quenelles de brochet,* which she liked—when she saw one of the local taxis pull into their driveway. It passed the window she was looking out of and she could not see who got out. She was not expecting anyone, especially anyone who would come in a taxi, because that meant he would be coming from the city. On her way to the door she hastily ran over a list of her own or Charles' relatives who might be paying them a surprise visit.

The caller was a woman, no relation, a woman who stood well back from the door, as if she wished the spectacle of herself to be taken in at a glance. Nora could tell chic when she saw it—she strove after it hard enough herself—and this was the real thing, and the woman supporting it was beautiful and only a little younger than herself. In the second before she spoke—a pause that seemed to stretch out interminably—Nora could tell that if she had only another second or two, she could spot where the suit, hat, gloves and shoes came from, but she could not tell where the woman, posed there with an ominous insouciance, came from unless it was Paris, which would be no help at all.

"Good morning," Nora said.

"Good morning. Is this the Charles Hapgood residence?"

"Yes. Won't you come in?"

The woman told the taxi man to wait in a clear, rather insolent voice, as if taxis waited for her every minute of the day. As she started for the door, she did not walk in quite a straight line, and she touched the door jamb briefly, as if she needed its support. A frightfully expensive French perfume marked her passage. Nora followed her into the living room.

"I'm Nora Hapgood. What can I do for you?" she said, somewhat more briskly than she would have spoken to an ordinary caller, because she thought the woman had been drinking. A drink was all right at sundown, but not at ten-thirty in the morning.

"My name is Jean Cartwright. You have a lovely home."

"Thank you. Won't you sit down?"

Miss or Mrs. Cartwright continued to look around the room after she had sat down, and then said something genuinely shocking, a statement that belied all her chic, that proved to Nora that she was "no lady."

"Yes, at present prices this place must have cost over a hundred and fifty thousand. And you can afford fresh yellow roses."

"Are you by any chance selling insurance?"

It was a really beautiful face, and Miss or Mrs. Cartwright turned it toward Nora and pursed its lips speculatively. "Insurance? Well, in a way, I suppose I am."

"What kind? My husband usually handles all of ours."

The woman had risen, strolled up to the bookshelves beside the fireplace, and was murmuring, "Genuine calf," and, without turning her head, she said, "He didn't seem to want to handle this."

She turned and stood before Nora. "It's just envy, that's all. Don't order me to go yet." And she sauntered away, her eye apparently caught by some photographs of the children. "Young Charles is in his first year at Andover, I suspect, and the two girls are in school here," she said, without making it a question.

"You seem to know all about us," Nora said, and the instant she put it into words, she could feel all the vague apprehension she had felt from her first glance at the woman grow dense and heavy in her stomach. She was terribly frightened and she wanted to drive the woman out before either said another word.

"Oh, I know all about you," she said. She was looking at a portrait of Nora's grandfather, the one who had made the money. "That's a real Sargent, isn't it?" As she turned to ask the question, one of her legs seemed to give a little. She staggered, but she caught herself.

"What is it you want, Miss Cartwright? Another drink?" Nora said.

"A drink? I don't drink. And it's Mrs. Cartwright. You don't see many houses big enough nowadays to hold a Sargent portrait." She sat down and they were face to face.

"Not many houses have a Sargent portrait to go in them," Nora said loftily. She didn't exactly know why she was bragging.

"How rich you sound! Old mossy money, gleaming in the vaults, shedding its little five or six per cent every year." She looked Nora straight in the eye. "But that's good, very good indeed."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mrs. Cartwright, I'm very busy. Either tell me, please, what it is you want or I'll have to ask you to leave."

"Most people would say 'ask you to go' or even 'beat it.' You say 'leave.' You must have had a governess when you were little. I'm sure it isn't reading Emily Post."

Nora stood up, furious. "I'm sorry, but really ——"

Mrs. Cartwright ran one hand slowly over her brow with her eyes closed. "Oh, siddown," she said wearily, with a flash of toughness. "You're not that busy."

Nora controlled herself. "What do you want?"

Mrs. Cartwright sighed and raised her beautiful natural eyebrows simultaneously and said in a calm, even dreamlike voice, "Why, it's revenge, I suppose."

"I haven't done anything to you. I never even saw you before."

"Oh, it's not you. Or only a little bit, anyhow. I have to get a little off you for that servant in the kitchen, for the Sargent on the wall and for all that money in the bank. But only a little. No, it's not you. It's Charles I'm revenging myself on."

"Charles!" Nora said. At first she had suspected some connection with Charles, but she had suppressed it—because Charles was so safe—by thinking the woman was selling something, and then by trying to believe her drunk, but now there was no doubt. All her years of safety seemed to evaporate in her shock and she began to say, "No, no, no," in a low voice.

Mrs. Cartwright watched her coldly, made a contemptuous breathing sound as she blew some smoke from her nostrils and said, "I'm afraid it's yes, yes, yes."

All Nora wanted to do was to lie full length on the divan and cry, as if later someone would come in and say, "There, there, it's all right. It never happened." It was hideous to have to hold herself erect—because it was happening and no one would come in later and say it hadn't. Be calm and imperturbable before this awful woman. The effort made her seem theatrical to herself, and her voice sounded false as she said, "You may as well tell me about it."

"Oh, it's quite simple. I asked Charles for a thousand dollars last Friday morning. He refused to give it to me. I told him I would tell you if he didn't. He said I wouldn't dare. So"—she shrugged—"here I am."

"And now I'm supposed to ask you why Charles should give you a thousand dollars?"

"Only if you're driven by curiosity."

Mrs. Cartwright was good at this kind of exchange, and Nora felt that she had climbed up on top of the jagged ruins of her marriage to take part in some kind of play she had not practiced for, to pretend to be smart, witty and sarcastic. It was unfair, she thought, yet something held her up and made her go on.

"I am," she said.

"You remember two years ago when you and the children were in Nova Scotia in the summer? And Charles suddenly had to go to Havana on that deal with the National City? I met him there."

"He called me every night," Nora said proudly.

"From my apartment. He was gone, you remember, two weeks to the day."

So it was all true, every bleak foreboding. Nora would not have been startled to see the roof split open and the sky appear. However, she lifted her head and said coldly, "And you feel this association was worth a thousand dollars?"

"Oh, it was worth rather more than that—at least to Charles. He paid the rent on my

(*Continued on Page 65*)

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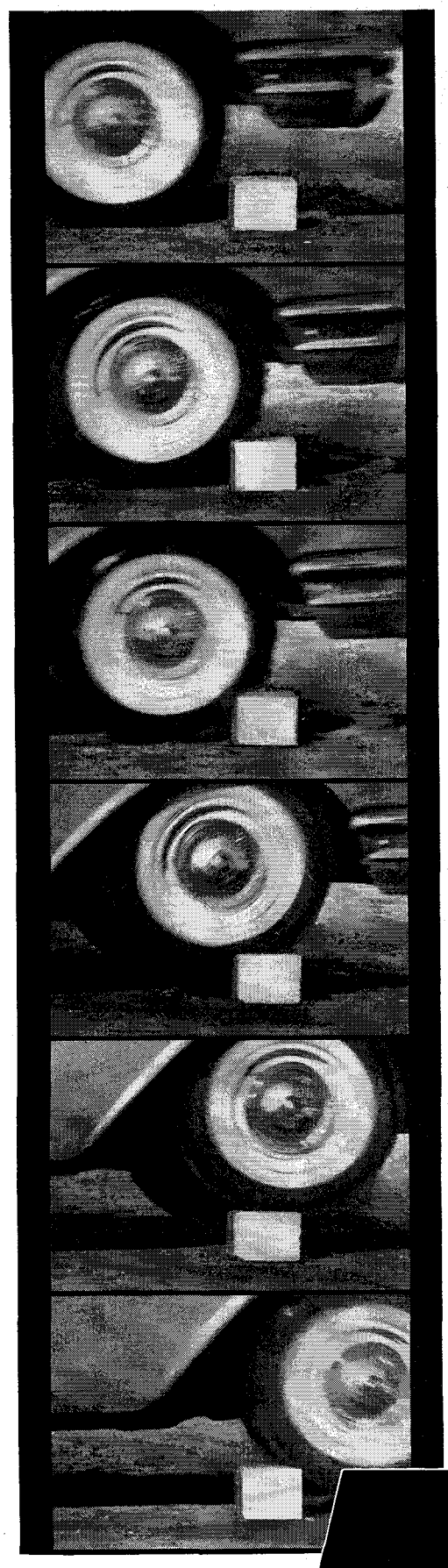

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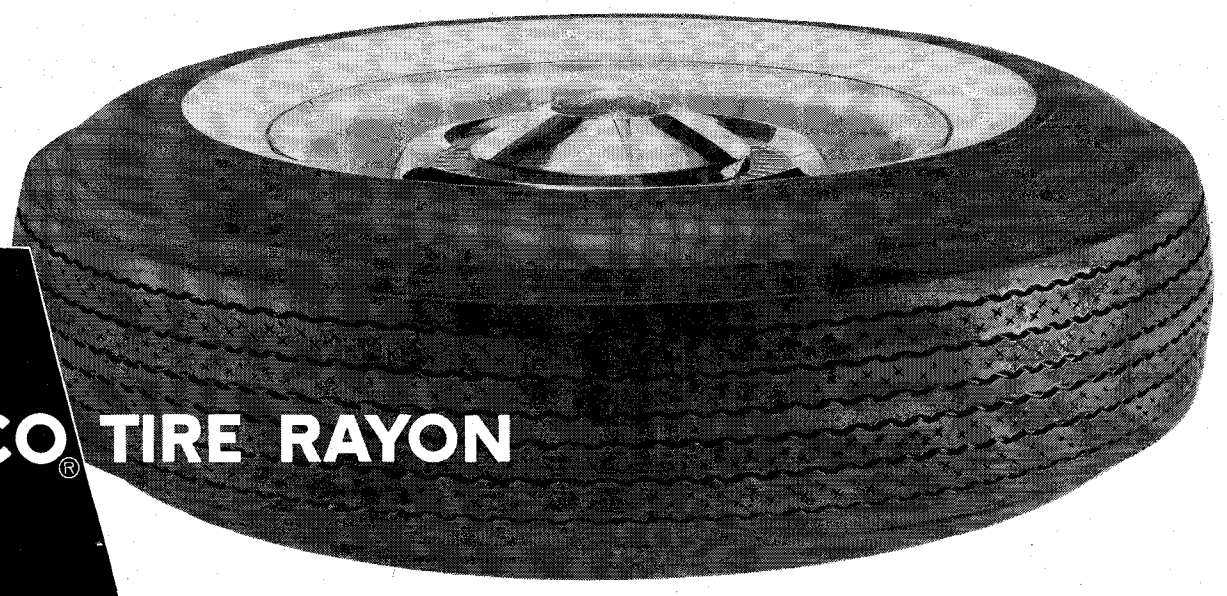

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(*Continued from Page 62*) apartment for the rest of the year and gave me a beautiful big aquamarine. I'd show you, only I haven't it on. This thousand dollars I needed urgently, and I thought, merely as a friend, he might give it to me."

Nora knew what was sustaining her. It was anger, but, oddly enough, not an anger against Charles, but against this woman who was more intelligent than herself, sharper, anyway; better dressed, and as beautiful a woman as Charles was handsome as a man; perhaps even better mated to Charles because of her beauty; but she drove this thought away, and went on, "Tell me, Mrs. Cartwright, are you a professional 'other woman'?"

Mrs. Cartwright pursed her lips. "Well-l, I've never thought of it in quite those terms, but I suppose I am."

"Just how did you come to adopt this line of work?"

"You don't train at Foxcroft and Bennington, I can tell you that, and you can't pick it up at Bar Harbor in those long summers, nor going to Europe with mummy and daddy, and not many girls go into it after they have had a debut at the Plaza."

A chill ran down Nora's spine. Charles had told this woman everything. This was a sketch of her life.

Then Mrs. Cartwright obviously began to think of her own life, and it brought her to her feet, sneering "No, not a chance. No, you have to be brought up on the edge of things, somewhere like Flatbush. You have to quit high school because your old man's a drunk and you gotta go to work. So you go to work, maybe in the garment district, pounding a typewriter, and you ride the subway two hours a day and clean up the house and cook the hamburg for supper. And you see these models and you've got a nice shape, so they let you model." She was walking up and down, trembling with rage, her genteel accent gone. "So the war comes and you apply as a civilian employee of the Army and you get sent to London first and then Paris." Suddenly she looked at Nora. Her eyes focused on the present, and she said, a lady once more, "I shan't apologize for this outburst. I'm sorry I did it, but only for myself, because I thought the mask fitted better than that. It's quite useless to rant this way, really, because, surrounded as you are with stocks and bonds and dollar bills, you can't look over these fences and see, possibly, what's outside. The fences of smugness, I suppose they are, actually."

"I am not smug," Nora said stubbornly.

Mrs. Cartwright looked at her as if she were a bug in a bottle. "I shan't say 'Fooey.' I shall say, 'Tush, tush.'" She started for the door. "Good morning, Mrs. Hapgood, so nice to have had this little chat."

And just as she reached the doorway, she fell to the floor as if she had been shot through the heart.

Nora realized with horror that her first impulse was to ring for Mrs. O'Brien. She suppressed it, jumped up, ran over to Mrs. Cartwright and took her head in her lap.

After a moment, Mrs. Cartwright opened her eyes and tried to sit up. "I'm sorry," she said curtly. "I really meant to go."

"Can you stand up? If you can get over to the divan and lie down, I'll get you some brandy," Nora said.

Mrs. Cartwright tried to stand up. Nora helped her and she made it. They walked slowly over to the divan and she lay down. Nora came back with a phial of smelling salts and a pony of brandy. "You've been drinking, haven't you?"

Mrs. Cartwright shook her head with her eyes shut. "No; I'm sick. That's why I wanted the money. I'm broke."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know. I've had a fever for a week. Something." She tossed back the brandy, took a deep breath and sat up. "Thanks very much, Mrs. Hapgood. I shouldn't have come. Ordinarily I'm not vindictive. Perhaps you'll be charitable and lay it to the fever. And now I'll try again to make an exit." She stood up, paused a moment to steady herself, and started out again.

"Where will you go?" Nora asked.

"Bellevue. Where else? Drunks, hopheads, all kinds of derelicts—they go there."

"Wait. I'll give you the money."

"You!" She sat down with a bump in the nearest chair. "Why?"

On her way to the library for her checkbook, Nora said over her shoulder, "I don't know why."

She wrote out a check on her knees for a thousand dollars and took it over to Mrs. Cartwright, who had, inexplicably, begun to cry. Nora took a low pleasure in seeing that her nose got red immediately.

"Thank you. Thank you. There's nothing else I can say." She stood up, and this time she did go and drove away in the taxi.

Without a second's hesitation, Nora went into the library, took up her address book, found Tom Beale's number and dialed it. "Sutherland, Beale and Cosgrove?" she said.

The office girl gave her customary chant, "Who's calling, please?"

Nora didn't know it, but her refusal to say "Mrs. Charles Hapgood," was the real turning point of her day, and if the day was the crucial one of all the days she had lived, her refusal was the crisis of her life. She couldn't say, "Mrs. Charles Hapgood," because she was calling her lawyer, not that he would touch a divorce case, but he would know someone who would, and if she was thinking of divorce, she hardly had any right to the name "Hapgood" any longer. But was she thinking of divorce? In the palm of her hand, she could hear the girl wailing, "Who's calling, please?" and she laid the phone softly in its cradle.

Then she got the brandy bottle and poured herself, not a pony, but three fingers in a highball glass, and she sat down, looking out the window and swinging her foot. She felt raw, as if she had been flayed, and so many thoughts came darting at her that she could only think, *This is happening. This is happening to me.*

Abruptly she began to sob, long, coughing exhalations into a satin pillow, so Mrs. O'Brien wouldn't hear her and come bumbling in to help; long, shuddering sobs for the poor little girl who had had Miss Pyne as her nanny, who had gone to Foxcroft, and Bar Harbor in the summers, who had screamed with joy over her first ball dress—layers and layers of chiffon—and whose mummy and daddy really had taken from the safety of Brown's Hotel, where she had known the lift boy, and out into the whirl of London to see the Tower and Hampton Court, the poor little innocent girl who, then, was going to have such a lovely life. All gone now.

At last she wiped her eyes and stopped. Because she hadn't brought a coaster, she started to set the glass of brandy on the floor, and then said, "What the hell," aloud, and set it on the end table, where it would be almost certain to leave a ring. This defiance of habit was her first assertion of a new freedom, and the feeling shocked her. She blew her nose and wiped her eyes again.

She began to see how the skids had been greased that had slid her with such a whoosh down into this wretchedness. It was not her money, although that had helped. It was not the life of comfort she and Charles had arranged, although that was part of it. The real cause was this: she had stopped thinking years ago. You always put coasters under drinks; when you suffered shock of any kind, you took a big drink of brandy; and when you found your husband had been unfaithful, you picked up the phone and called your lawyer. Everything, it seemed, had been decided beforehand by someone else a long time ago, and you decided nothing.

It took her a long time to arrive at this. The brandy stood untouched on the table and when Mrs. O'Brien looked in and said, "Lunch, Mrs. Hapgood? It's past one o'clock," Nora merely said, "I don't want any today, thanks," where ordinarily she would have got up and gone through the motions of chewing and swallowing, so as not to offend Mrs. O'Brien.

By the middle of the afternoon, half a pack of cigarettes later, she had shot down the image of herself as The Aggrieved Wife, and she was working on another one called Pride, which she finally came to see as a doll in a long white robe on a pedestal. It took her quite a while to demolish that one, but, once she had, the figure of Charles as The Brute went down easily, and with it, the one of him as The Tainted Father of My Children. She realized for the first time in her life that she liked Charles. He was kind, thoughtful and attentive, and all this time she thought she had loved him for his impeccable profile. She was surprised that she was not grieving any more; rather, she felt exhilarated, and suddenly she knew why—all these images she had been knocking over were clichés, made by custom, society or mummy and daddy, who, with the best will in the world, could not have lived her life for her. *From now on, my ideas are going to be home-grown,* and she found the first one already tall and bearing fruit. It was, *I am not going to divorce my husband.*

She looked at her watch, sprang up, ran out to the car and picked up her daughters at their school. "How would you like to go out for dinner tonight?" she asked.

"Out for dinner?" they said together.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Oh, we'll find some place."

When she got them home, she could hear them talking and giggling with excitement. They were shocked, and she discovered how few things she had ever done spontaneously with them.

She herself took a bath, put on new stockings and her best suit, and drove to the station to meet the 5:42. As she watched it pull in, she knew she might have to bite her tongue, but she was not going to ask any questions about Mrs. Cartwright, *and I'm not going to be droopy and forgiving either.*

She saw him at once as he got off and followed him with her eyes, the way she always did as he approached the car. He was still—although she had half expected to find him dwindled somehow—the handsomest man she had ever seen.

As he opened the car door, she said, "Hi, darling. How'd you like to go out for dinner tonight?" THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Uncle George, in a seemingly bemused state, wrote in his will that proceeds of his $5000 life-insurance policy should go to his favorite nephew, Georgie—"$5000 for his education and the balance of $5000 to be paid him when he becomes twenty-one." By some quirk of fate, Uncle George died in an accident. The manner of his passing put into effect a double-indemnity provision, making the policy worth $10,000. Georgie demanded all of it. The other heirs claimed $5000, so a lawsuit ensued.

"Uncle George intended for me to have the entire proceeds of that policy," Georgie contended. "When he referred to it as a $5000 policy, it was simply his way of describing it."

"Surely Uncle George would never have mentioned the policy repeatedly as a $5000 one if he had meant to leave Georgie more than $5000," the others argued. "After all, he couldn't foresee his accidental death."

If you were the judge, how much would you give Georgie?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Georgie got the whole $10,000. The court said it is common practice to refer to an insurance policy by its face value even though the actual value might be more, because of benefit clauses, or less because of loans against it.

Based upon a 1954 Utah decision.

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Reckless Voyage (Continued from Page 26)

"You sleep with Emerson under your pillow and Kipling by your side," Mr. Porter said, warming up, "and ——"

"What would you wish?" Mrs. Porter inquired calmly. "Hemingway under his head and Faulkner at his feet?"

Mr. Porter glared at her. "Now you stay out of this."

"I certainly will not," Mrs. Porter said. "I paid my admission sixteen years ago. I intend to stay for the last round."

"Momism!" Mr. Porter said. "Everlasting momism!"

"What this country needs," said Mrs. Porter, "is a little more popism." She stood up too. She was about six inches shorter than either of them. She looked at Mr. Porter. "You may wear the pants in the family, John, but ——"

"Not necessarily," Mr. Porter interrupted. "Ladies wear such garments, artfully concealed."

"On that point," said Mrs. Porter, "I would never argue with an ex-Navy man. Now let's all have a cup of coffee and ——"

The telephone rang. Robert answered it.

"Hello," he said; then, eagerly, "Oh, hello, lieutenant!" Then they saw his face drop and the tone of his voice changed. "You can't? . . . Gee, I'm sorry too. Maybe next weekend? . . . Sure, that would be fine. Good flight, lieutenant."

He hung up. He looked at his mother, not his father.

"That was Lieutenant Gordon. He can't make it tomorrow for a shakedown cruise in my new Navy-surplus raft."

Lieutenant Gordon was a neighbor. He lived with his mother part of the time, but was on special-service duty at the Mayport Carrier Base.

"Robert is very proud of his new raft," Mrs. Porter said. "He and Lieutenant Gordon have been working on it for weeks. It's sort of a—what did you call it, Robert?—an experimental deal?"

Robert nodded. "Lieutenant Gordon's always working on what he calls special survival deals. He's been teaching me the basics of navigation too."

"Humph!" Mr. Porter said. "What do you want to navigate?"

Robert's gray eyes were icicle chips. "Someday," he said, "a destroyer."

"Oh, my aching priority!" Mr. Porter said. "That takes a lot more than Emerson and Kipling and Brahms. A tin-can skipper's got to have beef and brawn and guts. He's got to ——"

"I have it," Mrs. Porter said. "You were on a destroyer, John. You go with Robert on his shakedown cruise tomorrow. I'll drive you both down to Atlantic Beach."

"You know how I hate the water," Mr. Porter said.

"Spoken like a true Navy man. I'll even crack open a can of beer on the bow for you, John. Then you two"—she glanced at both of them fondly—"men will have all morning to discuss the relative merits of the Navy versus the university. Now let's have some coffee."

Robert glanced doubtfully at his father. But he said, "I'd be happy to have you aboard, dad."

"Well-l-l," Mr. Porter said.

"It's pretty bouncy, though," Robert added, "and with your weak stomach, it ——"

"Who says I've got a weak stomach?" Mr. Porter's voice sounded gruff and salty.

"I'll pack a can of bicarb," Mrs. Porter said hastily.

"I don't need any bicarb!" Mr. Porter's chest was out and he was pacing. There was a rolling gait to his pace. "Sure I'll be aboard. I'll teach you a few tricks about navigation and give you an idea of just how rough the Navy can be."

Robert was grinning. "Swell, dad. I'll have everything shipshape."

Saturday dawned beautifully, and on the way to Atlantic Beach, Mr. Porter said, "I'll stop at the next service station and we'll inflate the raft."

"We don't have to, dad," Robert said. "I've got bottled pressure. We'll inflate it on the beach."

"Oh," Mr. Porter said. He glanced in the rear-view mirror. Mrs. Porter was smiling. Just smiling.

Robert inflated the two-man raft by the simple expedient of loosening a valve on a bottle.

"Well," Mr. Porter said, walking around the raft, "that's quite some contraption. Got everything but tail fins and chrome-trimmed headlights."

"Oh, we've still got a lot of work to do on it," Robert said. But he sounded proud.

"When I was in the Navy," Mr. Porter said, "all we had were yellow rubber tubs that were always leaking or gumming up in the sun."

"That," said Mrs. Porter, "is a fairly far cry, John. . . . Here's your lunch. Some deviled ham and peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches, some doughnuts, some canned sardines and crackers and some soft drinks."

"No sardines, mother," Robert said firmly.

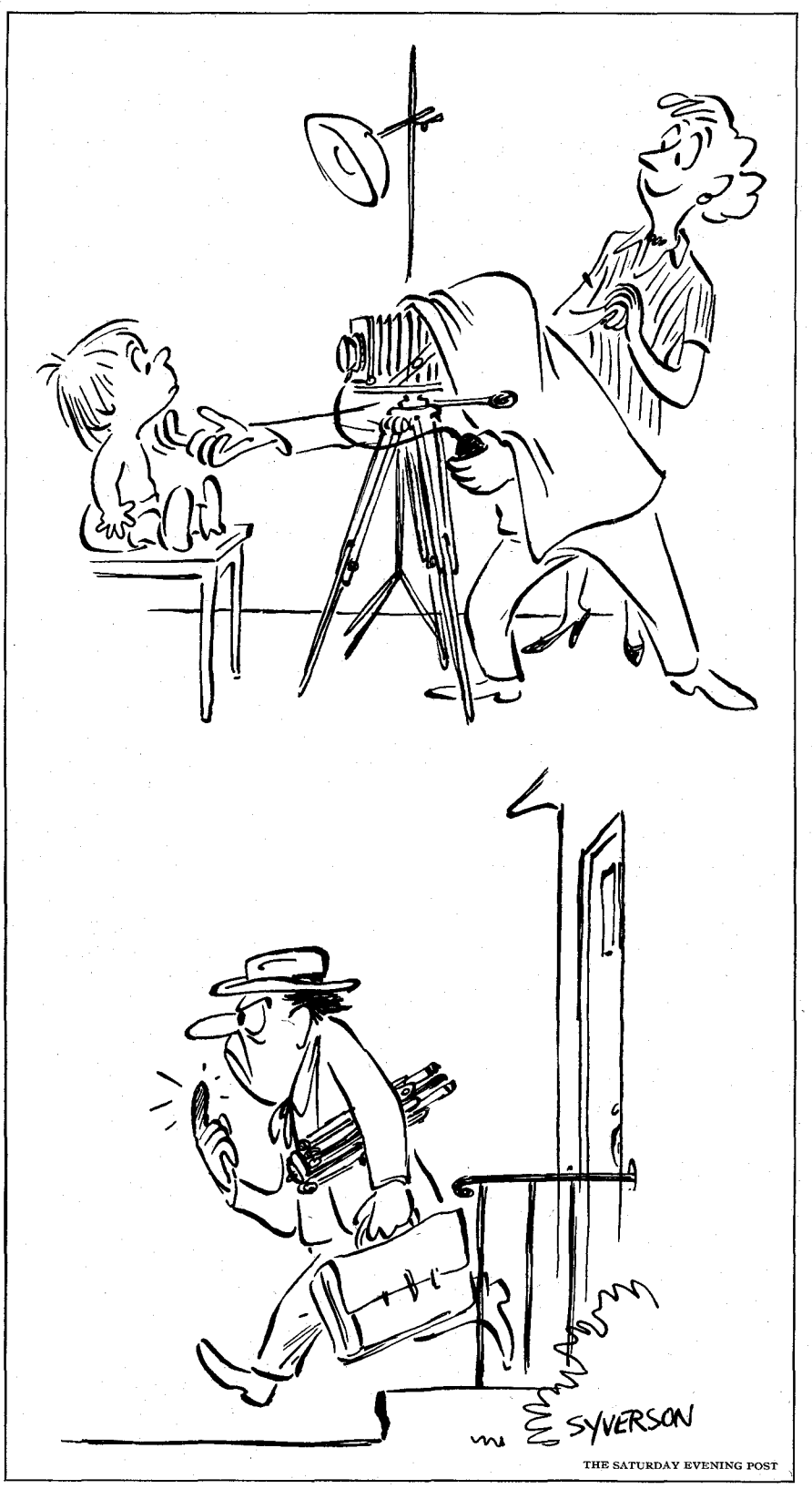
She raised her eyebrows. "No sardines?"

"No sardines. Bad luck." Robert sounded adamant.

Mrs. Porter removed two cans from the cardboard box in which she had packed the lunch. She saluted. "Very well, sir. No sardines. What time shall I pick you up?"

Robert looked at his wrist watch. "Oh, about four." He glanced at his father. "That suit you, dad?" His father nodded. He was still examining the raft. "We'll synchronize watches," Robert added. "It is now exactly oh seven hundred."

"Huh?" Mrs. Porter asked.



"Seven o'clock," Mr. Porter said. "You be careful driving."

She kissed them both lightly. "You be careful rafting. . . . Oh, dear, I forgot the bicarb."

"My stomach is perfectly all right," Mr. Porter said indignantly.

"All right, dear," Mrs. Porter said, but she sounded a little concerned. "But just remember. Today isn't yesterday."

"Humph!" Mr. Porter said.

Father and son maneuvered the raft through the breakers. Mr. Porter shouted orders. Things really got fouled up. Finally he got a mouthful of salt water and had to stop shouting. After that, the raft moved into calmer waters with relative ease.

Aboard, Mr. Porter settled down, relaxing his shoulders against an inflated pillow. "This is the life," he said, lighting a cigar. "Smooth sea to enjoy, mellow sunshine and salt air to absorb. No salt pork and no officers around. Believe me, son, it's not like this in the Navy."

Robert was busily securing a plastic pole in the center of the raft.

"Radar, sonar or loran?" Mr. Porter asked jokingly.

"I'm going to get radio and radar," Robert said seriously, "with my first pay check from the shipyard. I start work at the yard next week. I'd lined that up just in case you said no about the Navy."

This was news, and Mr. Porter didn't like it. But in a two-man raft it's impossible for a man to get up, pace and expound. Robert unfurled a piece of flimsy material from the plastic mast and attached it to the sides of the raft. The sail billowed. They moved eastward at a smart clip.

Robert tossed overboard an odd-looking instrument attached to a cord. He looked at his wrist watch. "Lieutenant Gordon figures she'll easily do ten knots," he said. "I want to time her." After a while he made some notes on a pad. Then he said, "You were on a destroyer, weren't you, dad?"

"Yes."

There it was again—that gulf between them; that feeling of restraint, that atmosphere of tension.

"Were you a lieutenant too?"

"No, I wasn't a lieutenant."

Maybe, Robert thought, *it's because I'm always looking for it—that stubbornness on his face and the sarcasm in his voice. But I don't think he likes me. Sometimes I think he resents me.*

"We don't ever talk much about it," Robert said.

"What's there to talk about? Took me four years to become a gunner's mate. Then, the first time I had to pass the ammunition for real, I got blown overboard. Landed on my stomach on the bow of a boat, twenty feet below."

"That was rough, dad."

He'll never know how rough, his father was thinking. *He's even geared to think that sailing a toy raft on a lily pond is Navy. He'll probably last three days at the shipyard.*

They sailed out of the pale green water into the deep blue. Some men aboard a shrimp trawler waved at them and the skipper of a menhaden boat tooted his whistle. Atlantic Beach faded to a thin blue line, and finally Mr. Porter said, "You handle her well. But let's not overdo. How far out do you figure we are?"

Robert stretched out a hand toward a plastic compartment that had been attached to the bulging inner side of the raft. Mr. Porter observed, for the first time, that there were at least a dozen such compartments, all of them carefully buttoned and labeled with letters. The one Robert (*Continued on Page 68*)

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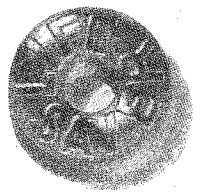

Delicious flavor "change"...Butter-Rum

The candy with the hole ...still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 66*) opened bore a "T"—and he produced a small telescope. He adjusted it and gazed toward land.

"As I reckon, about four miles, sir," Robert said, making some notes. "We'll head back for —— Oh-oh—it wasn't in the weather map nor on the radio this morning."

Mr. Porter sat up, spilling some ashes. "What wasn't?"

"Line squall. Looks like it's charging down the St. Johns River, following the thermal current. But if we change course—sail south—we can duck it. Pull ashore around Ponte Vedra and phone mom."

Mom, Mr. Porter thought. *Four miles at sea and—mom.*

"You got a sea anchor?" Mr. Porter said gruffly.

"Why, yes, sir. But—but I don't ——"

"Put out your sea anchor and we'll ride it out. You can't go through life always running away from squalls."

Robert rummaged around. He found the sea anchor and tossed it out. He glanced at his father and his eyes were flashing. "I don't agree with these tactics, sir," he said.

"Now if you had ship-shore," Mr. Porter said angrily, "you could call mom and ask for some nautical advice."

Robert bit his upper lip. His knuckles were clenched white.

The sky changed from turquoise to gray and, swiftly, from indigo to charcoal. They actually saw the wind coming. It tore at the water like a giant egg beater.

Robert was about to take in the sail when the line squall struck. A heavy gust ripped the fabric. It sounded like a gun exploding. Robert sounded like a gun exploding too. His chin was thrust forward, and he let loose with a string of expletives, the like of which his father hadn't heard since memorable days in the Mediterranean.

"Hey!" Mr. Porter said severely, but admiration outtoned the severity.

"Pull in that anchor and wind the cord around the capstan!" Robert shouted. "This was your idea! But if we're going to ride it out on top, we've got to ride with it!"

Mr. Porter, slack-jawed, started hauling in the anchor cord. "Aye-aye," he said, and almost added the "sir."

The first wave was a foaming, crashing, frightening monster. It spun the raft like a top and tossed it like a dry cork. A bolt of lightning, green and blue and violet, rocketed from the thunderhead. It crashed into the sea not far away. They heard it sizzle. Their bodies tingled as though a million tiny needles were jabbing. The air became charged with a strange, heady odor.

A second bolt struck nearby. Then came the hail—pellets nearly the size of ice cubes. They stung, bruised and battered. Robert moved forward. From a compartment he whipped a square of heavy fabric. Quickly, he attached it to the bow and sides of the raft. He motioned to his father, who wiggled forward. Now their heads, at least, were protected. But the hail, whipping on their shoulders, arms and legs, felt like hot coals.

The hail turned to rain. The rain came laterally because now the wind was shrieking. Another huge wave—it almost seemed like a tidal wave—picked up the tiny raft. It traveled like an express train, riding the crest of the giant comber for what seemed eternity. Then they began to descend. It made Mr. Porter think of the times, years before, when he had ridden on the New York elevated trains and the elevated trains suddenly plunged into tunnels and became subways.

They were lying flat on their stomachs. They were clinging to some fancy blue silk cords which had been attached to the inner sides of the raft. Lieutenant Gordon, when he had helped Robert attach them, had laughed and said, "They look like something that belongs in a lady's boudoir, but they may be useful in a pinch."

Now the water was creeping up around their shoulders. Cautiously, Robert managed to reach behind him and open the compartment marked "S." He extracted two king-size sponges. They started sopping and squeezing, sopping and squeezing. The rain had lessened, but the fury of the wind seemed to increase. They were moving so fast that the raft left a swirling white wake. The storm's blue-black mantle never left them. It merged with the black of nightfall. Giant hands seemed to raise them, drop them, twirl them, buffet them.

Sometime during the awful night, Robert heard his father coughing. He groped around, reached into another compartment and found a miniature flashlight. He beamed it on his father. Mr. Porter had raised himself on his elbows. He was leaning over the side of the raft, retching.

Using the flashlight, Robert found compartment "S." Carefully, he opened a bottle and extracted two pills. He nudged his father with an elbow.

"Try these," he ordered.

He had to shout to be heard above the wind. Mr. Porter nodded weakly, gulped them and retched again.

Then, suddenly, the wind was gone. The water was calm, peaceful, ink-black and endless. Robert sopped up more water with the sponges, wrung them out over the side of the raft. Some stars appeared. Robert crawled aft with his little flashlight. He fumbled around.

"What are you doing?" Mr. Porter sounded hoarse.

Known Room

By Jane Merchant

A known room is the place for
being ill.
Worn books upon a wide
familiar shelf
And tended plants upon a
window sill
Remind one of a vigorous
healthy self
Who took delight in thoughts
and things that grow,
Who had decisions of one's
own to make,
Had much to learn and
something to bestow,
And was not merely one
anonymous ache.
Always the wandering,
fever-puzzled mind,
The pain-bewildered, dazed
identity
Needs these reminders if one
is to find
The way to what one was, and
meant to be,
From alien depths where only
strangers dwell.
A known room is the place for
getting well.

"We've got a little binnacle. I'm looking at the compass."

He heard his father sigh. It was a long, deep sigh. "I always meant to learn how to box the compass."

Robert said, "It's not hard. North, north-by-east, north-northeast, northeast-by-north ——" Robert rapidly named the thirty-two directions consecutively.

"Well, I'll be ——" he heard his father mutter. "Do you have any idea where we are?"

Robert looked again at the stars, then at the compass and at his watch. He got his notebook from one of the dry compartments. He made some calculations.

"We're about thirty-six miles due east of Fernandina, sir," Robert said firmly. "We're moving north at about six or seven knots. We're either in or on the edge of the Gulf Stream."

"Out of the shipping lanes, eh?" Mr. Porter said weakly.

"Out of the shipping lanes, sir. And I don't like what's making up. It's entirely too quiet. The humidity is rising."

His father said nothing.

"You feeling all right now, dad?"

"Just cold. Awfully c-cold."

Robert beamed his light on another compartment, marked "B." He took out a square of fine cloth that had been folded many times.

"I think if we stretch out close together and pull this over us, we'll warm up," Robert said. "It's parachute silk, folded to make a blanket. When it's light, I may be able to make another sail out of it."

They stretched out flat. Robert put one arm beneath his father's neck. He pulled the cover over them.

"Only seems a couple of years ago," his father muttered, "that Wyatt Earp was your hero. Now it's Lieutenant Gordon. In my case, it was Bull Halsey."

"He was a splendid officer," Robert said.

Father and son slept.

Mr. Porter awoke with a start. He rubbed his eyes. He groaned as he straightened his back. The fog was a gray, wet blanket. He could hear a bell ringing. Vaguely, he could see Robert, crouched in the stern. He was holding a small bell that had a wooden handle. Periodically, he would raise it and ring it for about five seconds.

"Chow?" Mr. Porter said. His voice was hoarser than ever.

"Fog signals," Robert replied. "'A vessel when at anchor shall, at intervals of not more than one minute, ring the bell rapidly for about five seconds.' . . . Our chow went overboard yesterday."

"What do you mean, at anchor?"

"I've got the sea anchor out now."

They sat and the hours seemed endless. They were soggy, cramped hours. The sand and the salt and the rubber had chafed their skin. Their eyes hurt. Now and then, Mr. Porter would take over the bell. The fog worsened.

"I wonder," Mr. Porter said, and made himself think of a frog croaking, "if the Coast Guard or Navy is looking."

"Not in this stuff," Robert said. "But they're studying maps, figuring out wind velocities, tracing the storm. By now they're probably mapping out likely search areas."

"I hope you are right. I'm drier than a slab of dried beef."

"Here, you handle the bell," Robert said.

Robert fussed around some more compartments. He investigated one marked "W," and he took out a clear plastic bag and some white tablets. He half filled the bag with sea water. Then he dropped the tablets in the water and let them dissolve.

In about half an hour he handed his father a paper cup. His father tasted the liquid cautiously. Then he let the water trickle down his throat. He looked astonished.

"You think of everything, don't you, son?"

"No, sir. But the Navy does."

The fog stayed with them. Once they thought they heard a plane. Robert reached into another compartment. He found a rocket, lit the fuse with a tiny, waterproof flint lighter. It made a loud explosion, but its red stars were quickly absorbed by the fog. The drone of the plane—if it was a plane—faded. . . .

Robert heard his father groan. He looked at his wrist watch. It was one o'clock in the morning. Which morning, he didn't know.

"You all right?" Robert asked anxiously.

"Mac," his father muttered, "my gut aches real bad. I think I've broken something."

"Take it easy, dad," Robert said.

"Oh," his father mumbled, "it's you, is it? You don't know what a real gut ache is. Why don't you grow up? Mamma's boy."

"Knock it off, dad," Robert said sharply.

"The intellectual type," Mr. Porter muttered. "Go on back to your guppies and your dog sculpting. Maybe you should join the WAVES."

"Dad!" Robert shouted. "I said stop it!"

"Scared, aren't you? Well, I'm not scared. You hear me? Not even a little bit. But you're scared as a rabbit. A little white rabbit, dodging and ducking and jumping for the brier patch. You're scared as ——"

"Dad!" It was almost a scream. Robert raised his right arm. Sharply, he slapped his father on the jaw twice—once with the palm, the second time with the back of his hand. He had forgotten about his school ring. The ring made a cut in his father's chin. It bled.

Robert gathered some of the parachute silk. Carefully, gently, he dabbed at the blood on his father's jaw. He washed the cut with salt water, dried it. Then after some more fumbling in a compartment, he came up with some antiseptic and a medicated adhesive tape which he applied to the cut.

"Hey!" Mr. Porter said suddenly. "Where are we?"

"We're lost, dad. Lost at sea."

His father closed his eyes again. "Nonsense. Good skipper never gets lost. . . . Robert, I've got a bad stomach-ache. Can't seem to move my legs."

Robert pulled the silk cover back over his father's shoulders. "Take it easy, dad," he said, smothering a sob.

He felt his father's hands. They were like ice cubes. He went forward, made some more water and found a cigar lighter with a tiny aluminum tray attachment. He dropped some bouillon cubes into a paper carton of water and put the carton on the tray. Now and then, he tested the bouillon with his little finger. It started to smell good.

He eased his way aft with the cup of bouillon. He placed an arm beneath his father's head and raised it.

"Take a drink of this, dad," he said.

"On the rocks," Mr. Porter said thickly. "I like it on the rocks. . . . Nothing like being a sailor. Girl in every port. Only time you see 'em is out of portholes. . . . Martha—Martha, I've got a stomach-ache. Where's the bicarb?"

"Mother isn't here, dad. Now drink this. Come on!"

His father gulped. He opened his eyes. He took another drink of bouillon and he stared at Robert.

(*Continued on Page 70*)

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(*Continued from Page 68*) "Sorry," he said softly: "sorry, skipper."

"That's all right, dad." Robert was shaking, inside and out.

"Where are we?"

"I haven't taken bearings lately. I'm not quite sure."

"That's all right. By land or sea, son, we're never sure just where we are."

"Yes, dad."

"Have you prayed some? You don't have to pray out loud, you know. Under your breath is all right. So long as you mean it."

"Drink the rest of this, dad. Does your jaw hurt much?"

Mr. Porter finished the bouillon. He raised the fingers of his right hand to his jaw. He felt the cut and the slight swelling.

"Robert," he said quietly. His voice was still hoarse.

"Yes, dad."

"I've been asking for that. Asking for it, for a long, long time. Funny, isn't it? Now that I've got it, I feel better. Robert, I didn't know you had the gu—you could get that rough."

"Let's forget it, dad."

"I don't want to forget it. I don't want ever to forget it. I want to remember ——"

His father's eyes closed and he relaxed suddenly. So suddenly that for a moment, Robert was terror-stricken. But he found the pulse, and the pulse was beating regularly and strongly. He pulled the soggy, silken canopy around his father's shoulders.

Robert's eyelids itched and burned. He had to force them open. It was worth while. The first feeble rays of morning sun reflected on the glassy lily pond that surrounded them. His tongue was swollen. His legs ached horribly. His spine was a hot steel girder.

Then he heard it—the drone. It was not the kind of drone an airplane makes, nor the snarling whine of a jet. Robert lit the fuse on the last rocket. It sounded louder than the others. But the sun obliterated the red stars.

Mr. Porter mumbled something. Robert had to lean close to understand.

"Mac," his father muttered. "Did we make it, Mac? Have we got the beachhead?"

"We're working on it," Robert said soberly.

"Anzio's only thirty-three miles from Rome," his father said. "After the show's over we'll go roaming with the Romans, Mac." His father raised a hand and pushed the cover away. He tried to get up. Robert grabbed the hand. It was icy cold. He pushed his father down flat.

"Mac," Mr. Porter said, "don't let them send me back now. Please don't."

The drone became a roar. The helicopter—and it was a beautiful sight—circled until it was directly over the raft. Then, like a mighty hummingbird, it hovered. It sank lower, lower, lower, and a door opened.

"You O.K., Bob?" Lieutenant Gordon shouted.

"I'm all right, lieutenant!" Robert yelled. "Dad's sick!"

"I'm flying solo!" Lieutenant Gordon warned. "I'll lower a sling! Get your dad in it! You know the operation!"

It took them at least five minutes to raise Mr. Porter, who was semiconscious, to the cockpit. Twice the helicopter rocked dangerously. The morning winds were starting. Then the lieutenant lowered a ladder for Robert.

"Our raft!" Robert said, dismayed, as Lieutenant Gordon gunned the motor and the helicopter rose.

"Navy surplus," the lieutenant said. "Got your notes?"

Robert nodded.

"They're more important than the raft. Look, take over the controls. This is all you have to do." He demonstrated. "I'm going to look after your dad."

Lieutenant Gordon gave Mr. Porter an injection. Then he raised his head and poured a couple of fingers of brandy into his mouth. Mr. Porter opened his eyes and coughed.

"He'll be all right," Lieutenant Gordon said, taking over the controls. "Shock, exposure. How are you feeling, skipper?"

"I'm fine, sir." Robert was studying Lieutenant Gordon's face. It was white and taut and he had deep circles under his eyes.

"You've had us worried," Lieutenant Gordon said. "A bad little girl named Audrey kept me up for two nights in Louisiana. A town called Cameron was practically wiped out. Then, when I got back to Mayport and found you were missing, I was fogged in for forty-eight hours. Whew!"

"How'd you manage to find us this morning?"

Lieutenant Gordon smiled. "We've been over those things—on paper. What gets me, though, is why didn't you sail south when you saw the storm coming? You might have dodged it."

"Error in judgment, sir, I guess," said Robert.

Lieutenant Gordon glanced at him sharply. "H'm'm'm," he said.

They had permitted Mrs. Porter to walk out to the landing strip at the Mayport Carrier Base. Three officers, two of them doctors, also were waiting. Mrs. Porter reached the helicopter ahead of the doctors. Mr. Porter climbed out under his own steam. His color had returned. His legs, although stiff, were working. He was smiling. So were Lieutenant Gordon and Robert.

"Oh, darlings, darlings!" Mrs. Porter said, throwing her arms around husband and son. "I'm so happy to have you aboard."

Mr. Porter kissed her. It was not a formal kiss. Then he saluted. "We're happy to be aboard, believe me, ma'am."

"It must have been a frightful experience," Mrs. Porter said. "Simply frightful."

Mr. Porter glanced at his son. He looked very humble. "You'd better ask the skipper," he said quietly. "He's the one who really took it on the chin."

"Not really frightful, mother," Robert said, looking at his dad. "Actually, sort of wonderful."

"Before you men leave the base," Lieutenant Gordon said, "you're both to report to sick bay for a quick checkup."

"Aye, aye, sir," Mr. Porter said. He looked Lieutenant Gordon squarely in the eyes. There was a salty gleam in Mr. Porter's eyes. "Lieutenant," he said, "you've got yourself a new recruit."

They—father and son—walked across the landing strip toward the base hospital. They had their arms around each other's shoulders.

Mrs. Porter and Lieutenant Gordon trailed them. The runway was a little rough, so he put his arm through hers. She was dabbing at her eyes with a dainty hanky.

Lieutenant Gordon said, smiling, "Mrs. Porter, it looks as though you just can't shake the Navy."

She dabbed again at her eyes. But her chin was up and out. "I—I know. Isn't it wonderful, lieutenant?" THE END

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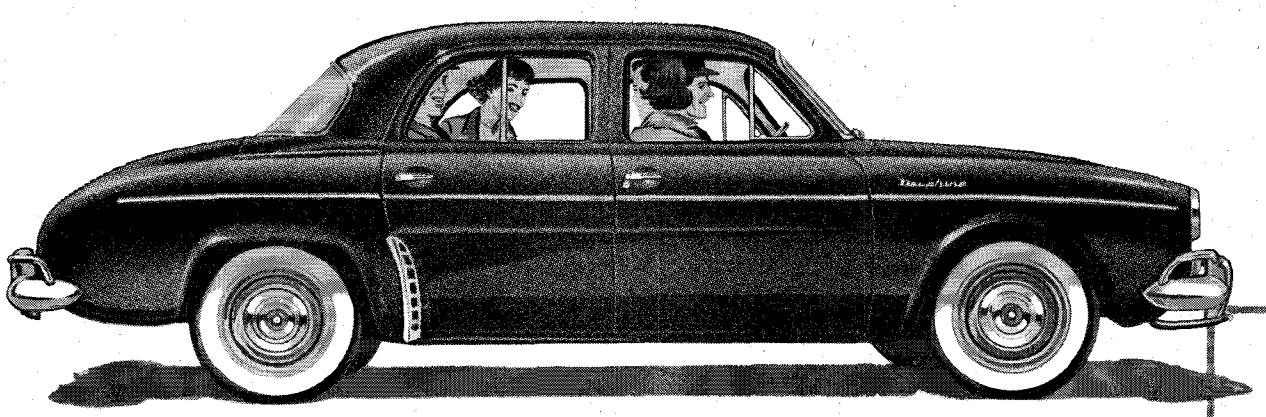

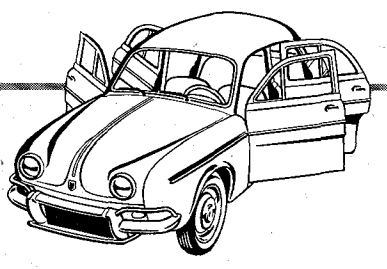

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Fury on Ice (Continued from Page 27)

my mother and father to watch Maurice play. I never missed a game until I started playing hockey seriously myself at thirteen. I think that is why we play so well together. I know everything he does, every move he will make. I always know where Maurice will be on the ice."

Henri pronounces it "Morris," not "More-eece," just as his name is pronounced "Henry," not "On-ree." Their last name, of course, is Ree-shar, common in Greater Montreal, where 64 per cent of the 1,700,000 population is French-Canadian. Montreal is to hockey what Milwaukee is to baseball, if not more so. Every home game in the 13,531-seat Montreal Forum is a sellout. Attendance varies only to the extent that some games attract more standing-room customers than others.

An explosive demonstration of Montreal's passion for hockey—and for Maurice Richard—came near the end of the 1954–55 season. During a vicious stick-swinging scene with Hal Laycoe in Boston, Maurice had punched an official—linesman Cliff Thompson. On March 16, 1955, Clarence Campbell, president of the National Hockey League, suspended the Rocket for the final three games of the pennant race and for the entire Stanley Cup play-offs.

This was a civic catastrophe in Montreal, and Richard worshipers reacted violently the next night when Campbell strode into the Forum to watch the Canadiens play the Detroit Red Wings, whom they were trying vainly to overhaul for the regular-season title. The league president was pelted with eggs and tomatoes, a tear-gas bomb exploded and the Montreal Fire Department ordered the arena cleared for the safety of the spectators.

This brought the forfeit of the game to Detroit—which was leading anyway, 4–1. The riot then spread along main-stem St. Catherine Street, where $50,000 worth of damage and looting was reported by store owners. The police made fifty-seven arrests. Richard went on the radio in an appeal to fans to restore order.

The devotion of Montreal to its hockey heroes is made all the more intense by the fact that so many of them are home-town boys. In baseball, not one of the Milwaukee Braves was born in Milwaukee. On the New York Yankees, only pitchers Whitey Ford and Bob Grim come from New York City. But of the eighteen men on the Montreal Canadien squad, eight were born in Montreal, including the two Richards. Seven others were born in outlying precincts of the province of Quebec. Incidentally, eleven of the eighteen are French-Canadians, descended from the French settlers who introduced a Gallic flavor that still exists in bilingual Montreal.

In such an environment it was no wonder that Henri Richard grew up worshiping Maurice. When Henri was eight, Maurice scored a record twelve goals in nine play-off games en route to a Stanley Cup victory. When Henri was nine, Maurice scored fifty goals in a fifty-game season, a mark comparable to Babe Ruth's sixty homers. When Henri was eleven, Maurice was voted the Hart Trophy as the most valuable player in the league.

Henri gloried privately in Maurice's exploits, but publicly he kept the relationship a secret. Wherever he played hockey—at first with only a stick and a tennis ball on snow-frozen streets, later on skates on rickety, back-yard rinks—there was one inevitable question, "Is Maurice Richard your brother, Henri?"

"Oh, no, he is no relation to me," Henri would say.

"I didn't want them to think me stuck up," Henri explains now. "So I didn't tell them Maurice was my brother. He was around so seldom that he never taught me to play hockey anyway. When I was little, he never said to me, 'Here, shoot like this.' I had to teach myself. I never played hockey with Maurice until I went to the Canadiens' camp two seasons ago and made the club. He never said anything to me at the camp. He didn't want anyone thinking he was helping me. He wanted me to make it on my own, not because I was his brother."

Only recently did Henri become convinced that he has made it on his own. "All I used to hear people say was, 'That is Maurice's brother,'" Henri remarks, smiling. "Now it is better. Now I hear them say, 'That is Henri Richard.'"

At five-seven, Henri is the most deceptive-looking player in the N.H.L. He has the muscles of a middleweight fighter. "Don't let his height fool you," warns Hector Dubois, the team trainer for the Canadiens. "Look at Henri's arms and legs. Big, like Rocket's."

Henri has both strength and speed. "I never saw a faster skater," declares the Canadien coach, Hector (Toe) Blake. George (Red) Sullivan, a center for the New York Rangers, who often is assigned to cover Henri, says, "He's fast, but when he goes into overdrive, that's when he goes by you."

Maurice Richard is entirely different from Henri in size and playing style. Five feet ten inches, with a slick black mane that is in complete contrast to Henri's wavy brown hair, Maurice is 180 pounds of fury on the ice. He paces his right-wing alley with the impatience of a caged tiger. Let the door open a crack, and the Rocket pounces through for another goal. "When he comes at you, his eyes flash like headlights," exclaims Don Simmons, the goalie for the Boston Bruins.

Starting his sixteenth season this year, the Rocket was never better, scoring eleven goals and twelve assists in the Canadiens' first fourteen games. He teamed with little brother Henri and left-wing Dickie Moore to form the league's most devastating forward line until that November-thirteenth accident, in which Toronto defenseman Marc Reaume accidentally sliced Maurice's heel with a skate blade.

At this point two big questions about Henri were still unanswered: 1) Would he be just as good without Maurice? 2) Could he survive physically without his big brother as a vigilant bodyguard?

Coach Blake declares, "Young Pocket played just as well without Maurice. I had to juggle their line. Moore shifted to right wing. I put Marcel Bonin, a questionable big-leaguer, at left wing. But Moore and Pocket kept leading the league in scoring. And they helped Bonin play better than he ever did before."

That answered the first question. As for the second, the Canadiens' coach said, "New Year's night in Boston I knew he was here to stay."

Jungle law rules hockey—a survival of the toughest. In the January-first episode in Boston, Henri Richard took on three of the league's most respected roughnecks—Fernie Flaman (five-ten, 190), Jack Bionda (six feet, 175) and Leo LaBine (five-ten, 170).

"It was a deliberate attack," Blake seethes. "The Bruins were out to get him without the Rocket around."

Lynn Patrick, general manager of the Boston Bruins, partly agrees with Blake. "It might have been deliberate on the players' part. LaBine came off the bench and went straight at Henri. But they were not under orders.

"All I know is I've got great respect for that kid now. When he first came up, I had my doubts. I thought they'd run him out of the league. But he fought that big Bionda to a draw, and he beat LaBine, cut him up good. Flaman doesn't count. It wasn't a fair fight. Flaman jumped him."

The score was tied, 2–2, in the second period when the brawl began. "Flaman, he's always after me," Henri shrugs in retelling the story. "You give him a fair body check and he gets mad. He keeps telling me, 'I'm going to get you.' So I say to him, 'O.K., Mr. Flaman, I won't touch you any more.' I always call him 'Mr. Flaman.' That gets him mad. When he is mad, it is easy to go around him. But all of a sudden he piles into me. I swing at him and we go down. Our Doug Harvey jumps on Flaman, then Bionda jumps on Harvey. So I have to jump on Bionda."

This ignited one of the most memorable melees in recent N.H.L. history. Four Boston policemen were unable to break up the free-for-all. Henri Richard gave away more than thirty-five pounds in wrestling Flaman, rated the hardest body checker in the N.H.L. He gave away five inches in punching Bionda, considered the best lacrosse player in Canada. When Bionda and Henri were separated, it looked as if order would be restored. But Montreal's Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion leaped off the bench to swing at Bionda. That provoked the chunky LaBine to jump off the Boston bench—straight at Henri.

"That was LaBine's mistake," Boston's general manager Patrick says. "The Pocket cut him over the right eye for five stitches, and LaBine's face was all lumps. Before that fight, I would've bet anything that LaBine would take Pocket easy."

After a five-minute penalty for fighting, Henri clomped back to the Montreal bench. "There wasn't a mark on him," relates Coach Blake. "A couple of scratches, but no cuts. I asked him if he was tired—fighting makes you tired—but he said, 'No, not too much.' Then he went out and got a goal. We needed it too. We won, four to three."

Henri didn't get through the game unscathed. Conked by a carelessly swung stick later on, he needed six stitches in his scalp. When Henri returned to Montreal, a grinning Maurice greeted him, "No black eye, eh, Henri?"

Says Henri, "I don't like to fight, but sometimes you must. I love to play hockey, to score goals." In his first two seasons, he scored nineteen and eighteen goals respectively. Shortly after the halfway mark of the current season, he had already scored twenty-one. In the mid-season N.H.L. All-Star voting, Henri was the first-string center, supplanting teammate Jean Beliveau, All-Star center the past three years, who was side-lined from December twelfth to January sixteenth this winter by a rib injury. In the Most Valuable Player voting, Henri was the midseason runner-up to Detroit's Gordie Howe.

Boston's Lynn Patrick predicts, "If anybody is going to break the Rocket's record, Henri's got the best chance." When hockey men speak of the Rocket's "record," they mean his career mark of more than 500 goals, a total on a plane with Babe Ruth's 714 homers in baseball.

Patrick went on, "Henri is only twenty-one"—he turns twenty-two this week. "He's better than the Rocket was at twenty-one. The Rocket was only a rookie at twenty-one. This kid's a veteran. And the Rocket was playing wartime hockey. He got a lot of his early goals against bad goal tenders."

Whatever honors come to Henri, no one will be prouder than big brother Maurice. "To play with Henri has meant everything to me," Maurice admits. "It used to be that I played for myself. Now I play for the two of us." For years, it was Maurice's ambition to last long enough to play with Henri—just as it was Henri's ambition to make the N.H.L. in time to play with Maurice.

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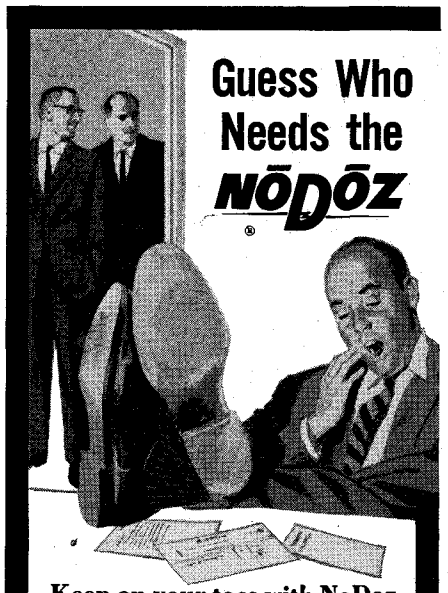

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So intent was Henri on this objective that he forced himself on the team in the fall of 1955 at the age of nineteen—a year ahead of the timetable established by Frank Selke, the Canadiens' sixty-five-year-old managing director. "I was afraid that might be Maurice's last season," Henri says. "How did I know he would play this long?" At the time, the Rocket was thirty-four in a crashing contact game where men seldom go much past the age of thirty.

Managing director Selke recalls how at training camp that year, the coaches complained that young Richard was spoiling practice because he always had the puck and wouldn't give it up to the regulars. "What they didn't realize," Selke explains, "is that they weren't looking at Henri as a National Hockey League prospect. He was supposed to be in camp just for the experience. So to them he was a nuisance. But our big-leaguers couldn't get the puck away from him. Whenever I see a player who's always got the puck, then I know he's a big-leaguer."

The others soon came to the same conclusion. Their only worry now was Henri's size. "He's so small, he might get hurt, Maurice. What do you think?" Toe Blake said to Henri's brother.

"Henri might get hurt playing junior hockey just as easily as he might on our team," Maurice answered.

Henri had been playing with the Montreal club's amateur Junior Canadiens team. In hockey, an amateur player is permitted a three-game trial with a pro team. The Canadiens took advantage of this arrangement to inspect Henri in N.H.L. competition. In the Canadiens' opener, Geoffrion whacked his right knee, and Henri substituted for him at right wing in a line which had Beliveau at center and veteran Bert Olmstead at left wing.

"It wasn't his position, so he didn't do anything startling," Toe Blake recalls. "But after three games, we knew he was ready."

Henri forced a decision by insisting that he didn't want to go back for what would be his fifth season with the Junior Canadiens—"They think around the league that I'm overage already," he said. So with brother Maurice silently sitting by, managing director Selke signed the Pocket Rocket to a two-year contract at $8000 a year. Selke also gave him a $5000 bonus. Henri had suggested $2000, but Selke said, "In years to come, you might not think two thousand had been enough."

Henri thus jumped from junior hockey—under twenty years of age—to the National Hockey League without any professional experience. That's like a college baseball player going directly from the campus to the majors. Henri has made a career of the unusual, beginning with the day he was born. He was a leap-year baby—February 29, 1936.

Henri was the seventh of eight children—five boys—of Onesime and Alice Richard. The Richards lived in the Bordeaux section in the northern part of Montreal, a neighborhood known as The Jail. Maurice grew up in tenement poverty, but by the time Henri was a boy the family living conditions had improved. "My father had a raise by then," Henri says. "He built railroad cars for the Canadian Pacific."

Onesime Richard was an athlete too. He played a little hockey, but he was more famous as a baseball player—fast ball, as many call it in Canada. "I played ball with him when I was a boy," Maurice remembers. "He was a good ballplayer. A good hitter, an outfielder."

Another Richard boy, Jacques, now twenty-seven, was a senior amateur hockey player until four years ago. Younger brother Claude, nineteen—known as the Vest Pocket Rocket—is a left wing with the Junior Canadiens, representing Ottawa-Hull. However, the Canadiens hold little hope that Claude ever will complete an all-Richard line in the N.H.L.

"Maybe someday I will play with Maurice's son, Normand," Henri observes with a smile. "Normand is seven. And he looks like a player. He loves it. Maurice has a rink in his back yard. Normand is skating all the time. You should see him. He holds his hockey stick just like Maurice."

When Henri was seven, he had already been skating four years. In Montreal, where the snow sometimes comes in October and lasts until May, there is always somewhere to skate. Henri says, "I played hockey three times a day—after dinner, after school and after supper. And then sometimes we would just go skating." At one skating party when he was

... ...

Night Arrow

By Margaret Potter Smith

The cypress tree upon my hill
Is dark and straight, and very still
And like an arrow pointing high,
It juts into the light-filled sky.

The moon is round and full tonight,
A target with a lovely light,
And watching hills await the tune
Of tinkling bits of splintered moon.

... ...

six, Henri met Lise Villiard, the strikingly pretty girl who was to become his wife and the mother of his year-old daughter, Michel.

After graduating from St. Francois de Laval parochial school, Henri decided it was time he learned how good a hockey player he was. Without telling Maurice, he attended a tryout at the Forum. There were boys up to nineteen at the tryout. Henri was thirteen.

"Henri stood by the door, very shy, and he had a friend with him," recalls Pete Morin, a former teammate of Maurice, who coached the Junior A Nationales. "His friend did all the talking. He asked for a tryout for the two of them. Then he told me, 'The other boy is Maurice Richard's brother, Henri.'

"I didn't believe him. You should have seen Henri then. He must have been only ninety-five pounds, and he was no more than five feet. When he got on the ice, I knew he had hockey in him. But I still didn't think he was Maurice's brother."

When Maurice arrived at the Forum that night, Morin asked, "Do you have a little brother named Henri?"

"Yes—why?" said the Rocket.

"He came here for a tryout. I think we'll put him on the Junior B team," Morin said.

"Junior B! Henri's too small for Junior B!" the Rocket roared. "He'll get hurt." Morin turned away, but Maurice called him back. "Maybe it is all right," he said.

Henri was on his way. Within a few weeks Roland Bleau, who coached the Junior B Nationales, told Morin, "The little Richard is too good for Junior B. He can play Junior A right now."

Just turned fourteen, Henri entered Junior A competition against boys as old as nineteen. He was the smallest player in the Quebec Junior Hockey League, just as he is now the smallest in the N.H.L. But nobody broke him in two, any more than they do today. "You can't get a good shot at him. He's all hunched up like a ball," gripes Lou Fontinato, rough-checking defenseman for the Rangers.

Morin says that as a junior player, "Henri was as good mechanically as he is today. I didn't teach him anything—I didn't have to. He could do everything then like he does it now. He didn't try to copy his brother.

"He was an ideal coach's player. On the bench I would see a play developing and say to myself, 'Pass, Henri, pass now.' And Henri would pass. Another time, I'd say to myself, 'Go ahead, shoot, Henri.' And Henri would shoot."

By the time Henri joined the Junior Canadiens, he was the most famous kid player in Canada. He had the ability, and he had the name. Soon he had his nickname of Pocket Rocket. "They gave it to me in Toronto, in a newspaper," Henri relates.

Recalls Sammy Pollock, Henri's coach on the Junior Canadiens, "The other teams checked him so closely, it was amazing he ever scored one goal." In his final junior season, Henri got thirty-three goals and added thirty-three assists in forty-four games. Maurice reveled in his little brother's success, proclaiming, "Henri is a much better player as a junior than I was. He should be even greater in the National Hockey League."

When Henri reported to the 1955 training camp, he and Maurice occasionally teamed together on the same line. But after Henri was signed, they were kept apart. "We had two reasons," Toe Blake declares. "First, I didn't think their styles would blend. Henri is a right-handed shooter and likes to carry the puck. When Rock played with me our center was Elmer Lach. Elmer shot left-handed. That made it easier for him to flip the puck to Rock at right wing. Our second reason was that we didn't dare risk an explosion by the Rocket."

Still fresh was the memory of the previous spring, when Montreal's "Richard Riots" had been precipitated by Maurice's suspension for punching a linesman. The Canadiens knew that another bad flare-up might get the Rocket banned for life. He had previously figured in other incendiary episodes.

Back in 1947 the Rocket had gained a reputation as a "stick fighter." That season, league president Campbell fined Maurice $250 and suspended him for a game in the Stanley Cup play-offs for stick-slapping Bill Ezinicki, of the Toronto Maple Leafs.

In 1951 the Rocket drew a $500 fine for seizing referee Hugh McLean by the throat in a surprise attack in a hotel lobby in New York. Maurice's next major outburst came early in the 1954–55 season, when he slapped linesman George Hayes across the face with his leather-ridged hockey gloves. That one cost Maurice $250.

In view of all this, the Canadiens understandably felt that there was no telling what Maurice might do if somebody took a poke at Henri. However, although it may have been safer to keep them apart, this didn't prove very successful from a hockey standpoint. Henri was wasting away on the bench, while Maurice was floundering with Moore and alternating centers Ken Mosdell and Jackie Leclair.

"So we finally decided to take a chance," Blake reveals. "I've read that

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Rock asked me to play him with Henri. That's not so. He never said a word to me."

Playing together, the Richards clicked immediately. "Henri kept me in the league," Maurice insists. "He and Moore, they skated so fast that I had to skate fast to keep up with them."

The Pocket Rocket created his first real splash on November 17, 1955, when he had a two-goal game against the Chicago Black Hawks. In the Black Hawk dressing room afterward, the favorite gag was, "Dick Irvin"—the Chicago coach—"told us for days how to stop Richard. But he didn't say which one."

What the Canadiens had feared most never materialized. There was no eruption by the Rocket, even though Henri had his battles, notably one in which he wrestled 190-pound Ranger defenseman Bill Gadsby to the ice in New York's Madison Square Garden. Maurice naturally edged into a squabble whenever it concerned Henri, but he stayed comparatively calm.

"He never came to help me," Henri declares. "He was always there, but I was always on my own. I think he stayed out of trouble for my sake."

As a rookie, Henri finished twentieth in N.H.L. scoring, with forty points. He was runner-up to Detroit goalie Glenn Hall—now with Chicago—for the Calder Memorial Trophy as Rookie of the Year.

Last season Pocket moved up to ninth in scoring, with fifty-four points, including eighteen goals, although he had to sit out six early games with torn ligaments in his right knee. Henri got back into uniform after the second period of a Forum game with Detroit on November first. The Canadiens were losing, 3–2.

"I think there were two minutes left when Toe Blake let me play," Henri recalls. "I made the tying goal. Then I got an assist on another and we won, 4–3. That is my big feeling so far.

"But it wasn't until this season that I played loose. The other two seasons, I was tight, so tight. This is not an easy game. It is hard. You must work to play well."

Rewarded with a $12,000 contract after last season, Henri in the summer is an executive trainee for British Petroleum, Ltd. "I must pay off the mortgage on this house," he says, relaxing in the modern-furnished living room of his three-story brick-and-stone home in the middle-class Ahunsic section of Montreal. He rents out the two top floors.

The Pocket Rocket is likely to move into the $15,000 salary bracket after the current season, in addition to possible $1000 bonuses for the scoring title and first-team All-Star recognition.

"If the Canadiens were to put all their players on the auction block today," says Murray (Muzz) Patrick, general manager of the New York Rangers, "I think the highest bid would be for the Pocket. I'd go between $150,000 and $200,000 for him, and he would still be the best buy in the league. He's a kid, so he's got at least ten seasons ahead of him. And we know he's tough. Oh, he'll come up with injuries, like any hockey player, but he's not the brittle type."

Henri has had knee and groin trouble—he missed a few games this season—but the Canadiens' worst scare with him was an accident in practice two seasons ago. The two Richards swerved around the net and collided head on. Both were knocked cold. They were carried off the ice on stretchers.

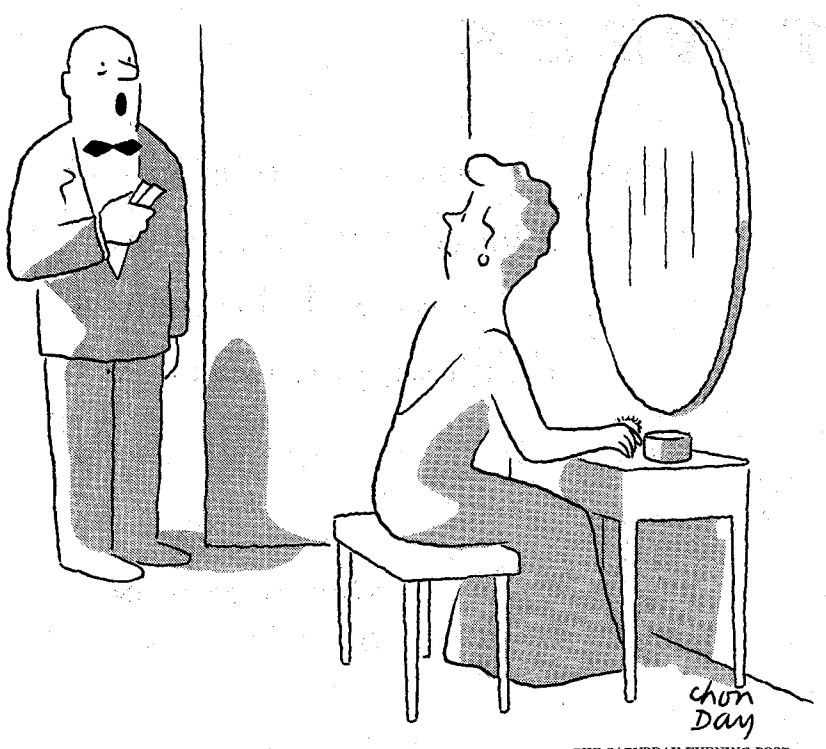
Henri revived first, with four stitches over his right eye. Maurice was still out, with a slice over his left eye requiring ten stitches. At last Maurice blinked his eyes, looked up and saw his little brother. "Be careful, Henri," Maurice said solicitously. "Be careful, or you get hurt."

Henri worries about the day when the Rocket will retire. "Playing without Maurice after his injury helped my confidence," Henri admits, "but there is nobody who can put the puck in the net like Maurice. I wish he could play forever."

Maybe Maurice used to worry, too, about how Henri would react to playing alone, but the Rocket worries no longer. When his right leg was in a cast up to the knee this winter, his doctor ordered him not to go to the Forum games. Maurice nodded, but refused to obey. He never missed a Canadiens' game at the Forum. He would limp into a seat next to one of the goal judges and stare intently at the action.

"Now I know what I will do when I retire," Maurice says. "When Henri was a boy, he came to watch me play. When I retire, I will come to watch Henri play."

THE END



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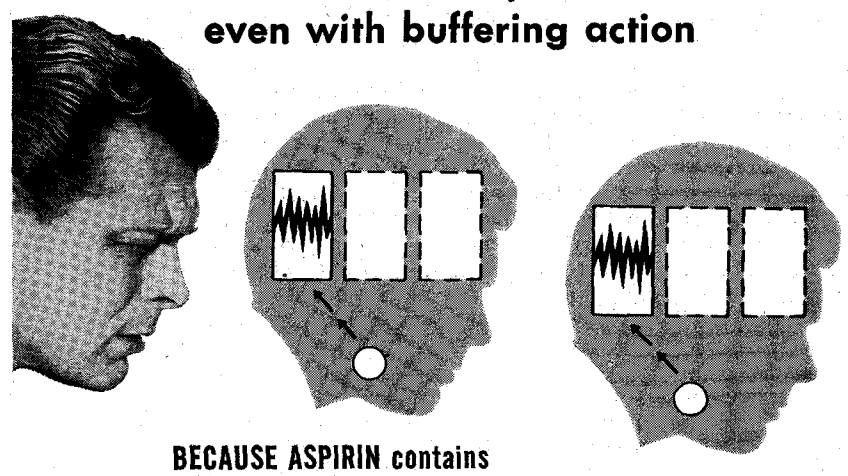

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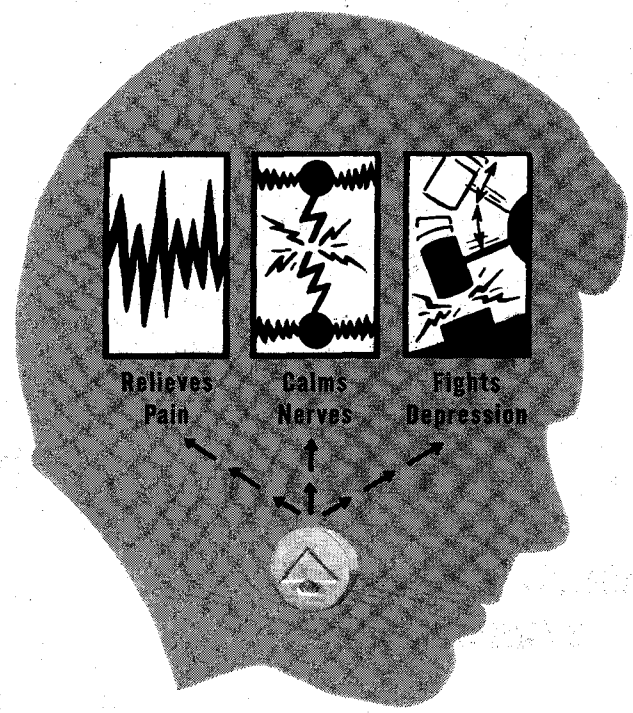

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We Motored to Moscow (Continued from Page 29)

we got to the Czech border at Rozvadov, we were met by a tough border patrol: steel bars across the road, soldiers with police dogs on leash, and hostile officials who searched every bag in the car.

We expected the Polish border to be friendly and the Soviet border to be bristling with barriers, tanks, soldiers, officious border guards, and some technical defect in our papers that would end the whole adventure.

We couldn't have been more wrong. The Poles protested that our *Carnet de Passage*, or passport for the car, did not recognize the Polish Automobile Club, and this created a frightful row and a long delay. But the Russian border was menacing only in that it was silent.

Before we got to the Soviet border we had a family council. In view of anti-American propaganda in the U.S.S.R., what would be the reaction of the Russian people to the first American car coming into Brest? Would they be hostile?

"What if they are?" asked Dick.

So we stopped in Terespol, the last Polish town before the Soviet border, and put a little Stars and Stripes on the windshield, added a U.S.A. tag to the rear license plate, and an American Automobile Association tag on the front.

The landscape between Terespol and the Soviet frontier only added to our discomfort. It was deserted. Not a living soul, not an animal was seen in the flat pastures; only the skeletons of houses, knocked crazy in the border struggles of the last war, and deep bomb pits in the fields, mercifully covered by grass.

After a routine exit from Poland, we drove on to the concrete bridge over the Bug River, long-contested as the frontier between Poland and the Soviet Union. There we met not a line of tank traps or a group of officious guards, as at the Czech frontier, but a solitary Red Army soldier. He carried a Tommy gun, which is eloquent in all languages, so we got out.

"I have a feeling," Dick said, "that he is not very glad to see us."

Forty minutes later two cars that looked like 1939 Plymouths drove up. Two uniformed men and two civilians, a man and woman, got out.

A note about all this: you don't just go to the Soviet Union; you make a date with it. Dictatorships don't like surprises. They want to know who is coming and when. If you just splash up to the frontier and toot your horn, your reception can be slightly abrupt. A Canadian couple, Yvonne and Jack Stepler, from the Southam newspapers in Canada, arrived unexpectedly the night before we did. They were held there until a truckload of soldiers bristling with Tommy guns arrived and convoyed them into Brest.

Even this was an advance, however, over the situation that existed before the road was opened to Western traffic. In the worst days of the cold war, United States officials in Moscow were permitted to have American cars in the Soviet Union. But such an automobile had to be put on a railroad flatcar, and the Soviets insisted that some United States official sit in the car, guarded by militiamen, throughout the two-day rail trip from the border to the capital.

Our reception was friendlier. The two soldiers came over and shook hands all around. They gave us a couple of forms, which we didn't understand, and Dick passed around a pack of cigarettes, the modern equivalent of the old Indian peace pipe. When we couldn't decipher the forms, the soldiers called over the woman interpreter.

She was Mrs. Raya Kulashova, an intelligent young woman of about thirty-three, well-dressed in a handsome navy-blue coat with fur cuffs. She spoke perfect English, learned entirely at a language institute in Moscow; she had never been in an English-speaking country. Sent by train from Moscow to serve as our interpreter, she explained everything. Were we carrying any firearms or narcotics? Would we undertake to bring the car out of the Soviet Union at this precise spot when our visit was over? The guards did not inspect our baggage; in fact, it was never inspected—at least in our presence—while we were in the Soviet Union.

In a few minutes we were instructed to follow the two Russian cars to the railroad station in Brest. Outside the city, a huge wooden arch spanned the road, proclaiming FOR PEACE IN THE WHOLE WORLD. Farther on, in a park on the edge of Brest, there was a silver-painted statue of Joseph Stalin. (He was supposed to be in disgrace, but later his statues appeared everywhere in a series of Walter Mitty poses: as an aviator at the airports, as a scholar at the libraries, as a warrior or peacemaker, depending on the location.)

An automobile changes the whole angle of focus on a strange country. When you fly into Moscow from the lovely, comfortable cities of Western Europe, Moscow seems drab. But when you drive in through the bleak, dirty, paintless cities and villages of Poland and Czechoslovakia, the Soviet people seem better dressed and better fed; even the provincial Soviet towns seem prosperous.

We drove one of the new Fords with a hardtop that rises at the touch of a button and disappears into the trunk. When this sleek black-and-gold machine appeared in Brest, it created a sensation. The lunch-hour crowds were in the streets, and as soon as we arrived, the kids started running after us, shouting "*Amerikanski!*"

By the time we reached the railroad station, we were surrounded by a curious and smiling throng. Uniformed militiamen asked questions: How much did such a machine cost? Could a workingman in the United States buy one? How fast would it go?

We had trouble making our way out of the car into the railroad station. Here the touring regulations were explained to us. We were not free to go where we liked. We had to stay on the one main road; no photographs of bridges, railway stations, factories or defense establishments; no excursions down side roads. Mrs. Kulashova would travel with us in our car. She would eat with us, interpret for us, guide us on the way.

We asked about gas and oil. These had to be purchased with official coupons; one for thirty liters of gas, a different one for twenty liters, another for ten; a separate one for each quantity of oil; another for washing the car in cold water; another, more expensive, for washing the car with hot water.

We handed over our passports in a dreary room upstairs in the Brest station. Our travelers' checks were exchanged for Soviet rubles at the tourist rate of ten rubles to the dollar. We bought a sheet of coupons, and the Intourist officials gave us a list of driving regulations.

These told us that there were two hotels where we could stay in the 631 miles between Brest and Moscow, the Beloruss in Minsk and the Smolensk Hotel in Smolensk. We had to leave that afternoon for Minsk and would be in Smolensk the following night. On the way, there were only five gas stations, one of which, at Izdeshkovo, was not operating; we had to carry reserves in cans most of the way.

Mrs. Kulashova provided us with a map of the route, containing (in English) "Information Necessary for a Tourist-Driver in the U.S.S.R." For example:

1. "While being at a wheel, you should always be capable to drive a car."
2. "When necessary, the car should be stopped to avoid an accident."
3. "Driving in the U.S.S.R. is right-sided."
4. "Blowing horn in the city of Moscow is prohibited."
5. "Service at a maintenance station (in Moscow) is at 2nd Selekokhozjaistvenny proezd, 6."
6. "At the four-signal traffic lights, you should bear in mind that left turn and driving back are allowed only when there are two green lights."

When we came out of the Brest station after a lunch of meat and rice wrapped in cooked cabbage leaves, Mrs. Kulashova announced that she would direct us to the "benzine" station.

This took a little time since she didn't know the way, but we finally found it: one pump in the middle of a dusty expanse of ground behind a high wooden fence. For the benefit of the workers who ran the truck-repair shops around the pump, three loud-speakers blared music and propaganda. This was a custom we never got used to. From then on we had propaganda speakers with our food, in the streets of every city, in the universities and even in our bedrooms in Minsk and Smolensk.

From Brest northeastward to Smolensk, the Moscow road runs through a vast swamp, drained by the Dnieper River and its tributaries, the Sozh, the Berezina and the Pripet. It is a (*Continued on Page 76*)

NEXT WEEK

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORMY EXILE
PART I
A Post Editor Reports on Poor Charlie's Antics Abroad

IN COLOR:
CHILDREN SCARE ME!
Perils of Directing Plays for Small Fry

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT tells why she differed with Stevenson, broke with Truman, didn't support Kennedy

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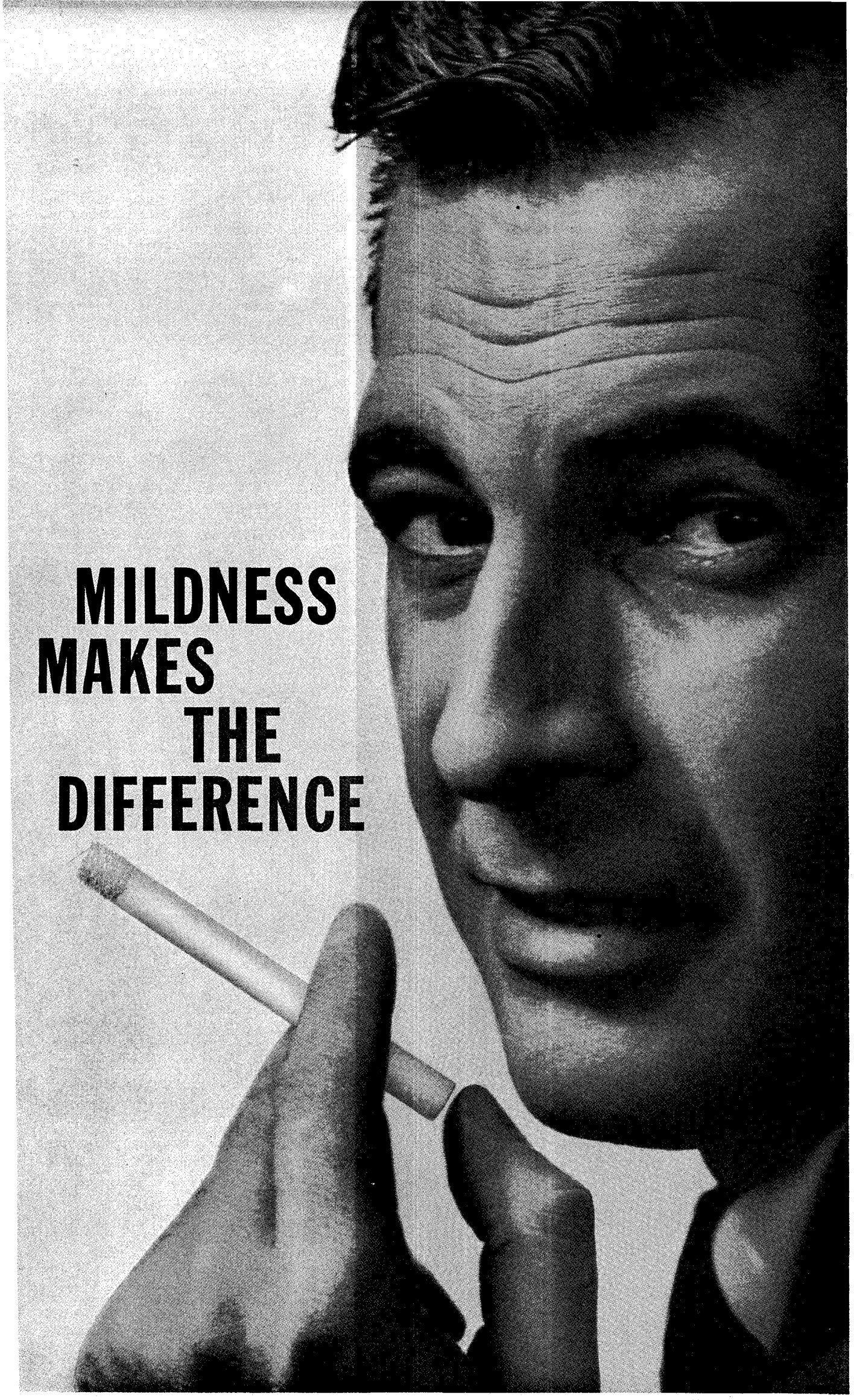

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(*Continued from Page 74*) good road, wide enough for three trucks to pass abreast, a little slippery in the rain, but straight as a ruler and almost empty of traffic.

Once out of Brest we had the odd feeling that we were traveling, not on land, but on the sea. No fences divided the earth. No houses stood in the fields. So flat is the land and so unmarked by human habitation that we could see in all directions to the distant horizon and even watch the course of storms in one section, and sunshine streaming through cumulus clouds in another.

Every so often we passed a modern red bus, going to or from the capital. Once we pulled alongside a traveling department store, an *Autolavka*, which brings to remote villages such essentials as shoes, food, clothing, buttons, pins, pots and pans. Infrequently, a large diesel truck appeared on the horizon, trailing smoke like a freighter on the rim of the ocean. But in the entire 631 miles from the border, we passed—outside of the cities—only thirty-three private cars.

There was a lot of pleasant talk with our Russian passenger during this lonely passage. She was a city-bred Muscovite, almost as unacquainted with Belorussia as we were, an intelligent, agreeable, willing companion with a sharply governed sense of humor.

She showed academic interest in the connotations of English words, particularly Americanisms, but at no time did she ask a question about the United States. When we hit a steep dip at seventy-five miles an hour and cracked her noggin on the roof, she squealed automatically, like any other mortal, but her remarks on any political or philosophic subject were as calculated as a Soviet communiqué.

If we asked her about her four-year-old girl, we got a dissertation about the wisdom of Soviet education and how much better it was to take a child away from the family at an early age and let the government instruct it.

"In our country," she said, "we can put our children in free state schools from the time they are five days old."

Later, we passed mothers and fathers en route together to their factory jobs, carrying their infants to the factory nursery.

Though the road was almost empty of traffic, it had a picturesque life of its own. Peasants grazed sheep and cattle along its shoulders. They brought their grain up out of the bog to dry on the road's hard surface, and even used it as a platform for threshing machines.

It was not unusual to come upon a grain stack as big as a house, covering half the width of the road. At one point we came to a group of peasants who had stretched grain on one half of the road for about 300 yards. We turned to the left side to go round it, but the peasants motioned us back on the right so that the wheels of the car would help thresh the grain.

They were friendly and seemed glad to talk. Most of the women were dressed in black-quilted cotton tunics, heavy skirts and rubber boots. The men, too, were crudely but warmly dressed, and had that simple, straight-eyed look natural to countrymen in most lands.

The road was obviously their main point of contact with the world beyond their marshy fields: a refuge from the mud and snow; maybe even part of the ancient Russian dream, so vividly described in Chekhov's play, The Three Sisters, of a gayer life in the city beyond the drab villages.

When we got to the outskirts of Minsk we were greeted by a sign reading: ATTENTION, DRIVERS: DIRTY CARS ARE NOT ALLOWED IN MINSK. But it was dark by then, and since the sign was unaccompanied by any automatic minute wash, we crept along. Night driving, incidentally, is the main hazard of auto travel in Eastern Europe. In the provincial cities such street lights as there are seem no brighter than kerosene lamps. Motorists appear to regard it as unsporting to travel in cities at night with anything brighter than parking lights, and since jaywalking was obviously invented in Russia, night driving is a nightmare.

This is bad enough in Poland, where the pedestrians tease the motorists like matadors in a bull ring. But all foreigners are subject to double-trouble in the U.S.S.R., because most American insurance policies are invalid there, and you naturally wonder just what would happen if you struck a dreaming comrade in the dark.

Creeping along in the gloom one night, we were almost decapitated by a box flying off an unlighted truck just ahead, but Mrs. Kulashova seemed more concerned about the contents of the box than the safety of her capitalist guests. Perhaps one's natural worry about all this is exaggerated. A recent Danish traveler on the Moscow road struck an unlighted cart at night, rocketing driver, horse and wagon into the ditch. "Keep going," his interpreter ordered, apparently more concerned about getting involved with the militia than with the condition of the wretched farmer.

We crawled slowly into Minsk, until somebody directed us to the Beloruss Hotel, where we were greeted by a wonderful old doorman with a Santa Claus beard.

One of the mysteries of a city in which almost everything else was destroyed by the Germans in the last war is why they preserved the Beloruss Hotel. We were told that it had "270 beds, 161 rooms and 29 baths," but it was dark and damp as a tomb, a poor advertisement for "de luxe" accommodations at a room-and-board rate of thirty dollars a day per person.

In size, our suite was stupendous: two bedrooms with beds recessed behind pink silk curtains, two reeking bathrooms with Rube Goldberg plumbing, a living room with a desk as large and solid as a tank, a dining room with a television set that didn't work, and an upright piano that must have been manufactured in the reign of Peter the Great.

We promptly gathered at the piano and sang what must have been the first rendition in Russian history of Take Me Out to the Ball Game.

Minsk, which we explored the following morning, is a symbol of the Soviet Union's postwar material progress and its emphasis on education. The capital of Belorussia, it was badly knocked about by Hitler's armies; since then the whole center of the city has been rebuilt. One long and handsome boulevard stretching almost the whole length of the city has been improved with new government buildings and a series of attractive buildings for polytechnic and language training institutions.

Some prefabricated apartment dwellings were going up on the street back of the central boulevard, but on the outskirts, which we passed through en route to Minsk University, the workers' dwellings were dreary little wooden buildings which would be condemned on sight by any vigilant housing inspector in the United States.

Smolensk, which we reached that night, spreads over lovely hills above the Dnieper River, and has a more graceful look about it. Scheduled for every tourist is a visit to the damp old cathedral, with a hideous jumble of gilt pulpits, flaking paintings and dingy chapels. A young priest and an old bearded bishop, who looked like an illustration out of a Sunday-school book, reassured us that people came there to services and that the cathedral was going to be rebuilt. But Mrs. Kulashova talked about it more as an architectural museum than as a place of worship.

We wandered around the Smolensk streets until midnight without incident, but when we asked to see the local newspaper editors and sought permission to leave the Moscow road to visit Vyazma—which one of us had seen at the height of the Soviet-German battle in 1943—we were refused. So we turned into our "de luxe" quarters in the Smolensk Hotel and left the next day for Moscow.

Beyond Smolensk the road rose into higher ground through woods of oak, maple, lime, hornbeam and alder, and the farther east we went the more we saw of the government's mass-produced statuary and propaganda posters.

Somewhere in this vast continent there must be a great concrete factory pouring out standard Lenins and Stalins, twice life size and three times as noble.

These startling figures brood over the landscape at turns and hillocks beside the road, some painted white, some painted silver. Once we came upon these two concrete saints in a roadside wood, with arms around each other, drinking tea and grinning happily.

Hard-surfaced side roads appeared only every forty miles or so, leading into cities such as Vyazma. We wondered how people move across this vast lake of mud in the immense distances between hard roads. At one point we saw a tractor pulling a mud sleigh constructed of long fir trunks held together by nailed boards; a tractor would have a hard time going any distance in such endless marshland.

Adding to the propaganda along the highway was a series of posters exhorting the populace to work for peace, to raise agricultural production by 1960 to "11,000,000,000 *poods*," to promote heavy industry, and to strive to develop skills as truck drivers, tractor operators and combine machinists. A traffic poster appeared occasionally, one of them suggesting that parking cars in the center of the road was a bad idea.

On the third afternoon, after four hours of driving, we came suddenly on an extraordinary sight. Far off to the south and east, standing up like a mirage in the dark, was a lovely burst of twinkling light, outlining the high façades of the main buildings of Moscow University. We were still twenty miles from the Lenin Hills where this new symbol of Soviet education has been constructed since the war. Up close, it resembles the wedding-cake architecture of the Wrigley Building in Chicago, but from a distance, in the night, it floated above the dark landscape like a dream out of the Arabian Nights.

We pushed on to the wide boulevards of the capital and in due course reached the National Hotel, overlooking the lovely spires and turrets behind the Kremlin wall. We remained in Moscow for the next two weeks, stopping at the National Hotel, which is clean and comfortable in an overstuffed Victorian way.

Less than a week after we arrived, the Soviet Government sent aloft its first earth satellite and the newspapers and loud-speakers in the squares were full of boastful proclamations. But there is in the Soviet Union a strange contrast between the government and ordinary people. It may be that the people, like the newspapers, were hostile toward the United States, but we did not see it.

Nobody seemed to be scanning the skies for Sputniks. No one seemed openly enthusiastic about the news, nor unfriendly to a visiting American family. On the contrary, they gathered around our car night and day. Somebody was always photographing it. One day we found an artist sketching it outside our hotel.

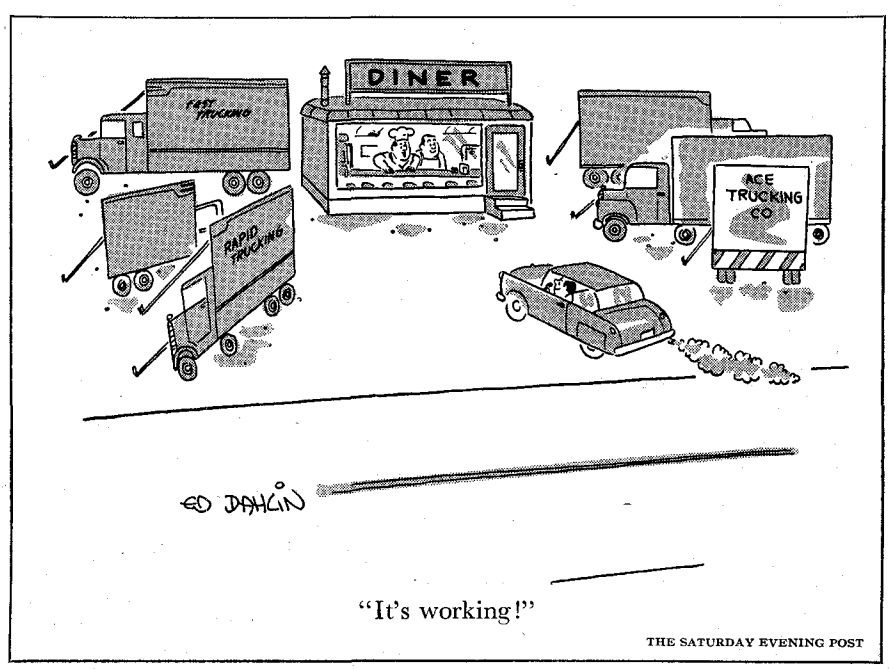
All this contributed to our stay in Moscow, but it was an education rather than a lark. You don't go to the Soviet Union for fun. You don't go to eat the food; you can do better elsewhere, even in England. But the journey has the quality of a visit to another planet, and is a constant adventure, particularly if you take along the right things.

The first requirements are patience, a sense of humor and a pocketful of dollars. You can make the trip for as little as eighteen dollars per day per person, paid in advance to one of several tourist agencies. But you have to make arrangements many weeks in advance to be sure of a Soviet visa and hotel quarters.

Though you are convoyed by interpreters most of the way, little experiences tell a lot. There is, for example, no telephone book in Moscow, and when we called the United States Embassy in Moscow and talked about our experiences on the road, the phone connection was suddenly cut off.

The road trip, however, is well worth while. It is like traveling in the days of the old Stutz Bearcat through country that looks the way the world must have looked when it began.

If you try it, we guarantee that you'll never forget it. But that's all we guarantee. THE END



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The Case of the Footloose Doll

(Continued from Page 43)

was dealing with a scandal magazine, which he felt would pay him ten thousand dollars for the story."

"You talked with him?" Mason asked.

Baylor thought things over some four or five seconds, then said, "I admit that I talked with him. Harrod seemed to feel that perhaps I would be willing to pay him an amount at least equal to that which he could receive from the magazine for the story. However, he evidently had been advised in some detail concerning the law of extortion and it was very difficult to get him to say exactly what he had in mind. Moreover, Mason, I am not a man who submits to blackmail. The reason I am telling you all this is that, according to Harrod, Fern Driscoll had some rather indiscreet letters which my son had written, and my son has admitted to me that there is the possibility Miss Driscoll saved some of his letters. He is not entirely clear as to the contents of those letters. In view of my name and position, a scandal magazine would regard a story involving the family as a very choice titbit. It would undoubtedly pay a top price for such a story, and the publication of that story would harm me."

Mason nodded.

Baylor looked at his watch and suddenly increased the tempo of his words, "I only have a minute or two, Mr. Mason. I don't want the officers to find you here. A Sergeant Holcomb wants to interview my daughter concerning the death of this man Harrod."

Again Mason nodded.

"I take it you must know something about that?"

"Yes," Mason said.

"Do you know Sergeant Holcomb?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want Sergeant Holcomb to find you here, and I'm not going to tell Sergeant Holcomb that you have been here. I'm telling you all this very frankly, Mr. Mason. I wouldn't submit to blackmail. However, certain circumstances which now exist put me in a very embarrassing position. I have every reason to believe that Miss Driscoll may need first-class legal services. I think that Miss Driscoll has certain letters which my son wrote. I want those letters. When those letters are delivered to me, I am prepared to pay in cash your bill for representing Miss Driscoll."

"I'm not a blackmailer," Mason said.

"I don't want you to be a blackmailer. Miss Driscoll isn't a blackmailer and you're not a blackmailer. You wouldn't think of using those letters in any adverse way. However, Mr. Mason, let me point out to you the extreme danger of the situation. If the police should search Miss Driscoll's apartment and should find those letters, it is almost certain that even if the letters themselves don't find their way into the public press, the existence of those letters would be established and that would be enough to give this scandal magazine all the verification it needed so that it could go ahead and publish this dastardly story. Therefore, without in any way being guilty of any extortion, without you being guilty of any unprofessional conduct, you can assure your client that, if she will turn over those letters to you, and you can give them to me, she can have your services and they will be fully paid for. Do I make myself clear?"

Mason nodded.

"But, father," Katherine said, "she isn't Fern Driscoll!"

Her father turned on her angrily. "I asked you please to keep out of this!"

Mason regarded Harriman Baylor thoughtfully.

"All right," Baylor said, "suppose she isn't Fern Driscoll. Suppose your client should even be an impostor. The situation then becomes even more delicate. If it should appear that Fern Driscoll was the woman who was killed, if the autopsy showed that she was in the second month of pregnancy, if she left my employ suddenly, pulling up her roots and leaving without even pausing to say good-by to her friends—and then, if it should appear that she had letters from my son —— Blast it, Mason! I don't have to draw you a blueprint! I want those letters!"

"And," Mason said, "the reason that you were not going to see anyone except Harrod is that Harrod assured you he would have those letters and could deliver them to you in return for a cash payment. Is that right?"

"I don't propose to be cross-examined by you or anyone else," Baylor said. "I've said everything I care to say." Baylor got up, strode across to the door and held it open.

Mason said, "I think I appreciate your position, Mr. Baylor."

"You'll consider my offer?"

"I'll consider the best interest of my client."

"You understand what I am trying to forestall?"

"I understand you perfectly," Mason said. "I'll do whatever is best for my client." He walked out.

Mason latchkeyed the door of his private office, grinned at Della Street, and said, "Well, we may as well go home."

"How did you come out?" Della asked.

"After making one false start, I got in to see Baylor. You may have one guess as to who Howley was."

"Howley?" she asked, puzzled. "Who was —— Oh, I remember; Howley was the one person whose calls were to be put through to Baylor."

"That's right," Mason said. "Guess who Howley really was?"

"I give up, chief. Who was Howley?"

"Howley," Mason said, "was the alias for Carl Harrod."

"Oh-oh!" Della exclaimed; and then, after a moment, "How in the world did you ever find that out?"

"I took a chance," Mason explained. "I made a shot in the dark. The first time I called up and said I was Howley, Baylor wanted to know under what other name he knew me, or words to that effect. I was hesitating, trying to think of some way out, when he slammed up the telephone. I thought things over for a while, came to the conclusion that Baylor was out here because of the Fern Driscoll situation, that Harrod had been in touch with him, that the situation was really crucial, that Harrod had probably given him some ultimatum and that Baylor was thinking it over. I had everything to gain and nothing to lose. So I called once more, gave the name of Howley, and when Baylor again asked me under what other name he knew me I said, 'Carl Harrod,' and that did the trick."

Della Street frowned. "Just what does that mean, chief?"

"That," Mason said, "is something I'm trying to figure out. People should react to external stimuli in a manner consistent with their basic characteristics. Any time they don't seem to do so, it means that the external stimuli are being misconstrued by the investigator or that the basic character of the person has been misconstrued or misinterpreted. Baylor

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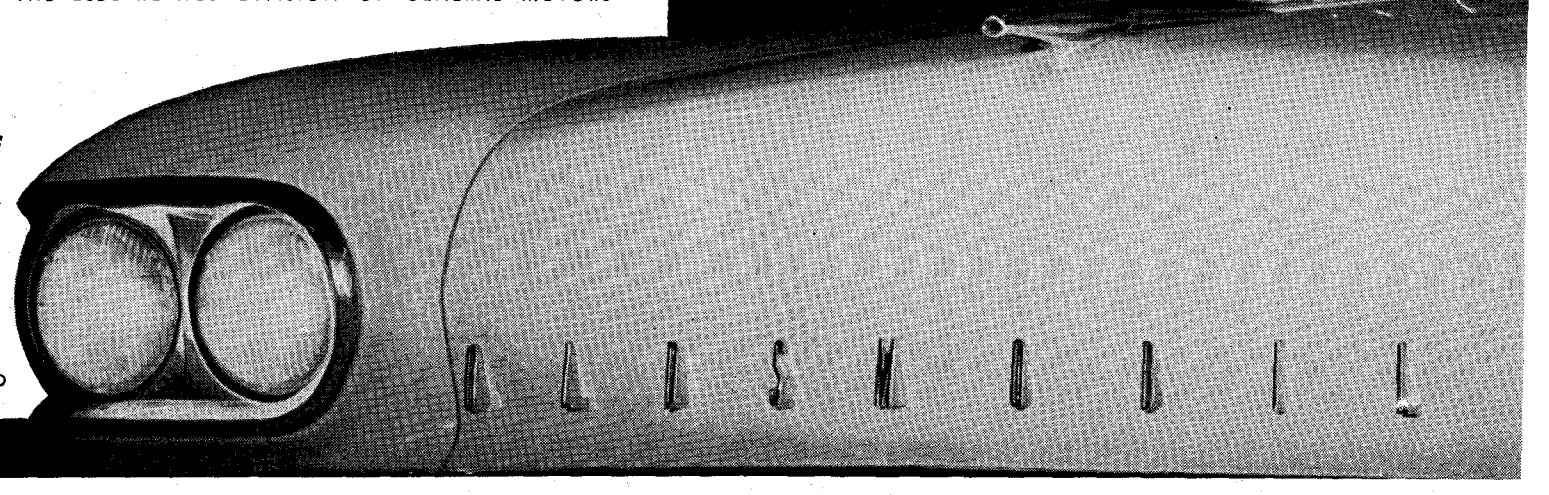

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puts up a bold front of being a man who will fight to the last ditch, a man who won't pay blackmail, a man who refuses to bow to anyone. Yet he flies out here from Michigan and we find him making appointments with a blackmailer."

Mason started pacing the floor. He paced for several seconds, then spoke thoughtfully, "If it was part of the Fern Driscoll story, Harrod must have uncovered something new. Maybe Katherine Baylor has become involved somehow."

"How?" she asked.

"That," Mason said, "is one of the major mysteries of the case. And there again we run into inconsistent conduct. We know now that our client is actually Mildred Crest, that Fern Driscoll got into the car with Mildred and there was an accident. We know there's something phony about that accident. We know that Fern Driscoll died and Mildred took her identity, and yet the actions of Fern Driscoll aren't consistent."

"In what way?" Della Street asked.

"Fern Driscoll," Mason said, "was a pretty level-headed young woman. She was an executive secretary for Baylor's son in a big organization. She must have had responsibilities and executive capabilities. Then all of a sudden she goes completely haywire and does a lot of things that simply don't make sense, no matter how you look at them."

"An unmarried woman who finds herself pregnant can go completely haywire," Della Street said. "Just realize the situation in which she found herself."

"I'm trying to," Mason said, "but it still doesn't account for her actions. . . . Call Paul Drake, Della. Tell him I'm back and that we're closing up shop. See if he knows anything new."

Della Street put through the call, then said, "Paul says he has some red-hot information. He's coming right down."

Mason moved over to the door of his private office and, as soon as he heard Drake's code knock, let the detective in.

"Well, how's it coming?" Mason asked.

"In bunches," Drake said. "I think your client's in one hell of a mess."

"Shoot!" Mason told him.

"According to Harrod's widow, Harrod made another statement after you left. This statement was when he realized death was imminent."

"Go ahead," Mason said, "what was the second statement?"

"The second statement was that your client is a complete impostor, that she's really Mildred Crest, of Oceanside, that Mildred's boy friend embezzled some money and skipped out, that Mildred picked up Fern Driscoll as a hitchhiker, that either there was an accident, in which Fern Driscoll was killed and Mildred decided to take her identity, or that Mildred deliberately killed Fern Driscoll in order to have another identity.

"Fern Driscoll had been engaged in a red-hot romance with Forrester Baylor. Young Baylor told her he was going to marry her. It wasn't until she found herself pregnant that she realized young Baylor was completely under the domination of his father. Then the old man moved in, told Fern Driscoll she could never hope to get into the sacred social precincts of the Baylor family, gave her a chunk of money and told her to get out. She got out, but she had with her a bunch of torrid letters in the handwriting of Forrester Baylor. She never intended to use those letters, but when Harrod started investigating Mildred Crest's automobile accident on behalf of the insurance carrier, and tried to find out the identity of the hitchhiker Mildred had picked up, he did a good job of it and unearthed the scandal.

"Since that didn't have anything to do with Harrod's job as an insurance investigator, he was willing to play it on the side for what it was worth. He intended to sell the story to a scandal magazine. He evidently offered the story to the editors, who became terribly excited about it. They told Harrod that they'd pay him ten thousand bucks for the story, but that they'd require some sort of proof. In order to get that proof, Harrod decided he needed the letters young Baylor had written. Harrod started out trying to make a deal with Mildred Crest, who was posing as Fern Driscoll, in order to get the letters. He went up to see her and came to the conclusion she wasn't Fern Driscoll. On his second visit, he ran into Katherine Baylor in the apartment. So Harrod waited and paid a third visit to the apartment. That time someone jabbed an ice pick into his chest. He came home, grinning from ear to ear. He phoned Baylor and they had mysterious conversation. Then he called you.

"Now here's the funny thing. When Harrod first came home, he told his wife Katherine Baylor had stabbed him. After he had this conversation over the phone with Baylor, he told his wife it was Mildred Crest who had stabbed him. He told her to get you on the line and that he was going to make you jump through hoops.

"After he had talked with you, he told his wife he had to set the stage and pretend the injury was very serious. So he covered up with blankets. He was in great spirits until just before you came. Then he began to complain of feeling cold. He said he was having a chill when you were there, and his wife thought that was all part of the act. After you left, she knew he really was feeling bad. She suggested he get up and get into a hot bath. He started to do that, then gave an exclamation of pain, fell back in the chair and died within five minutes.

"Now then, Perry, here's something that's going to bother you: the police searched the apartment of your client and found four thousand bucks in nice, new, hundred-dollar bills. According to police reasoning, that's the money that Fern Driscoll was given by either Harriman Baylor or by Forrester Baylor to go away and have her baby. In any event, it isn't money that Mildred Crest could have had legitimately. It's money that must have come from the purse of Fern Driscoll, the hitchhiker. Taking it from the purse constitutes larceny.

"Police are going to build up a case on the theory that Mildred Crest either murdered Fern Driscoll in order to take over her identity or that she stole her identity along with all the money that was in Fern Driscoll's purse; that when Carl Harrod got on the trail and found out what was happening, she decided to silence Carl Harrod by sticking an ice pick in his

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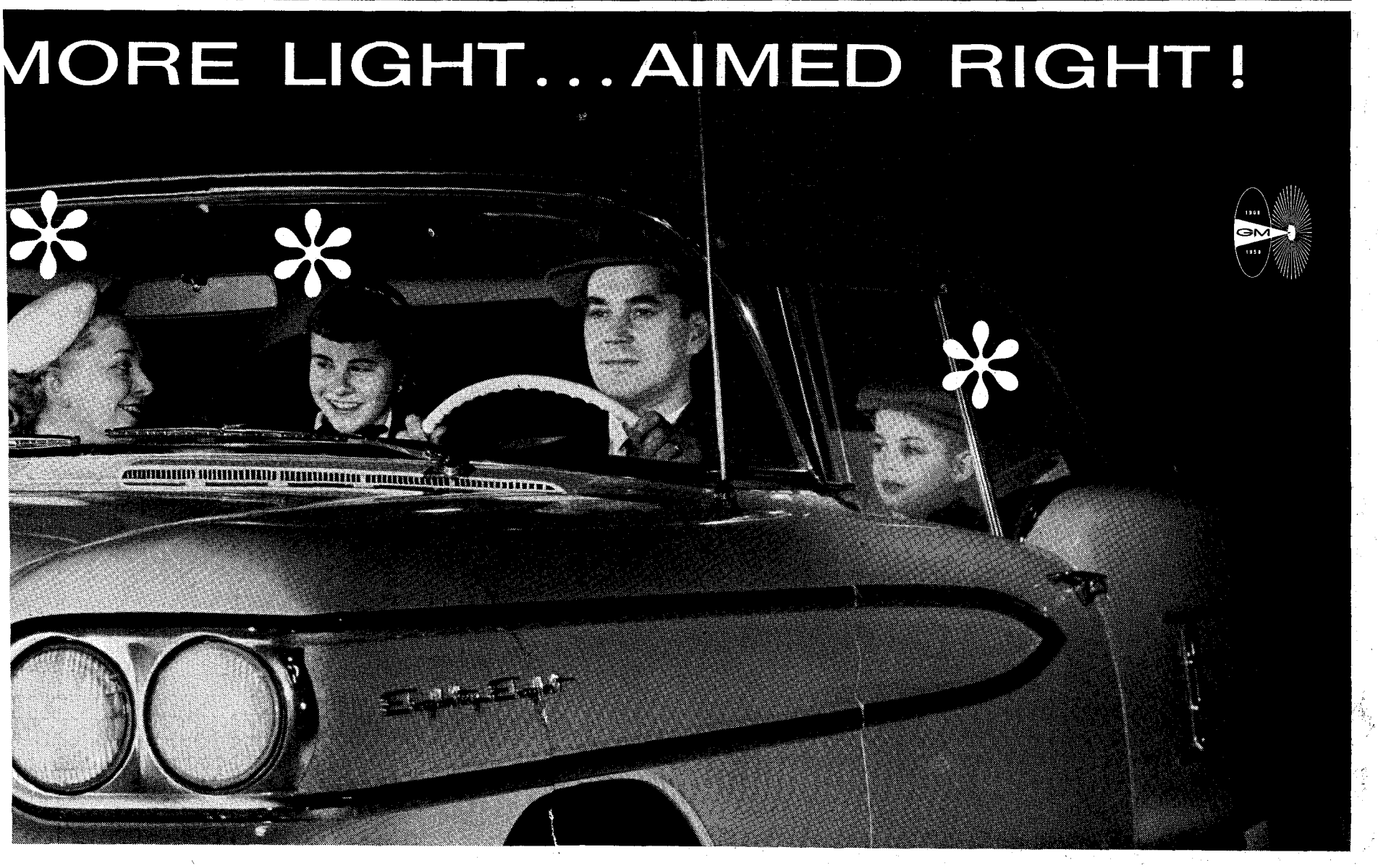

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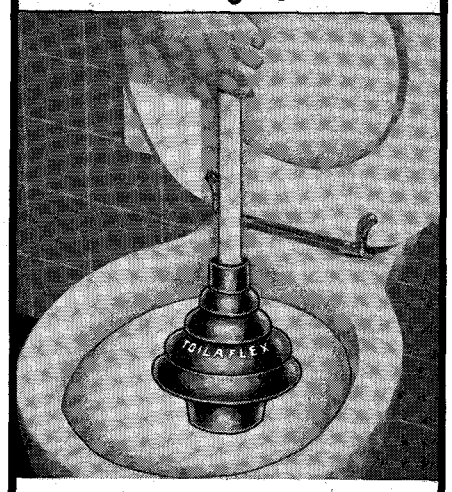

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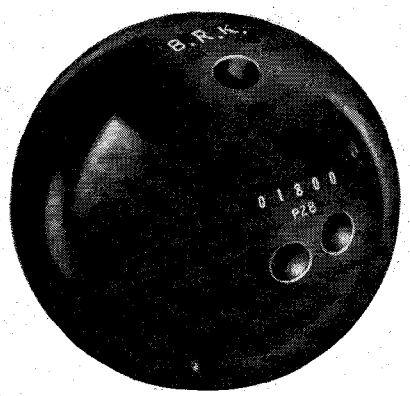

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chest. That makes a nice, neat, first-degree murder case."

"They've taken my client into custody?" Mason asked.

"She's in custody. I think they already have her identified from the thumbprint on her driving license as Mildred Crest. It's going to make one hell of a story, and you're right in the middle of it."

"All right," Mason said, "they've hit us with everything in the bag now. There's nothing we can do at the moment except go home and go to bed. Keep your men working, Paul, trying to stay abreast of the situation. I'll talk with my client in the morning and see how much she's told them. The fat's in the fire by this time."

"Will they let you talk with her?" Drake asked.

"They'll have to," Mason said. "Once they've booked her for murder, she's entitled to counsel. They won't even try to stop me. If she's booked, they'll have a red carpet spread out for me. They'll be very, very careful to see that she has all her rights."

"And if she isn't booked by morning?" Drake asked.

"Then it means that the district attorney's office doesn't feel that it has a strong-enough case, and that it will be trying to tie up loose ends."

Drake said dryly, "With Baylor's millions trying to keep his daughter's name out of it, I think you'll find they have a case."

"We'll know by ten o'clock in the morning," Mason said. "Go home and get some sleep, Paul."

Foley Calvert, one of Hamilton Burger's more skillful trial deputies, arose to address Judge Marvin C. Bolton.

"Your honor," he said, "this is the case of People vs. Mildred Crest, alias Fern Driscoll. She is charged with first-degree murder and this is the preliminary hearing. I wish to make a brief statement in order to explain the position of the prosecution and the reason for certain steps which will be taken by the prosecution. This statement is addressed to the court solely for the purpose of showing the manner in which proof is to be submitted."

"Very well," Judge Bolton said. "You may make a statement and the defense may have an opportunity to reply to that statement if it desires."

"Thank you, your honor," Calvert said. "It is the theory of the prosecution that Mildred Crest, faced with social disgrace in Oceanside, decided to disappear; that, as a part of her scheme for disappearance, she intended to find some young woman of about her age and general appearance and substitute identities with that woman, killing the victim and leaving the body to be found under such circumstances that it would appear that Mildred Crest had died in an automobile accident."

"Just a moment," Judge Bolton interposed. "Aren't you going rather far afield, counselor? I am, of course, aware that this statement is addressed solely to the court. However, if you rely upon that theory in this proceeding, then when you come to present your case before a jury aren't you going to be faced with the fact that you are trying to introduce evidence of another crime, and that such evidence is based on surmise?"

"No, your honor," Calvert said. "We are prepared to argue the point. If the court will bear with me a moment. It isn't the murder of Fern Driscoll, who was the young woman the defendant picked up as a victim, that furnishes the dominant motivation here. It is the fact that Carl Harrod, the decedent, was an investigator for an automobile-insurance company and that his investigations disclosed the facts in the case which the defendant was trying to conceal. Therefore, it became necessary for the defendant to murder Carl Harrod, in order to carry out her scheme and keep from having the whole house of cards collapse. That, if the court please, furnishes the motivation. The prosecution will show that motivation by competent evidence, of course."

"The defendant has not been charged with the murder of Fern Driscoll?" Judge Bolton asked.

"No, your honor, but she may well be prosecuted for that murder at a later date. I will state that she is already being charged with robbery in that she took four thousand dollars from the purse of Fern Driscoll."

"Four thousand dollars?" Judge Bolton asked.

"Yes, your honor."

"You didn't make that point in your original statement."

"Perhaps I overlooked that point, your honor. However, in the minds of the prosecution there is no question but what this defendant took four thousand dollars from the purse of Fern Driscoll after the death of that young woman."

Judge Bolton looked at Mildred Crest with a complete lack of sympathy. "Evidence as to these matters will be introduced at this hearing?" he asked.

"Yes, your honor."

"Does the defense wish to make any statement?" Judge Bolton asked.

"No statement at this time, your honor," Perry Mason said.

"Very well, call your witnesses," Judge Bolton told the prosecutor. His voice had a note of cold finality.

Calvert put on a procession of minor witnesses: persons who had worked with Mildred Crest in Oceanside, who identified the defendant as being Mildred Crest; the chief of police of Oceanside who testified that Robert Joiner had been a fugitive from justice since the twenty-second day of the month, the day on which Mildred Crest had disappeared. The manager of the bank testified as to the amount of money Mildred had drawn out of her account on the day of her disappearance.

Mildred's former employer testified as to the amount of salary she was receiving, the amount of the last pay check she had been given, the fact that she had announced her engagement to Robert Joiner, and that on the day of Robert Joiner's disappearance she had appeared in his office around two-thirty in the afternoon, white to the lips and obviously ill, that he had commented on her personal appearance, and she had stated she was very sick, and he had sent her home.

Calvert's next witness was a member of the Highway Patrol, who testified as to the automobile accident. This witness identified photographs showing the position of the body. He testified as to all the details concerning the accident, including tracks down the canyon showing that one person had left the overturned automobile.

"Cross-examine," Calvert said.

Mason said, "The automobile caught fire?"

"Someone set fire to the automobile," the officer said.

"How do you know the fire was set?" Mason asked.

"Because of the position and character of the fire."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"When the car went off the road it happened that a large, jagged rock caught the gasoline tank and wrenched it partially off. A big hole was torn in the tank and a large part of the gasoline was spilled at that point. When the car came to rest at the bottom of the steep incline some of the gasoline from the tank had soaked the extreme rear of the car. It did not reach the front of the car. The ignition had been switched off. The lights had been switched off. Someone was alive and in the car at the time. The switches didn't turn themselves off. Since they were off, there was no way for the fire to have started other than through the agency of a match."

"Couldn't the impact of steel grinding against rocks have caused a series of sparks?" Mason asked.

"Well —— Yes, I suppose so."

"And couldn't one of those sparks have touched off the gasoline?"

"Perhaps," the officer conceded. "But in this case we know that the fire was set by a match and that it was set by a second match because we found a first match at the scene of the wreck—a paper match which had been torn from a book of matches and had been used presumably for illumination."

"You found a paper match?" Mason asked.

"Yes, sir."

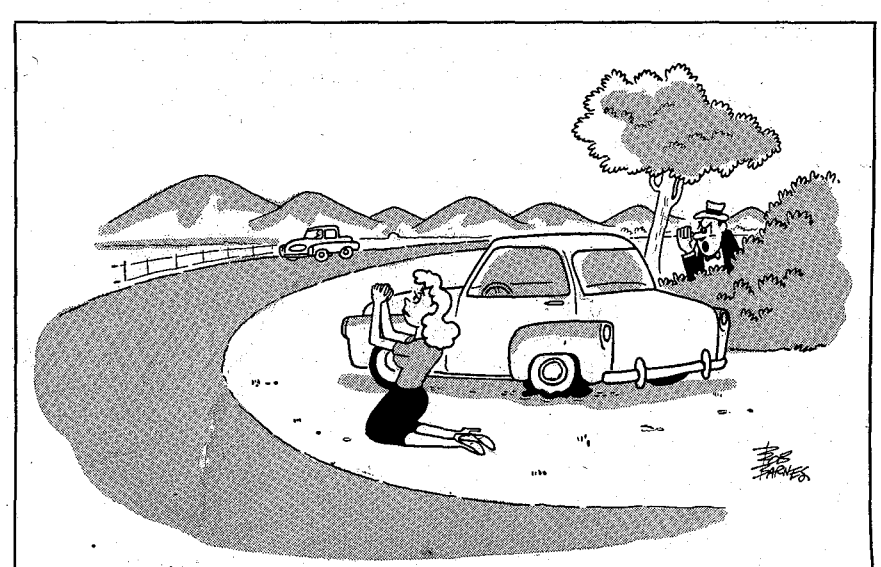
"You don't know when that paper match was placed there—of your own knowledge, do you?"

"Well, no. We assumed that it was ——"

"Never mind your assumption," Mason said. "What do you know? Do you know that the match was struck at the time of the accident or immediately thereafter?"

"No, I don't know it of my own knowledge."

"It could have been left there from the day before, couldn't it?"



"Just look helpless—don't ham it up!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The officer thought for a moment; then admitted reluctantly, "Yes, I suppose so."

"Now then," Mason said, "you have stated in your direct examination that the fire was put under control by the action of a passing motorist?"

"The fire in the car was controlled, yes, sir."

"Will you please tell me again just how that happened?"

"A motorist coming along the road saw the flames. He had a fire extinguisher in his car. As I have mentioned, the bulk of the gasoline had been spilled at a distance shortly after the car left the road, where a big rock had partially wrenched the gasoline tank from the car and had torn a big hole in the tank. The motorist with his fire extinguisher, seeing a car at the bottom of the canyon, scrambled down to a point below the main part of the fire, directed his fire extinguisher on the fire in the automobile, and was able to bring that fire under control before the automobile had been completely consumed."

"Now you mentioned in your direct examination that a suitcase was found which was the property of Fern Driscoll?"

"I didn't say it was the property of Fern Driscoll. I said that the initials 'F. D.' were on the suitcase and that subsequently we were able to trace it to the store which had sold it to Fern Driscoll, a store in Lansing, Michigan."

"If the court please," Foley Calvert said, "I will stipulate that, as to the suitcase, the witness is testifying on hearsay evidence and it may go out."

"I'm making no objection," Mason said. "That, I take it, is a matter about which the authorities have satisfied themselves and I see no reason for putting the state to the expense of proving this by showing the purchase itself. The witness, who is apparently somewhat biased, but thoroughly competent, has stated what his investigation disclosed, and I have made no objection."

"We have the clerk who made the sale to Fern Driscoll here in court," Calvert said. "We have brought him from Lansing, Michigan."

"Very well, you may put him on later," Judge Bolton said. "There seems to be no objection on the part of the defense to the statement of this witness concerning the results of the police investigation. The court will accept that statement for what it is worth. Proceed with your questioning."

"We have no further questions of this witness if the defense has finished its cross-examination," Calvert said.

"The defense is finished."

Calvert next put on the doctor who had performed the autopsy on the body, which he had at first assumed was that of Mildred Crest. He described the nature of the injuries, particularly an injury to the back of the head, a depressed skull fracture which, he said, could possibly have been made with a blunt instrument.

"Prior to the time of the automobile accident?" Calvert asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Immediately prior to the time of the automobile accident?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you reached any conclusion as to the sequence of events leading to the death of the person whom you examined under the mistaken assumption that the body was that of Mildred Crest?"

"Yes, I have."

"What is that event sequence?"

"I believe that the injury to the back of the head was sustained before the wounds which were received on the front of the face and which made the face virtually unrecognizable. I believe that death ensued before the burns which were on the body of the deceased."

"Cross-examine," Calvert said.

Mason studied the witness for a moment, then asked, "You subsequently learned that the body was that of Fern Driscoll, and was not the body of Mildred Crest?"

"I did. Yes, sir."

"Now then, the depressed fracture in the back of the head, which you have mentioned and which you feel could have been an injury which was incurred before the automobile accident. Do I understand you to mean that this injury could have been inflicted with a weapon?"

"It is exactly the type of injury which would have been inflicted with a round bar of some sort."

Mason said, "The photographs of the accident show the body on the right-hand side of the car with the head and shoulders partially protruding from the opened door?"

"Yes."

"Indicating that the person had opened the car door and started to jump out?" Mason asked.

"I wouldn't say as to that."

"How could the position of the body be accounted for otherwise?"

"The body could have been deliberately placed in that position."

"You mean," Mason said, "that some person—and I take it you have in mind the defendant—could have partially opened the door of the car, held the head and part of the shoulders of Fern Driscoll out of the car with one hand while driving over the bank with the other?"

"That could have been done. Yes, sir."

"Holding a body half in and half out of the car with the right hand, driving the car with the left hand?"

"It could have been done."

"And would have necessitated the driver of the car remaining in the car while it plunged down the deep canyon?"

"Yes."

"What assurance then did the driver have that she wouldn't be killed or seriously injured in the plunge?"

The witness hesitated. "Quite naturally she couldn't have had any assurance at all."

"Then what would have been the motive for the defendant to have killed Fern Driscoll and held her body partially out of the car if the probabilities were the defendant would also be killed?"

"If the court please, that's argumentative," Calvert objected.

Judge Bolton smiled. "It is argumentative, but this witness, as an expert, has given reasons for his conclusions which give counsel the right to question his conclusions. For that reason, the objection is overruled. . . . Answer the question, doctor."

The witness pursed his lips, shifted his position in the witness chair. "Of course, I can't duplicate the defendant's reasoning. She may well have contemplated suicide."

"Then the murder of Fern Driscoll would have done her no good?"

The witness squirmed uncomfortably. "That, I believe, is obvious."

"Now," Mason went on, "assuming that the decedent, whom you autopsied, had become panic-stricken when the car started to go over the grade and had jerked open the door on the right-hand side of the car trying to get out, would the position of the body, under those circumstances, have been the same as the position of the body shown in this photograph?"

"Well —— It could have been."

"And if the decedent had done that," Mason said, "isn't it possible that the door post of the automobile could have struck the back of her head at the first

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impact and left a depressed fracture exactly such as you have described?"

"Well —— I don't know."

"Of course, you don't know," Mason said. "You've testified to a whole series of surmises. Now I'm asking you if it isn't possible that the injury could have been sustained in that manner."

"It is possible, yes."

"And isn't it equally possible, as far as anything that you know of your own knowledge, from anything that you discovered at the autopsy, that the injury could just as well have been caused in that manner as by a blow inflicted with a round bar?"

"Well —— Perhaps."

"Yes or no?" Mason asked.

"Yes," the harassed witness blurted.

"Thank you," Mason said. "That's all."

Calvert put on the manager of the Consolidated Sales and Distribution Company, who testified that the defendant had applied for a position with him and had given her name as Fern Driscoll; that she had given the Social Security number of Fern Driscoll; that she had stated her place of residence was Lansing, Michigan; and had further stated that she had recently arrived in the city and was looking for work. Mason asked no questions on cross-examination.

The manager of the apartment house testified that the defendant rented an apartment, giving the name of Fern Driscoll and showing a driving license and Social Security card in the name of Fern Driscoll. Again there was no cross-examination.

"Call George Kinney," Calvert said.

George Kinney held up his right hand, was sworn, gave his place of residence as Lansing, Michigan, and was, it transpired, the cashier of the Baylor Manufacturing and Development Company.

"Were you acquainted with an employee of the Baylor Manufacturing and Development Company named Fern Driscoll?"

"I was. Yes, sir."

"How long had she been in the employ of the corporation?"

"Two years, approximately."

"When did she sever her connections with the company?"

"On the ninth of last month."

"At the time she severed her connections did you give her any money?"

"I gave her a check covering the amount of her wages and severance pay."

"Did you give her anything else?"

"No, sir."

"During the period of her employment, had you come to know Fern Driscoll personally?"

"Yes, sir."

"At the time she terminated her employment did you notice her appearance?"

"I did."

"Was there anything unusual in her appearance?"

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. Not binding on the defendant," Mason said.

"I'll hear the testimony," Judge Bolton said. "I think that may be pertinent. In view of the contention of the prosecution, the objection is overruled."

Kinney said, "She was very shaken. She was very white. She undoubtedly had been crying. Her eyes were swollen and red."

"That's all," Calvert said.

"You say that you knew her rather intimately?" Mason asked.

"I knew her personally, yes."

"By the way," Mason asked, "did she own an automobile?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what kind of car it was?"

"I'm not sure of the make of the car. It was, I believe, about three years old. She had recently purchased it second-hand."

"That car was registered in Michigan? It had Michigan license plates?"

"She lived in Michigan, purchased the car in Michigan and drove the car in Michigan," Kinney said with polite sarcasm. "One would naturally assume it had Michigan license plates."

"Thank you," Mason said with elaborate politeness. "That's all."

"I have one further question which perhaps I should have asked on direct examination," Calvert said.

"Very well," Judge Bolton said. "Ask your question."

"Shortly prior to the time Miss Driscoll left your employ, did Mr. Forrester Baylor have you withdraw rather a large sum of money from the bank for him, and did you turn that money over to him in cash?"

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," Mason said.

"If the court please," Calvert said, "I would like to show that, at the time she left Michigan, Miss Driscoll had a rather large amount of money in her purse. I have shown that the defendant could not possibly have acquired some four thousand dollars in addition to her own bank account and salary check by any legitimate means. I would like to be permitted to show by inference that Fern Driscoll received rather a large sum of money from Forrester Baylor."

"You intend to show that by inference?"

"It is the only way I can show it, your honor."

Judge Bolton shook his head. "The objection is sustained."

"If the court please," Calvert insisted, "I feel that we are entitled to resort to circumstantial evidence to prove motivation for the death of Fern Driscoll, particularly as we intend to show that Carl Harrod had acquired all this information."

"You may resort to circumstantial evidence," Judge Bolton said, "and draw logical inferences from it, but you can't establish the circumstantial evidence by inference."

"Very well," Calvert said, "I have no further questions of this witness."

"No further cross-examination," Mason said.

"Call your next witness," Judge Bolton said.

"Call Sergeant Holcomb," Calvert announced.

Holcomb took the witness stand, testified that he was a member of the Homicide Squad; that he had been so employed on the second of the month; that on that date he had been called to an apartment occupied by Carl Harrod; that the person who had called him had given her name as Nellie Harrod and had stated that she was the wife of Carl Harrod; that when he arrived there Carl Harrod was dead.

"Did you make a search of the apartment occupied by this defendant under the name of Fern Driscoll?"

"Yes."

"Did you find any money in that apartment?"

"I found four hundred and thirty-six dollars in currency of various denominations and then I found forty new one-hundred-dollar bills."

"No other money?"

"No other money."

"I may wish to recall Sergeant Holcomb later for other aspects of the case," Calvert said, "but I have no further questions in regard to this matter. . . . You may cross-examine, Mr. Mason."

Mason said, "I have no questions."

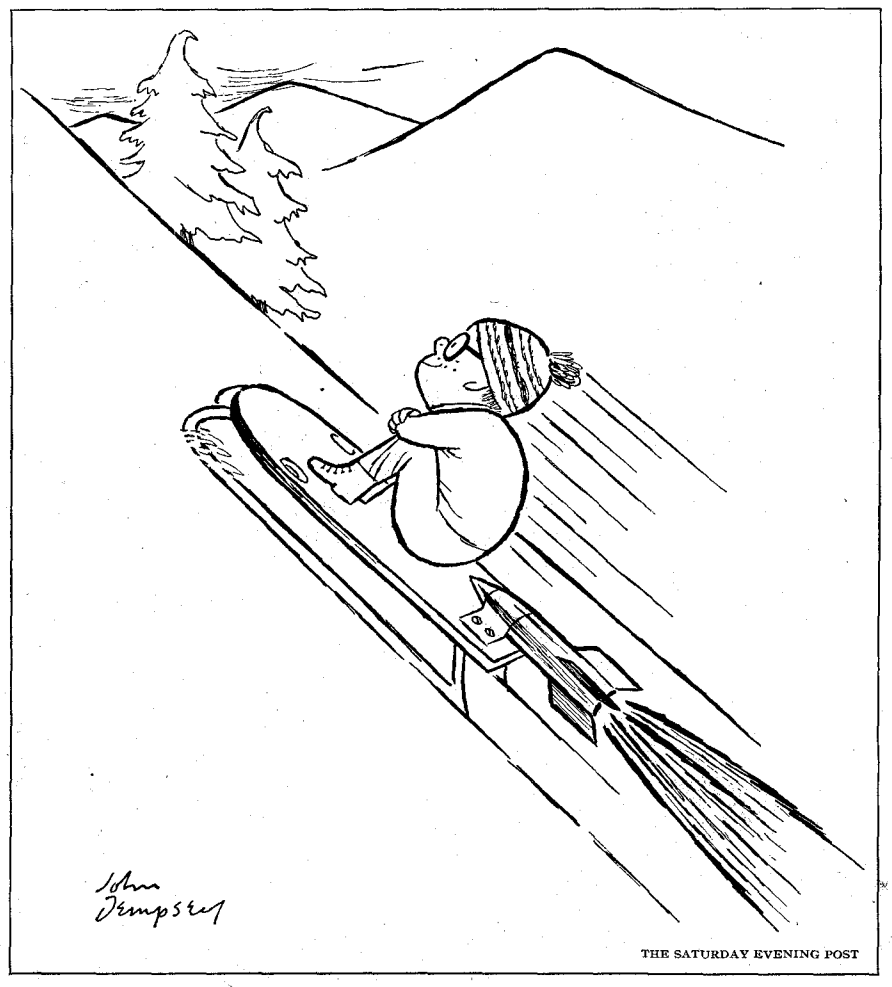
Sergeant Holcomb left the stand.

Foley Calvert said, "If the court please, I have one more witness I would like to put on before the noon adjournment. This witness will give very brief testimony."

"Very well," Judge Bolton said, glancing at the clock.

"Miss Irma Karnes," Calvert called.

Irma Karnes, a rather thin young woman with a prominent pinched nose, small lips and eyes which peered out through heavy-lensed glasses, came forward and took her seat on the witness stand.



"Your name is Irma Karnes? You reside here in this city?"

"Yes, sir."

"And were so residing on the second of this month?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was your occupation on the second of this month?"

"I was manager of the notions department in the Arcade Novelty Company."

"And where is the Arcade Novelty Company, with reference to the apartment occupied by the defendant, if you know?"

"About three and a half blocks."

"Are you open during the evening?"

"Yes, until eleven-thirty."

"Can you describe the nature of the business?"

"It is a varied business. There is a penny arcade, so-called, with the peep-show type of entertainment. Then back in the arcade we keep a line of notions and novelties."

"Such as what?" Calvert asked.

"Bottle openers, ice picks, corkscrews, tumblers, plastic buckets for ice, thermal containers for ice cubes, needles, threads, buttons, neckties, shaving supplies, razor blades. In short, a whole list of notions and novelties of the kind persons might want to buy at night."

"You mentioned ice picks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, do you remember any transaction connected with ice picks on the second of this month?"

"Yes, sir. I do indeed."

"What was that transaction?"

"A young woman came in and bought three ice picks. As it happened, those were all the ice picks we had on display in the little glass compartment where we keep the ice picks. After she had gone I went to replace the stock and then found that we had only half a dozen ice picks left in stock."

"So what did you do then?" Calvert asked.

The witness said, "I put those six ice picks in the display stand. I took some tape and price tags, preparing to put price tags on the ice picks, but before I did so, I looked up the catalogue number and put a gross of ice picks on our want list. It was then I discovered that there had been a paste-over in the catalogue and that ice picks had gone up in price."

"So what did you do?"

"The other ice picks had been thirty-eight cents, three for a dollar. I found I would have to sell the new ice picks at forty-one cents straight in order to keep our margin of profit, so I put the new price on those ice picks."

"And were some of those ice picks purchased that same evening while you were there in the store?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who purchased them?"

She pointed a long finger at Mildred Crest. "The defendant came in and purchased three ice picks."

"At the new price?"

"At the new price."

"And that new price was written on labels fastened to the ice picks and covered with transparent plastic tape?"

"Yes."

"And those were the three ice picks which were purchased by the defendant in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all. You may cross-examine," Calvert said.

"Just a moment," Judge Bolton announced. "It appears that it is time for the usual noon recess. Court will take a recess until two o'clock this afternoon. The defendant is remanded to custody."

TO BE CONTINUED

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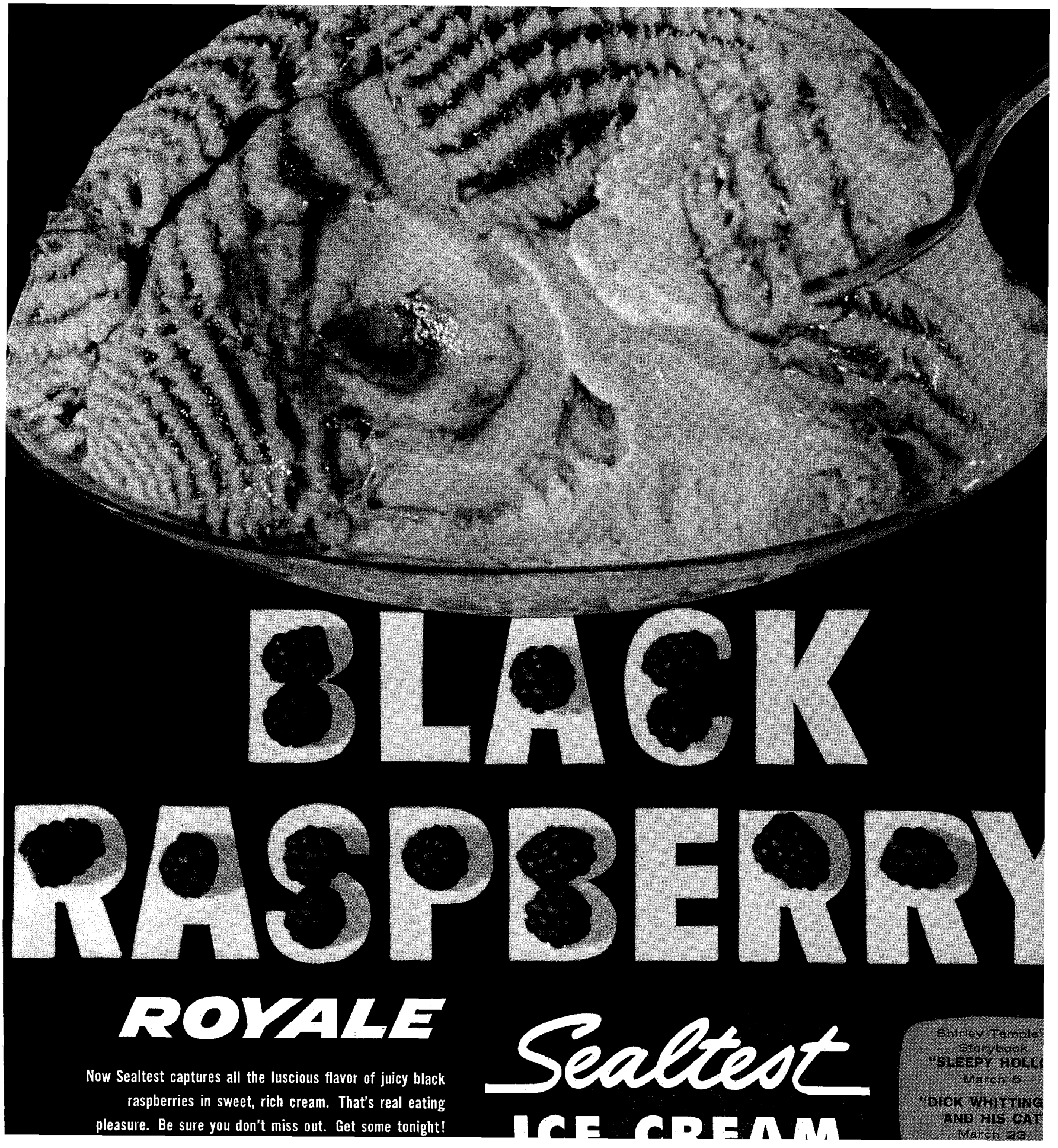

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The Navy vs. "Going Steady"

(Continued from Page 37)

looking through windows of not just one pair of feminine eyes, but of many. He would learn of the routine and adventures not just at Mrs. Gizmo's School for Girls, but at Vassar, Goucher, Sweet Briar, Holton Arms, and the drinking fountain for secretaries at the office of the XYZ Corporation. He would discover that some very gorgeous girls are self-centered and dull in conversation, while others, perhaps not so beautiful, are vivacious, smart, entertaining and friendly—fun to be with. He might learn that some of those emaciated-model types can be difficult to dance with, yet other girls, a little on the heavy side, may be so light on their feet that it's like dancing with a nice soft cloud equipped with power steering.

At the Naval Academy we now have recognized this whole going-steady problem and we aim to do something about it. Fortunately we all come equipped with "military minds," so we are undismayed that we are bucking a formidable nation-wide wave of youthful social behavior, something fully understood only by the head shrinkers. A prominent psychiatrist has said that the average American is afraid of his children and therefore is unable to make them do what is right. However, midshipmen are grown young men, we are not their parents, and we are not afraid of them. They are a highly intelligent group—interested in any reasonable presentation of an argument, whether or not they agree with it. We believed that a properly planned campaign to bring back the stag line, cutting in, and other social devices to encourage mixing of midshipmen with a wide assortment of girls would bring beneficial results. In the process we have learned a great deal about and at times have been considerably baffled by the psychology of youth.

The brave new campaign now under way has two parts, the first a long-range assault, designed to produce in four years a generation of midshipmen who have enjoyed, we hope, the pleasures of playing the field. This program catches each class in its first year at the academy to indoctrinate them. It is a nice operation, officially called a "Fourth Class Informal Dance" which is scheduled on a Sunday afternoon from 3:30 to 6:30. The plebes—they would be called freshmen at a college—call it a "Tea Fight."

Whatever you call it, it's fun and it works like this: The academy maintains a large invitation list of girls in the Washington-Baltimore area. To be eligible for the list a girl must have reached her sixteenth but not yet her twenty-first birthday, and must be recommended, generally by the headmistress of her school or her pastor. The list is continuously expanding and for a given dance only a part of it can be invited. Each of the six dances per year is attended by about 400 girls and—note this—700 plebes. The plebes must attend three of the dances, and may attend all of them if they wish.

As the girls present themselves at the door, they are met by a midshipman member of the Hop Committee who introduces them to a plebe—preferably one who is the "right height" for the girl. The plebe must then take his young lady through the receiving line—the wives of the senior officers acting as receiving ladies. At first, the plebes often forget the girls' names and occasionally even their own names when the time comes for introductions. This indicates that the training is worth while.

After successfully braving the receiving line, the plebe dances with his girl, introduces her to his classmates and perhaps takes her to the refreshment area for punch and cookies. However, we do not leave sociability to chance. Hop Committee members circulate continuously through the crowd and encourage the stags to cut in. They are on the alert for situations in which a couple seem to be stuck with each other, and send stags to cut in. In general the plebes have big grins all over their faces—any bigger and they'd split their ears open. As for the girls, they're bordering on the ecstatic about the whole scheme. "Oh-h-h, that's the most wonderful time I ever had in my whole life," is one typical feminine comment.

It should not be assumed that we have no problems in connection with these well-stagged affairs. Our exhortation to plebes has to include such items as: Do not bring comic books to the dance. Don't hide behind the partition in the men's room to escape being introduced to a girl. Do not consume all the punch and cookies at a table with a group of your classmates. Do not abandon a girl because she doesn't seem to follow what you consider to be dancing.

However, the results of Stage One of our campaign are most encouraging. Even if it falls short of the mark, at least we are exposing the plebes to some mighty nice gals with whom they may choose to go steady when they are upperclassmen!

The second part of our campaign is more in the line of shock treatment, and it is more difficult. Its goal is to restore the stag line at dances for upperclassmen. We knew that we faced opposition, so first we took an opinion poll of upperclassmen to determine how serious it might be. The results showed that a full 30 per cent of the brigade were militant and somewhat scornful anti-stag-liners. Only 20 per cent were in favor of stag lines, while 50 per cent were lukewarm—unenthusiastic, but willing to go along with the crowd. This indicated that many fence riders would have to be brought into camp before we could possibly get a simple majority in favor of restoring the stag line.

Accordingly, we sought the reasons for the midshipmen's dislike of having stags at a hop. This was highly illuminating, but not particularly encouraging. Among other things, it brought out the fact, surprising to anyone in my generation, that many of the midshipmen actually did not know what a stag line was. And not knowing, they had vague fears about it. Their reasons for opposing this frightening innovation were many and varied, but generally fell into two main categories:

1. Fear of "bird-dogging." For older readers who may not be familiar with this term, let me explain how bird-dogging works. Say Boy A is dancing with Girl B, and Boy C cuts in. Then Boy C sweet-talks Girl B, ascertains her address and later writes her and makes a date for the next dance. Worse yet, he may even be so aggressive as to make a date right there, orally, and in person! This is bird-dogging, a practice feared and abhorred by the present generation; condoned and enjoyed by their fathers. The loathing for bird-dogging seems to be strongest in those young men who are headlong in a campaign of about-to-be-about-to-be engaged—say on the third or fourth date. This type is extremely apprehensive that some smoothie will sweep his girl off her feet, right out of his arms.

2. Protection of investment. This objection was strongly advanced by midshipmen who felt that a stag line sets up a form of cut-rate competition. In effect, they said, "With my initiative and my money, I have made all the arrangements for this girl to come here for a weekend. There's no reason I should share her with someone who hasn't the initiative or the money to get his own girl." One upperclassman complained, "I am not at all surprised that a midshipman has a tendency to hang onto his date simply for fear of losing contact with her in the mob."

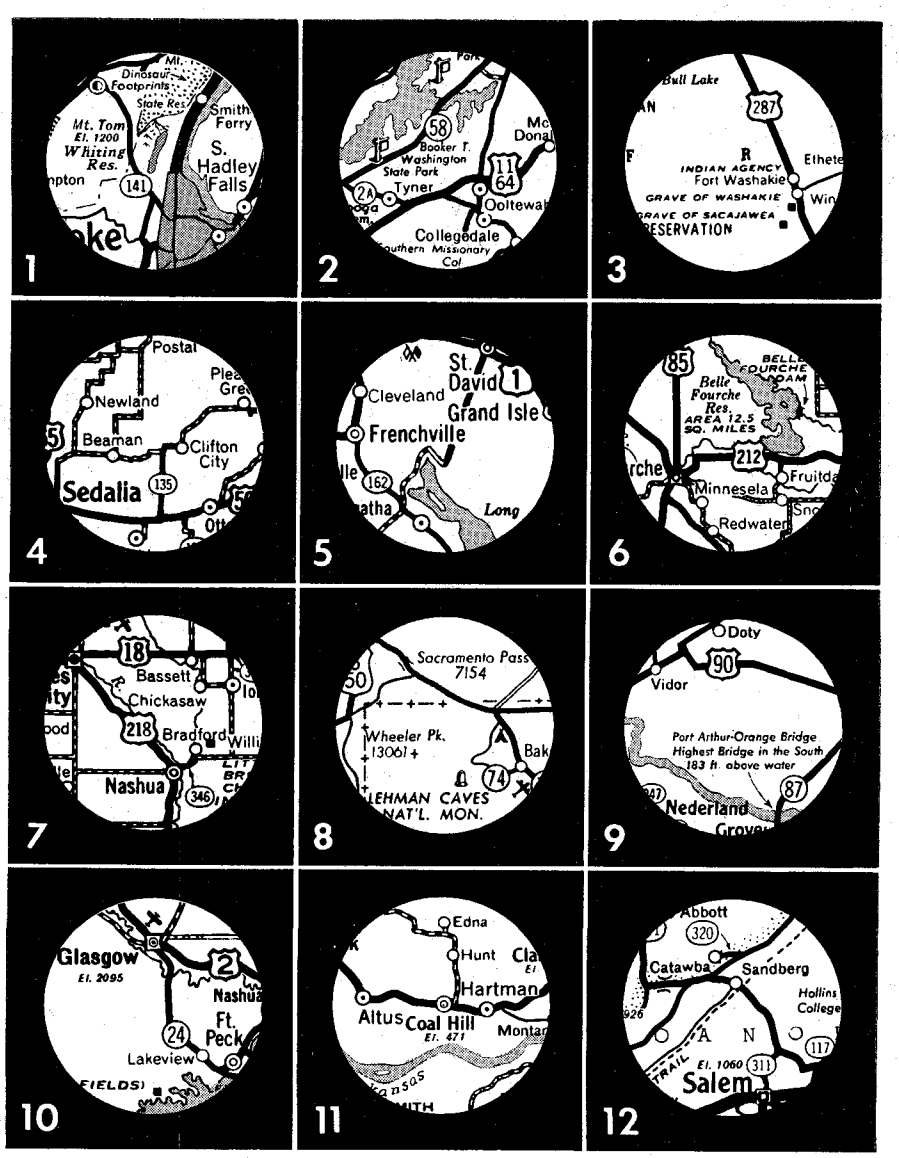
It can be seen that underlying these objections is a fear that a stag line might impede the search for a going-steady relationship or might break up one already formed. This fear is probably well-founded, since the real objective of our crusade is not just the restoration of the stag line, but to weaken the grip of the going-steady disease itself.

Once the objections were on the table, we were in a position to make a plea to the upperclassmen that they consider the advantages of a stag line, which we, the faculty of the academy, pointed out. We emphasized that it would bring midshipmen a pleasant diversification of social contact that had been missing in their monogamous dating pattern. They were told that a young officer is expected to introduce ladies and gentlemen to one another smoothly, effortlessly; that it is helpful if he is capable of carrying on an intelligent and interesting conversation with any number of ladies and not just the "one he brung." We suggested that when a young officer's ship puts into a foreign port he may have to dance with a princess—whether he's engaged, pinned, going steady, married or what have you—and that such diplomatic courtesy would not be construed as being "unfaithful."

We went to some pains to make clear that even the midshipmen who "drag" could expect to gain considerable benefit from a stag line. ("Drag" is both a noun and a verb at the Naval Academy; "a drag" is a midshipman's date, and "to drag" means to have a date.)

With a certain nostalgia we officers recalled that a reasonably active stag line provides a pleasant variety of dancing partners and even means that the dragging midshipman may take a little "rest" some of the time. We also appealed to the midshipmen's altruism: a girl would enjoy her weekend much more if she got to dance with several guys, not just one!

We made a determined attempt to still the wary midshipmen's fears. They would need to share their girls with the stags only on the dance floor. An upperclassman who (Continued on Page 86)



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(*Answers on Page 86*)

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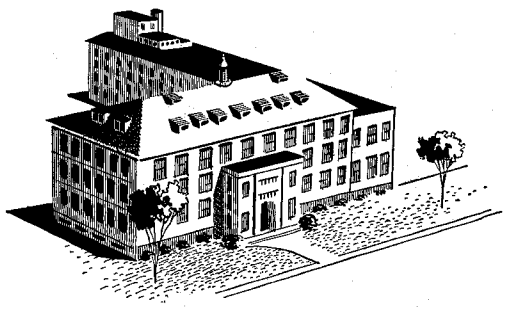

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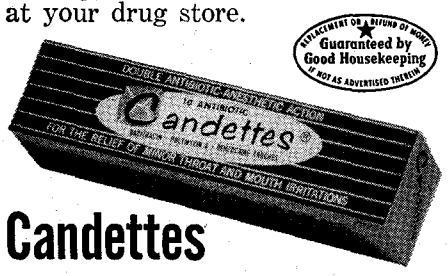

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(*Continued from Page 84*) had a date still would get to take her home, and he might well expect her to be more affectionately inclined toward him if he had shown a genuine interest in introducing her to his friends and seeing that she had a good time.

We reassured them that a bit of sociable mixing on the dance floor would not develop into a mass bird-dogging campaign. A ludicrous picture was painted of a prototype stag, swaggering out from the stag pack, red-eyed, unshaven, small horns growing from his forehead. He's a first classman (senior), of course. He taps our hero, a terrified youngster (sophomore), on the shoulder, says "Shove off!" Then he picks up the screaming, kicking princess and carries her off to the balcony—with six members of the Hop Committee in hot pursuit!

Even the rabid anti-stag-liners admitted that this couldn't happen. Midshipmen as a group are quite capable of policing themselves and can use social ostracism as a powerful, effective deterrent. It just would not be possible for a small group to get away with practices that are anathema to the brigade as a whole.

Another argument had, we believed, a telling effect on those who already were "pinned" to a girl. It went like this: If you are going to marry this girl, then your social contacts as a couple will be largely with your contemporaries and their wives. They will be the ones with whom you will organize a picnic or a beach trip. They will be the ones who mind your children while you take a little trip, and vice versa. Why doesn't it make sense for your girl to meet and get to know your friends now?

And finally, we had to make a point in favor of authority. As a group, midshipmen are inclined to pay attention when their instructors tell them the best way to conduct a Seamanship drill, how to get the most out of a sailboat or how to make a smooth turn in an airplane. They even respond when their seniors try to get across to them the complex and sometimes intangible leadership factors which make for success in commanding a group of men. Well, we told them, if it makes sense to listen to one's seniors in matters of academics, seamanship, discipline and leadership, why isn't the same true in the important field of social development?

One midshipman made a biting reply to this argument. He said he had never caught one of his instructors putting out bum dope in the classroom or during drills, but that he had observed some of them committing gross social blunders. This made him a good straight man, because we were able to point out quickly that social blunders by his generation of officers were the very thing our campaign was trying to prevent.

We, the faculty, thought that we were making commendable progress, but when we encouraged the midshipmen to comment on the stag-line campaign, the replies indicated at least a residue of youthful doubt. Said one "anti," "As for what girls are like, I learned that when I was fourteen or fifteen years old." Another felt that our efforts to promote mixing were redundant, saying, "Furthermore, midshipmen are not afraid of talking to complete strangers. This is proved again and again by the fact that they meet many girls by seeing them and walking up and introducing themselves." A particularly conservative midshipman, already engaged, talked it over with his girl and reported, "She and I both feel that it would be better to leave the situation alone and exclude the stag line or at least minimize it." Still another felt even a discussion of the subject was fraught with danger, saying, "Telling a commander what you think, especially if it opposes his views, is a very difficult task to undertake."

From discussion of the issue, the faculty moved to action. We decided to demonstrate to the apprehensive, steady-going upperclassman just what we were talking about and designated the Thanksgiving Hop as a "Beachhead Hop" at which a stag line would be put in operation. We got out a set of rules so that everybody would know what was expected of him. The hop was planned as carefully as an invasion—indeed, some of the fearful midshipmen regarded it as such and were most apprehensive of rumors which forecast an "unlimited stag line"—that is, one in which bird-dogging is rampant.

The hop was organized as a program dance, with ten "dances," each consisting of three tunes. The first and last dances and the first tune of the remaining ones would be on a no-break basis, reserved for the man who was signed on the young lady's program. But after the first tune of dances No. 2 through 9, a man might cut in, provided he was acquainted with the young lady or was such a close friend of her partner that they could expect to be introduced. Because the brigade is so big, twenty-four large numerals, corresponding with the twenty-four companies, were spaced around the hall to provide easily found spots where midshipmen and their dates could meet after being separated during the tag dances. In order to help prime the pump, the officers invited midshipmen to dinner, then took them on over to the hop and encouraged them to swap dances and fill out their girls' dance programs. The programs had been distributed two days before the dance, and the Hop Committee had actively encouraged their use. The stage was set.

The rest is history. Dahlgren Hall was colorfully decorated with cornstalks, pumpkins and pictures of turkeys. The dance band was excellent. Cider and doughnuts were served. Six or seven hundred couples showed up—and the majority of the midshipmen danced with their own gals all night on a business-as-usual basis!

True, there was a stag line. It was a precedent-shattering but almost quiescent group of approximately thirty courageous midshipmen. They didn't exactly look courageous, however, as they huddled in groups as if for protection. Some of them hardly danced at all. Others signed up for a dance or two on a friend's drag's program. A few of the braver stags did a bit of cutting in.

Certainly, the Beachhead Hop cannot be described as an overwhelming victory of adult logic and military-type planning over the established lemming-like social habits of today's youth. On the other hand, we felt that perhaps we made a dent in the resistance. After all, there were some stags present, and a certain amount of cutting in—breaking the no-stag tradition of some eight years' standing. None of the anti-stag-liners' dark fears materialized. No devoted couple was broken up by a smoothie cutting in. In fact, the disturbing thought may have crossed the minds of both sexes: "Just how attractive must a girl be in order to get tagged?" and "I wonder if I'm missing out on anything?" Also, the program dances were well received and there was a considerable amount of exchanging of dances. The numerals made it easy for couples to rendezvous and the anti-stag-liners were given no cause to say "I told you so."

Much of the testimony we have collected from midshipmen, the girls and the parents gives us reason for hope that our crusade will succeed. It is hard to tell which, in the main, were the more enthusiastic, the girls or parents. Sample quotes from the girls: "I think it's a terrific thing and should have been done long before this"; "I think it would do away with those boring times we've been having at the hops"; and "In the sorority at school and riding to Baltimore I've talked to at least thirty or forty girls about the stag line. Only one was against it—and she's pinned."

The parents had such things as these to say, after reading copies of a letter we had circulated to anti-stag-liners: "Since the Declaration of Independence, there has been nothing finer"; "Please accept our thanks for 'taking the bull by the horns' and giving the boys just what they needed"; and "Bravo! A welcome stimulant for what I thought was a lost cause. I have used many of your same words many times in the past, only to be met with polite and stony silence."

Even a few midshipmen had relatively kind things to say, such as: "I do not understand how a man can meet a girl at the academy, see her only several weekends here and marry her the day after graduation"; "The older I get the more I find out how much my parents and others their age really know . . . of course, you can't tell a teen-ager anything, and they will have to be shown"; and from a young man who apparently liked the idea of stagging, "I don't drag at every opportunity because I can't afford to, and I would rather race yawls in the bay."

Not all comments were bouquets, by any means. One anonymous female anti-stag-liner registered her sentiments in a well-written letter, answering ours: "You have quite a few good points, but if you'll excuse me, you sound much like my father. . . . You say stag-liners are not all leeches. Agreed! However, there is that one per cent you mentioned; they all seem to have six arms, hundreds of smooth phrases, and a complete disregard for the feelings of the girl. By the conventions of society we are required to be polite, although there is nothing we would rather do than punch them in the nose!"

With a foothold, however slim, on the beach, we aim to go forward. At the Christmas Hop, most of the midshipmen had dates, but still the precedent of having a stag line struggled on, and to some of us it seemed that the stags, if not more numerous, were more active and had a better time than before. Next step is organization of the N.A.S.A. ("Naval Academy Stagline Association"). This group will exploit the foothold gained at the Beachhead Hop and maintained at the Christmas Hop. We hope eventually to increase the number of stags at each dance until we build a solid, confident line of say, 150 to 200. The faculty—pro-stag-liners all—will do its best to nurture the stag spirit. There's no way to tell whether or not the line of eye-roving midshipmen may dwindle away again. Left unattended, it probably would in this generation of young people. But it won't be left unattended as long as I'm here!

Anyone for bird-dogging? THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 84)

1. Mass.	2. Tenn.	3. Wyo.
4. Mo.	5. Me.	6. S.D.
7. Iowa	8. Nev.	9. Tex.
10. Mont.	11. Ark.	12. Va.

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What Negroes Can Learn From Gandhi

(Continued from Page 21)

"Let us begin," he suggested, "by considering the grievances held against us by the white people. Let us see if the reasons or rationalizations which the whites give for discriminating against us are justified.

"Then," he continued, "let us put our own house in order, even now while fighting for our civil rights, even before they grant the reforms we ask, even poor as we are."

Many of the Indian merchants who came to hear him were known for slick dealings and sharp bargaining. Gandhi proposed that they stick rigidly to the truth and that they show a new concern for their responsibility to the community.

All Indians, he added, must do something to improve the unsanitary conditions in the Indian slums. Why wait for legal victories "for the necessary drain cleaning?" he asked.

"We can't blame the whites," he continued, "for all our troubles, nor can we by ourselves end all the poverty in which our people are trapped. But we can begin to clean up our homes, to teach illiterate Indian adults to read and to provide free schools for the children of the poor."

By trial and error, Gandhi devised a political-action program with dramatic new dimensions. Instead of working just through the law—by appealing for an end to restrictive legislation in parliament and by seeking court or electoral victories—Gandhi showed the Indians how to combine peaceful resistance to discriminatory laws with constructive community service.

When the Boer War came, his followers urged him to step up his resistance program. The whites, they said, had their backs against the wall and now was the time to put on the pressure.

Gandhi rejected this proposal as unfair. Instead, he called off his political campaign, organized an Indian volunteer ambulance corps of 1100, and led them wherever the fighting was heaviest. For valor under fire, he and thirty-six other Indians received Empire war medals.

When the war was over he renewed his program of nonviolent pressure on the government and the conflict again became intense. At one point the whites tried to lynch him, and he heard the mob singing, "We'll hang Gandhi from the sour-apple tree."

Yet Gandhi did not flinch. He led tens of thousands of Indians in a peaceful march across the state, deliberately violating the segregation laws. Hundreds were struck down by the police and thousands went to prison.

When Jan Christian Smuts, the harried leader of the South African government, offered a civil-rights compromise that seemed honorable, Gandhi accepted it despite the violent opposition of militant Indians who asserted that this was a "betrayal."

Compromise and trust, he argued, is the essence of nonviolent struggle. "Even if the opponent plays him false twenty times," he said, the civil resister must be "ready to trust him for the twenty-first time—for an implicit trust in human nature is the very essence of his creed."

Later, as white pressure to reject all compromise on discrimination mounted, Smuts went back on his word, as Gandhi's Indian critics said he would. Gandhi's response was to start the struggle anew. Again the jails were filled with hundreds of Indians who refused to obey discriminatory laws, but who also refused to exchange blows or insults.

Eventually, Prime Minister Smuts decided that there was no practical alternative but to reach a fair settlement with Gandhi. "You can't put twenty thousand Indians in jail," he said.

To Gandhi himself, one of Smuts' secretaries added, "I do not like your people and do not care to assist them at all. But what am I to do? You help us in our days of need. How can we lay hands on you? I often wish you took to violence like the English strikers; then we would know at once how to dispose of you. But you will not injure even the enemy . . . And that is what reduces us to sheer helplessness."

Before sailing home to India to apply his newly tested methods there in behalf of independence, Gandhi reminded the South African Indians that their victory was only half won. To Smuts, as a farewell present, he sent a pair of sandals that he had made while in jail as Smuts' prisoner.

Twenty-four years later on Gandhi's seventieth birthday, in 1939, Smuts, as a gesture of friendship, returned the sandals Gandhi had given him, to show that he had cherished them through the years. "I am not worthy to stand in the shoes of so great a man," wrote the first official to send Gandhi to prison. "It was my fate to be the antagonist of a man for whom even then I had the highest respect."

In Africa, Gandhi and the Indians were outnumbered ten to one. In India the situation was reversed. If 400,000,000 Indians learned to say "no" and mean it, Gandhi knew that they could end the domination of a few hundred thousand Englishmen.

But here as in South Africa, the "no," which Gandhi taught them to say was not that of violent revolution or subversion or anarchy. Rather it was a method which taught respect for law even while resisting particular unjust laws. Peacefully, cheerfully and massively, he and his followers accepted jail as the penalty for disobeying them.

In India, as in Africa, Gandhi's program went far beyond the struggle against British domination. His goal was to build an India that could govern itself. Therefore he spent as much time training his countrymen in constructive work in the villages as in the effort to achieve national independence.

His thirteen-point program for Indian development included the end of untouchability within Hinduism, the establishment of Hindu-Moslem unity and brotherhood, and improved methods of agriculture, diet, education and public health in the 500,000 villages where most Indians lived.

Gandhi's political genius enabled him to select and dramatize issues which the people understood. In 1930 his famous salt march focused the whole independence fight on a simple demand of the Indian villager: an end to the hated British tax on salt and their prohibition of homemade salt.

When Gandhi announced that he would walk 200 miles to the shores of the Arabian Sea and make salt out of God's ocean in defiance of man's largest empire, India was electrified. Millions of peasants gathered along the roads to cheer him as he strode quickly by.

On the night of April 5th he reached the sea. "God willing," he said, "we will commence civil disobedience at 6:30 tomorrow morning." At sunrise he held his usual prayer meeting and at the appointed time reached down to raise his first handful of salt from the salt beach.

As the news was flashed across the country the excitement became intense, reaching into the most remote villages. Nehru and nearly 100,000 others were arrested.

Then Gandhi announced that he would lead a nonviolent march of protest on the government salt depot. Although he, too, was promptly arrested the raid was carried out by 2500 Indians pledged not to raise their hand or voice against the police.

Although hundreds were struck down, there was no resort to counterviolence. When Gandhi in his cell heard that even the fierce Pathan Moslems from the Northwest frontier had maintained their self-discipline he was overjoyed. Indians everywhere began to stand a little straighter, and for the first time to feel that they, as individuals, had rights, responsibilities and a future.

Gandhi chose for his home the poorest village in the poorest part of India, where untouchables predominated. His associates protested, saying that he would bury himself there. Yet Sevagram was soon accepted as the vital center of all India, the actual capital of this ancient nation in the course of its rebirth.

When I visited his mud hut there in 1952, it was exactly as he had left it. Among his books were the Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ and the Gospel of St. John. Gandhi had often said that his aim in life was to live the Sermon on the Mount.

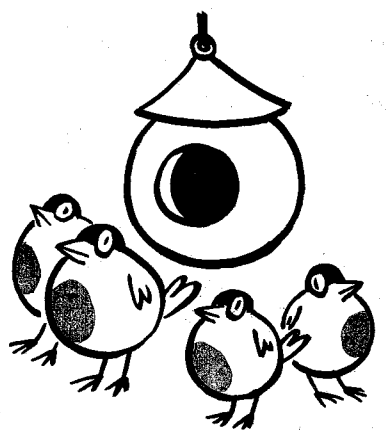
On the wall over Gandhi's simple bed hung a sign: "When you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper; and when you are wrong you cannot afford to lose it."

For thirty years, Gandhi, with brilliant political timing and a resolute belief in ultimate victory, applied his revolutionary new techniques of peaceful political action to the creation of a free and socially awakened India.

Independence finally came, on August 15, 1947. Throughout India wildly cheering crowds gathered for the celebration. Massed Indian and British army bands played their respective national anthems, the Union Jack came down from the flagstaffs and the new flag of the Republic of India proudly rose in its place.

What a strange and magnificent climax to an anticolonial revolution! Four hundred million people had won their right to rule themselves. Miraculously, they had won it without bloodshed or rancor. (*Continued on Page 89*)

Hal Block's Inventions
FOR A BETTER TOMORROW



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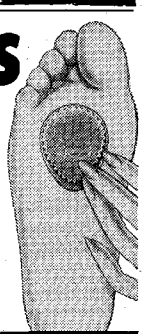

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(*Continued from Page 87*) Because the British yielded gracefully, the basis was laid for a new relationship of equality and mutual respect within the British Commonwealth.

As in Montgomery, Alabama, nine years later, there was grudging admiration even from the diehards: "Say what you will, you have to give these people credit."

Gandhi's chief lieutenant, Jawaharlal Nehru, went from being the king's prisoner to the king's first minister of his largest domain. And Lord Mountbatten went from being the last viceroy of the Emperor of India to the first governor-general of a free commonwealth, selected for this honor by the very people who had fought British rule most of their lives. British governors who had sent thousands of Indians to jail suddenly found themselves showered with garlands and good will.

No thoughtful person can deny the practical effectiveness of the Gandhian approach in India or even in Montgomery, Alabama. But can it work in Little Rock, Chicago, Levittown, and New Orleans? Can it free Americans—North, South, East and West—from the suffocating burden of racial prejudice and fear accumulated in 300 years of largely unconscious compromise with Christian principles?

To answer these questions we need to consider why Gandhi's political techniques set India free and paved the way for her emergence as an effective new democracy. The explanations of Gandhi's closest associates, including Nehru, agree on all the essentials.

The prime condition for the success of Gandhi's way of fighting injustice, they say, was that it took place within a legal system administered by people who professed a democratic creed and who permitted a large measure of free speech and a free press.

The British national conscience was stirred by the Gandhian struggle because the British are a deeply democratic and peaceful people. His techniques were effective because the free institutions of Britain enabled Gandhi's views and the story of his own and his followers' sacrifices to reach the people.

Dozing consciences were thus awakened, deep religious chords were struck and an atmosphere of respect and support for India's cause gradually was created.

As a trained lawyer, Gandhi never lost his respect for the majesty of law. He called for the acceptance of the state's right to make and enforce laws, while offering up his person and his freedom in protest until those laws which violated democratic principles were changed. His appeal was from man-made discriminatory laws to a higher natural law, to the moral law.

This is precisely the approach that enabled the brilliantly led, well-organized Negro citizens of Montgomery to abolish segregation on the city buses. Under the leadership and inspiration of the Reverend Martin Luther King and his associates they began their mass meetings with prayers "for those that oppose us," and they regularly pledged themselves to use "only the weapons of love and nonviolence." They said they were "walking with God." They named their movement the Montgomery Improvement Association.

Doctor King laid down their objectives in eloquent Gandhian terms. "The Negro," he said, "must come to the point that he can say to his white brothers: 'We will match your capacity to inflict suffering with our capacity to endure suffering. We will meet your physical force with soul force. We will not hate you, but we will not obey your evil laws. We will soon wear you down by our capacity to suffer. So, in winning the victory, we will not only win freedom for ourselves but we will so appeal to your heart and conscience that you will be changed also. The victory will be a double victory: we will defeat the evil system and win the hearts and souls of the perpetrators of the evil system.'"

Like Gandhi, Doctor King also stressed that he and his associates were working for the advancement of the whites as well as for that of the colored people. "We are seeking to improve not the Negro of Montgomery," he said, "but the whole of Montgomery."

His appeal to his Negro listeners to put their own house in order is reminiscent of Gandhi's appeal sixty years ago to the Indians living in the slums of Pretoria. "Let us examine the reasons given by white men for segregation," Doctor King said. "Let us see which reflect conditions we can do something about, and take action ourselves. Some say we want our constitutional rights so we can marry their daughters. But that is nonsense, so we don't have to pay any attention to that.

"Some say that we smell. Well, the fact is that some of us do smell. We cannot afford a plane trip to Paris to buy the world's most expensive perfumes, but no Negro in Montgomery is so poor that he cannot afford a five-cent bar of soap."

And then King goes on frankly to list the illegitimacy rate among Negroes, their crime rate, their purchase of cars beyond their means, their lower health standards. And the Montgomery Improvement Association works day and night to remove these legacies of slavery, segregation and enforced second-class citizenship.

Already Montgomery city and welfare records are beginning to reflect the change—a drop in Negro drinking, in juvenile delinquency, in divorce.

If this combination program of nonviolent opposition to segregation and community service spreads beyond Montgomery, the road is likely to be a rocky one. Gandhi himself demonstrated that there is no easy, effortless path to the attainment of our Christian objective of equal dignity for all men.

Nehru noted that by turning the other cheek the Indians at first only enraged the British. Never, he says, had he seen men with more hate in their eyes than the soldiers who beat him with their long, steel-tipped rods, while he stood quietly, not lifting a finger in his own defense. No civilized human being likes to have his conscience so severely tested.

What counted, however, was the end result. As the Indians proved their capacity for peaceful resistance, they eventually won the respect of the British. Equally important, they came to respect themselves. "We cast off our fear," said Nehru, "and walked like men."

The climax of the Montgomery struggle, observers say, came when a Negro preacher, at a church celebration, read from First Corinthians: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

It is difficult to judge prospects for this program on a nation-wide scale. Gandhi was not only a spiritual leader of depth, dedication and courage but also a political genius. In America much will depend on the ability of Negro leaders to develop similar conviction and skill under pressure. Even more will depend on the number, raw courage and dedication of their followers.

The two conditions which Gandhian leaders laid down for the success of their nonviolent approach certainly exist here in America. Whether it be in Little Rock or in Levittown, racial discrimination sorely troubles our national conscience.

The great majority of moderate whites in Montgomery were profoundly shocked by the bombing of Negro churches, the homes of several Negro ministers and of the one white minister who supported the boycott.

The requirement of a free press is also met. The country-wide attention paid to the Montgomery bus boycott demonstrates that the means of communication are ready to carry the news. The Federal Bill of Rights insures against the kind of terror that liquidates and crushes completely.

Only one thing is certain: if we are to achieve racial harmony in America, a great moral force of some kind must be created that will awaken our national conscience.

The Supreme Court has made its decision. Most leaders in both political parties agree that the law as it has now been defined must somehow be obeyed.

But pleas for law observance, however eloquent and however firmly supported in areas of crisis by Federal troops, will never be sufficient in themselves. Laws which touch deep prejudices and emotions are not obeyed merely because they have been placed on the statute books and defined by the courts. They are obeyed only when a great majority of people come to believe they are right. Prohibition was clear evidence of this.

In a democratic community, Abraham Lincoln once said, "public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

If we are to ease the racial conflict which so dangerously divides America in a world that is two-thirds colored, we must come to see it as a moral issue and not simply as a legal one. It is an issue involving no more and no less than the dignity of man. It can successfully be met only as the millions of good Americans who through generations of custom and prejudice have come to believe in the dignity of some men only are persuaded of their error.

Nowhere else in America does religious conviction run so deep as in the South. It was a white Southern minister who said about the racial problem, "There is just one question to ask: what would Christ do?"

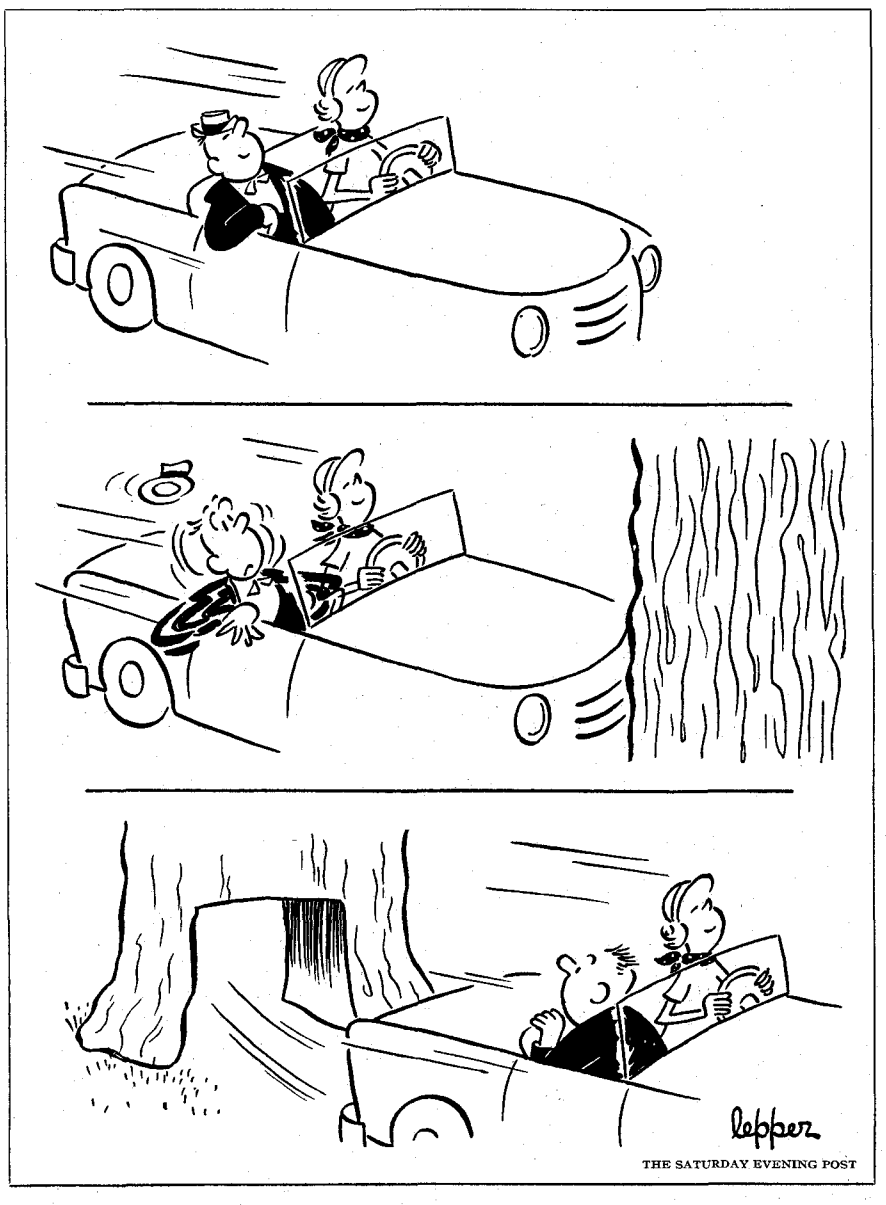
Sooner or later, the South, and also the North, East and West, will respond with the only Christian answer possible, for Christ came to show the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and He knows neither Gentile nor Jew, Greek nor barbarian, black nor white.

The Gandhian way of persuasion and change is designed to make a profound moral issue of this kind clear, to stir the conscience of the great decent majority who believe in the laws of God, and to persuade that majority to bring its actions into line with its beliefs.

"It may be through the Negroes," Gandhi once said, "that the unadulterated message of nonviolence will be delivered to the world."

This, it may be said, will take no less than a miracle of greatness. That is true. But we Americans are living in an age of miracles and we are capable of greatness.

THE END



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The Message (Continued from Page 35)

glanced up the trail and saw the moon latticed over it. Rocks were poised like hunched men. The cry of his horse, belated, and stamping of hoofs. The clatter of his horse moving, forced, over the ground. He slipped among rocks, his feet sliding in his boots. He skirted his camp and found the dim edge of the trail. He followed the sounds for a long time. They were brief and then lost. Then, quite a distance away, the neighing of the horse in pain, and the sound of a trot, diminishing as it went. Shadows crowding in. He paused a hundred yards from his camp and listened. The night pressed around him in silence. The earth murmured, but all the sound belonged to its nature.

A half hour went by. He pulled his coat in and out to air the sweat on his tense body. His shirt was clinging. He slipped the sticky gun back into the holster. Now what darn fool had gone an' stole that horse?

He was too wise to reckon that the darn fool might not be dangerous and might not have other darn fools with him. He did not intend to go back to the camp—not now, at any rate. He would scout around and find out what was going on. So he thought and was about to act when a scream came from nowhere and filled the world. The hair on his neck lifted and his belly was cold. It was a woman's scream, he thought, and then he knew it had been a dying horse.

Then fires lighted on a height, and on a wind came voices, and he knew the intonations well—Apaches. And they it was who liked horse or mule for supper. And he knew their scouts must be near him. Their insolence showed that he was not necessarily seen, but that he had no area of departure. He settled down into the long vigil that preceded dawn. If the Apaches were going to attack him, it would not be in the dark. They believed that the dark belonged to their sacred dead, who should not be disturbed by battle.

Andy relaxed, but he had no doubt that the Apaches were unfriendly. Even if an Apache were his blood brother, Andy would not have answered his call any other place than on the reservation. Apaches who were not on the reservation were renegades, enemies. They left the reservation only to become so—and then no white man could consider them his friends. For when they left, it meant they usually left trust of white men behind, and for cause.

No, if they called to him or approached, he would fight. And to the death. It was the only way, here in the hills. He couldn't run and he could not place trust in them, no matter how much he would like to. He considered himself as brave as most any man, but his spine shuddered when he thought of the things Apaches would do to you when they were on the warpath and caught you before you were dead.

Light came. Heat grew, and he removed the coat. Then he remained still. Birds were flying near him, and so he knew no stealthy men were moving near. Then the place became silent, with an unnatural, deadly silence. He held his pistol across his knees. Nothing happened for a long time. Then a cry like "Ha-ho!" And he swung in a half circle, holding his pistol at the ready, and out in front of his crouched body. A clatter on the trail. Someone on horseback. Then a pinto seen over a big rock. Then the pinto going by, and another cry farther down, and the pony doubling back, and then a cry from the west, and the pony whirling, short mane lifting, broom-tail rising, and then the pony standing, wild and undecided, on small feet, swiveling, lifting its bat-eared head to the wind, snorting, whirling and not moving from the spot. Around its neck was a length of rope that could have been the one with which he'd tethered the black horse.

Men were above him and below him. They knew about where he was, and they were tempting him with the pony. He didn't figure on taking the bait.

After a time, the pony moved down out of sight. The unnatural silence prevailed, but subtly altered. The living sounds opened in the air. But still Andy waited, through the hot day. His throat ached for water. He was hungry. But that did not matter too much. He had known worse times. And if the Apaches got him, he would know times that nothing in his experience could match. They were the most expert torturers in the West.

He wondered who these dog soldiers were. Among the Apaches, only Geronimo and his band were on the warpath, and that was far from here, in old Mexico. Or had some Apaches followed him from San Carlos?

If they had, he could not imagine why. He had been a scout against their war bands for two years, and he had brought many of them into the reservation on truce and surrender. And the authorities of the reservation had not lived up to the bargains he had made with the Apaches, but all the Indians knew that he was against the deceit and the broken promises of the reservation agents and the soldiers. He knew how word flew like a dark hawk among them, and how they all would know that he had quit his job as scout because of his disapproval of their treatment.

On the other hand, there had been an event that could have made them angry, made them hate him. About a week ago on the reservation, he had been out on a hunting expedition. He had started off alone, on this last trip into the Arizona mountains before he started off for his job as ramrod, or boss, of a ranch on the Canadian River in New Mexico. His friend, Ten (Quirt) Hellman, one of the Indian agents, had agreed to follow him after he had accomplished some agency business. Ten Hellman had been Andy's friend for about fifteen years, even though they disagreed drastically on the proper way of handling the savages.

Hellman had never killed an Apache, nor had he ever been at war with them, but he believed that they must be subjected and their fierce pride stripped from them. "They got to be taken down," he often said. "Broke like a horse. And then we can ride on 'em, like we have to if we're going to protect everybody 'gainst them."

Andy had fought with them, commanding groups of them who were enlisted as scouts, and against them—and he knew their pride and brutality as well as any man did—but he could not agree with the righteous philosophy of Ten Hellman. Yet Hellman was a stanch and agreeable companion, and Andy knew better than to forsake him merely because he held opinions about the Indians that were held by the majority of men he had ever come across.

Hellman, Andy thought, was the kind of man that made a campfire seem kind and full of companionship. He was a man who believed what he did sincerely, regardless of how wrong it might be. And he was full of laughter if you knew him well. But, also, he wore a twisted leather whip on a thong around his wrist, and this was the thing that Andy did not like. The whip was like a part of Ten's mind, always ready against insolence and prepared to correct.

This day Andy had been working north to the mountains on the hundred-square-mile area of the Apache reservation, in the land of the mountain streams and the heights that, until summer, held the snow crests. He had crossed Black River, which divided the reservation, and was far from the arid land of the Gila River, the southern boundary, where snow seldom came and the sun broke even and hot over the land. He had a rendezvous planned with Hellman, on a crag that loomed over a part of the range of piñon and juniper on the rising slopes.

On his trek he had to make a certain passage, which had been outlined to him by Hellman, and it happened that an Apache and his clan had moved his wickiup close to this draw. As Andy came near, he saw that certain of the Indians darted into the house of poles and grass. But one remained, a stern edifice of a man, standing in long clout and red turban under the *ramada*, or portico, of brush. As Andy approached, the man raised an arm, bare, and it was furious red from the elbow to the hand. Andy spurred forward, with a glad cry. This was Red Arm, his friend, whose arm had been seared from a cannon blast in a war long ago.

But since Andy had known him, Red Arm had been a friend of the whites. A year ago, he had joined Andy, bringing along fifteen of his clan, in a scouting expedition against the war leader, Geronimo. Unlike most Indian tribes, the Apaches did not have an integrated loyal nation. Apaches fought in families or clans, and each had a leader, and only rarely did a number of clans band together into a small army—and even then there were rarely more than a hundred warriors at a time. Apaches disagreed with one another, regardless of their likeness in fierce pride and in family loyalty. Apaches liked to be left alone, and liked to hunt and grow crops and propagate—and they disliked those who interfered with this or those who attempted to make them bow to a life that did not agree with them. They would fight their own people to remain independent, and they would fight any others who tried to steal from them their individualistic existence.

Andy knew this and appreciated it. When he was a boy, his father had been a trader among the Apaches. And he knew their ways. He knew that Red Arm had felt that the rampages of Geronimo had made the whites cruel, and that was why Red Arm had turned to the whites and scouted for them. He also knew that Red Arm was potentially as dangerous as Geronimo, and as consumed by independent spirit.

A dinner was cooking outside of the wickiup, but none of the squaws were attending it. Andy could tell that something was wrong here, otherwise everyone would not have disappeared. He knew also that Red Arm had refused to vanish, from the great pride that burned in his body.

As he rode nearer, he saw what the matter was. Under the long, shaded *ramada* that held out the brave sun, there was a keg and a ladle lying on the lowering surface of a heavy liquid—and he saw that it was the outlawed *tulapai*, Apache liquor.

He reined in and nodded. Red Arm nodded in return, his short legs straddled, his thick chest held out.

Andy said, "I greet thee, old friend."

"And I greet thee, Tall One. I have watched your coming."

They were formal, with that eternal formality between the Apaches and the white-eyes.

"I go to hunt."

"It is good," said Red Arm. "In the mountains there is meat." He did not speak bitterly, although his own hunting was restricted.

"I pass by wishing you well."

Red Arm nodded. "Do you have thirst, Tall One?"

"This has been with me."

Then Red Arm took the ladle and scooped from the keg and gave Andy a brimming drink. It was a kind drink, and soft; a beverage more than a liquor. He thought he tasted the corn, and he wondered about the weeds and roots involved; many could be; the recipe was adaptable. He drank (*Continued on Page 92*)

"For goodness' sake, Henry—all the child wants to do is take out your appendix."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Photographed at the Nassau Straw Market, one of the tourist attractions of the Bahamas.

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(*Continued from Page 90*) long and liked it, and handed back the deep spoon.

Red Arm looked up at him. Hesitated, and said, "Along the miles that are clean of freedom, does not a man wish something?"

"There is little enough," said Andy. The heat and the seared brutality of the reservation were around him, and his knowing of the rules: those that permitted hunting, making even that a great obeisance to the whites; those that rejected even such simple joys as the *tulapai* that would take a man four days to get drunk on. And he saw the hardness and aridity of the upsurging land, that land which would not easily make the crops of beans and maize and other things for the Apaches. "There is little enough," he said again; "for this I am sorry."

The sun fell. Ten (Quirt) Hellman rode into camp, easily and simply, a man of the night and the trail. He swung the loop of his quirt around his wrist in a happy gesture and sat squatted to the coffee and beef that Andy had ready.

He grinned, saying, "Didn't I tell you I'd catch up?"

"On the hour!"

"I always do it like that."

Their fire burned lower. They lay in their bedding rolls. Hellman said, "Did you go by the Indians with the liquor? Your old soldier friend?"

"Yes. I went by."

"I kicked it over," said Hellman. "I had to do it. It's 'gainst regulations."

His tense voice alerted Andy. "Is there anythin' else you had to do—anythin' you felt you had to?"

"Why, now, I don't know how you mean, the way you ask it. But I had to quirt him. Red Arm. The way he was standing there, I had to do it. Across the face."

The fire spun in the dark and leaped and fell. "You shouldn't of done that, Ten. Damn it, you shouldn't of!"

Hellman snorted. "Couldn't do anything else. He was 'gainst regulations. And I didn't like his attitude. Jus' couldn't do anythin' else. He practically had that liquor out there in my face."

"Yes," said Andy. "He had to feel like a man, not a hidin' woman."

The red fire burned against the invading pulse of the dark.

Some days later they again passed the wickiup of Red Arm. The hunt had been good, and Hellman was in boisterous spirits, now clapping Andy on the back and singing out. He seemed oblivious of the Indian house and the solitary malevolence of Red Arm, watching. With a peculiar awareness, Andy felt the searing pressure of Red Arm's gaze against them both, two friends riding. He waved, but the chief did not respond. Andy felt stained because of his obvious friendship with Hellman. But there was nothing he could do about it.

Now, in the mountains of Western New Mexico, far from the reservation, he wondered if the insult Hellman had foolishly whipped against the chief had anything to do with his present predicament. But he was foolish to think about it. Only thing he could do was wait and be careful and do his best to stay alive.

The dark came. Using all his caution and scouting skill, he slipped around. The moon was high and full before he found the deserted Apache camp. Only the bones and the contents of the paunch were left of the horse. Andy left the camp and cut sign on a broad trail leading north. He followed it until he found it joined with another trail leading from the east. He traced this back and came to the trail on the edge of the canyon that he had been following. And there, staked out, was the pinto.

He walked to his camp and found it as he had left it. He got the pinto and staked him out at the camp. He made a fire and had supper. Then he got into his bed, taking off his boots and sliding in as far as his pistol belt, then taking that off, and then snuggling down, and finally carefully taking off his hat and laying it aside.

He watched the stars. An Apache strategy always had a meaning, and he thought he would find out the meaning of this one. He closed his eyes, knowing the Indians were gone and this part of the tactic was over. If they had really wanted to get him, they could have pinched in on him at any time during the day. They could have snaked in and cleaned out his camp, and the most he would have been able to do was to snap off a few shots and give away his position.

He sighed and listened to the movements of the horse. It seemed to be a right good animal. If he could get as far as the Rio Grande, he might be able to make a decent run for it in case the Apaches had something more in mind for him. And they must.

A night hawk passed. The sky floated. Oh, they were strange people all right. If you spit on one, hurt his pride, his whole clan would follow you until they got you and out somewhere in the wilds, they'd all sit silently around, even the kids, while you were staked out on the ground. And they'd take their time about it, killing you for days, until the whole sky would be filled with your screams.

Yep, they'd do that, he knew. But that wasn't all there was to 'em. They were great for booty when they went to war, that was for sure. But they weren't selfish about it. The weak and the poor got as much of it as the young soldiers.

And they were nice to little Apache girls. "Never hit a girl," the boys were told. "They are smaller and weaker."

Andy's lids fell. He heard the passive sounds of the horse. He smiled, and felt serene enough. He didn't know what the next day would bring, but he knew he could sleep in peace. If they were coming back to get him, they wouldn't take him or cut his throat in the dark. And way before dawn he'd be up.

On an afternoon he rode down toward the unpredictable, sinuous waters of the Rio Grande. With the upright, long swing of the reins and slow, firm motion of the body, he turned northward on the western shore. Behind him was the time among the canyons and in the looming shadows of the hills and mountains. Beneath him was the excited prance of the pony, responding against his legs. The pinto was a cheerful animal, with eyes of rolling evil mirth, and Andy had grown to like him. Small, the animal nevertheless gave him a sense of the power of the man in the saddle, and in its own tirelessness had forged his own.

The Apache joke, strategy or kindness, whatever it had been, was behind him, it seemed; and ahead was the trail to Santa Fe and beyond, to his ranch job to the east. Ahead, most immediately, was a house, gleaming in hard silver light, the hubs or butts of the rafters round in sunlight, and the adobe shining dark. And across the river, only a mile or two away, was the three-stage, fortlike Indian pueblo, two burros moving slowly toward it in a mauve descent of the sun.

In a gay delight, after black tension among green shadows and rising heights of formidable mystery, Andy broke into a gallop and made a run toward the farm. A man in a wide sombrero looked up from the mid-distance, shading his eyes toward the rider. Andy was hungry and was sure he would be well fed in the hospitality of the Mexican farmer.

But then, from two sides, came the running of horses, and dust broke golden and misty on the slopes to the west and on the plain across the river. On either side of him was a band of Apache horsemen, riding down toward him; then flanking and remaining even with him in a long race in the direction of the adobe.

Red and blue turbans flashed, and naked chests, and then there was the faded glimmer of military tunics, of men who must have once been scouts. Wiry thighs gripped the flanks of the horses, and long moccasins ran close to the knees. Some of the riders wore small branches and twigs and grass in their hair and around their bodies—and he knew these must be men who had watched him always, part of the earth and brush.

"I don't think he cared for the Chef's Special."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He did not loosen his pistol in its holster, nor tug his rifle from the saddle scabbard. There were about a score of Apaches on either side. He had no choice but to go forward, and he had no choice but to go forward peaceably. Yep, he could have taken a few with him, but they didn't seem to want to fight. He'd race with them, long as they wanted, and see what it led to. Later, if it looked like it was all over, he could do whatever fighting he could.

They ran, in golden dust. There was a muscular surge in the small horse under Andy. He lifted his heart and head to the feel of it, to the beating on the ground. He'd give them a race! And God help him if he lost.

He saw the sick scurrying around the pueblo, all the Indians hurrying up the ladders and drawing them in after them, leaving the burros standing below with their drag of fodder still attached to them. And he saw the Mexican rush to his house, shooing fowl and pigs ahead of him, and go in and probably barricade himself, and pray. Even one Apache could spook a pueblo or a whole village of Mexicans; so two score riding hard would make the dust and spiders fall from the ceilings, and the hearts of the people fall inside them in the same way.

Andy spurred furiously. His small horse leaped into the distance, but Apache cavalry kept pace with him on either side. And once he looked around and saw that some had joined behind him. Now the only way was ahead. But in a moment that, too, was blocked. Five horsemen rode down behind the closed, sun-burning adobe and faced him, one rider coming forward and holding a staff up and brandishing it, the sun waving on the crook and the smooth yellow of the wood of leadership. Then Andy saw the redness of the arm that held it.

Red Arm called out, "Stop, Tall One! You will stop for Red Arm! Who would speak!"

Andy whipped out his rifle and jacked a cartridge into the chamber. Then levering the rifle under his right arm, its muzzle directly on Red Arm, he drew on the pony with his left hand. It was significant that he was not fired upon.

The pony sheered, broke a little, bent to his will and paced slow and slower and walked. And the Apaches were a slowing, pacing, intent ring around him, on this side of the river and the other. Pueblo Indians, in the safety of their stages, stood on rooftops to see what would happen. Only silence wrapped red around the farmer's adobe.

Andy knew he had nothing to lose by waiting a little. All during the race, the Apaches could have fired on him and brought him down, or his horse. He glanced swiftly around and saw that no warriors were trying to crowd in on him. He had fighting distance left—as much as he could hope for—but he refused to take less.

"Red Arm," he said, "I have stopped, but I don't want no soldier coming closer. One does, and we fight."

"Tall One, there shall be no war between us. I have spoken." He shook his crook and glanced at the circling ring of warriors. "Tall One, we have protected you. Once you were the friend of Red Arm, and then you showed you were the friend of his enemy. But we did not kill you. For you will carry the message of Red Arm."

The chief shook his crook, as if at the skies and clouds, or all mankind, and his dark face writhed and the round Mongolian eyes burned deep and dark. In the writhing of his face, white-red marks showed that Andy had not seen on his face before, and he wondered if they were the (*Continued on Page 94*)

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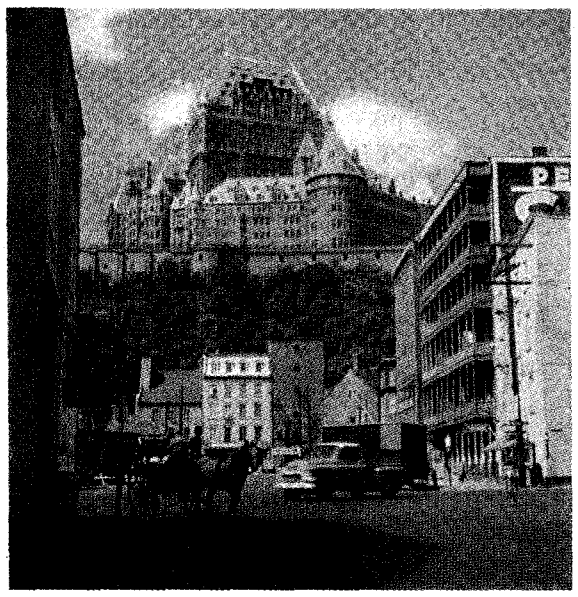

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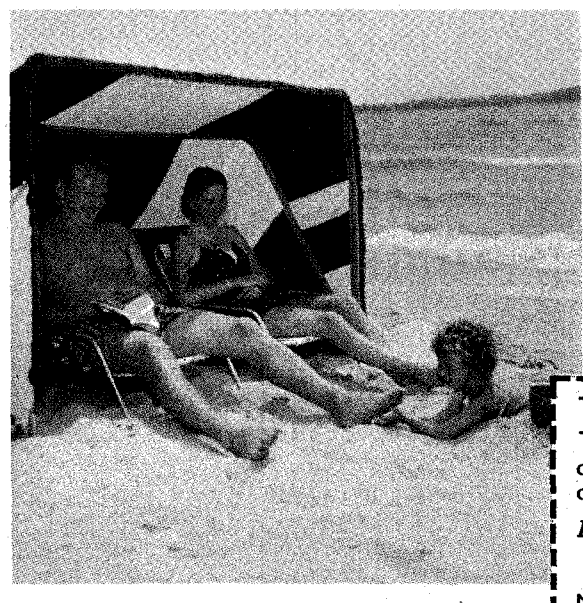

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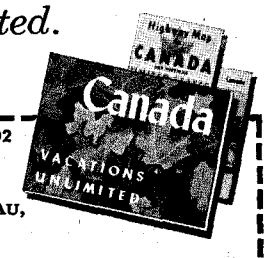

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(*Continued from Page 92*) shame-burned effects of the quirt of Ten Hellman.

"You will carry the message," cried the chief, "for you it is who has spoken of justice for the Apache!" His lips were dark with bitterness. He spoke in silence.

And now Andy noticed the cask that a warrior carried thonged across his blanket on his pony. The warrior passed his weapons to another and approached Andy on his soft-footed, bone-hoofed animal. He came abreast of Andy's mount, the two ponies shying a little, and looped a thong holding the cask over Andy's saddle horn. Then he pranced and wheeled his mount, but gently, as if he thought too much motion would spook Andy and draw a battle. Andy's pinto wrestled its neck on the burden, but grew quiet under the talk of his knees, and quiet words. Andy glanced around him, seeing that no warriors were coming closer. He saw the expectancy in the eyes of the chief, and he looked hard at the canvas cover of the cask.

With his left hand, that still held the reins, he ripped the canvas from the mouth of the cask. The buttermilk smell of *tulapai* came up, and more also. And for a bitter, cruel moment he looked down at the head of Ten (Quirt) Hellman in the bottom of the cask. He pulled the canvas over the cask once more.

The chief shook the crook. "This is the message of Red Arm. You will take it to the soldiers, you who have understood. You will tell them that Red Arm goes to war. You will tell them that, like Geronimo, Red Arm continues war until there is justice.

"You will tell them that Red Arm and his people must have land that can make good crops. You will tell them that Red Arm and his people must be given free hunting in their own mountains and hills. You will tell them that Red Arm and his people must not be prisoners on their own land. You will tell them that no man comes to the house of a chief and whips him before his people."

He shook his crook as if he would break the skull of all authority; as if he would destroy a senseless hurt as tall and stiff as a black mountain.

"You will tell them that until this day, Red Arm and his people are at war!"

He shook the crook in another fashion, and the alert warriors ran their horses and cried out, shaking their weapons. And, humble in a strange way, and filled with the tide of a shameful sorrow, Andy listened, and lowered the muzzle of his rifle, and sat, lost and alien, on his horse. The band on the other side of the river forded it, yelling and brandishing weapons, and those on this side made dust in a wide, sweeping circling, in the center of which Red Arm and Andy mutely looked into each other's eyes.

Red Arm waved his crook. The small Apache cavalry, small as all war bands of Apaches were, started off toward the south, a few remaining, dark-haired, dusty and fierce, behind their leader. And Andy knew that the army was small, just as was Geronimo's, but it was a deadly army nevertheless. Five thousand white troops and five hundred Indians had not been able to defeat Geronimo, and if reports were true, he had no more warriors than Red Arm.

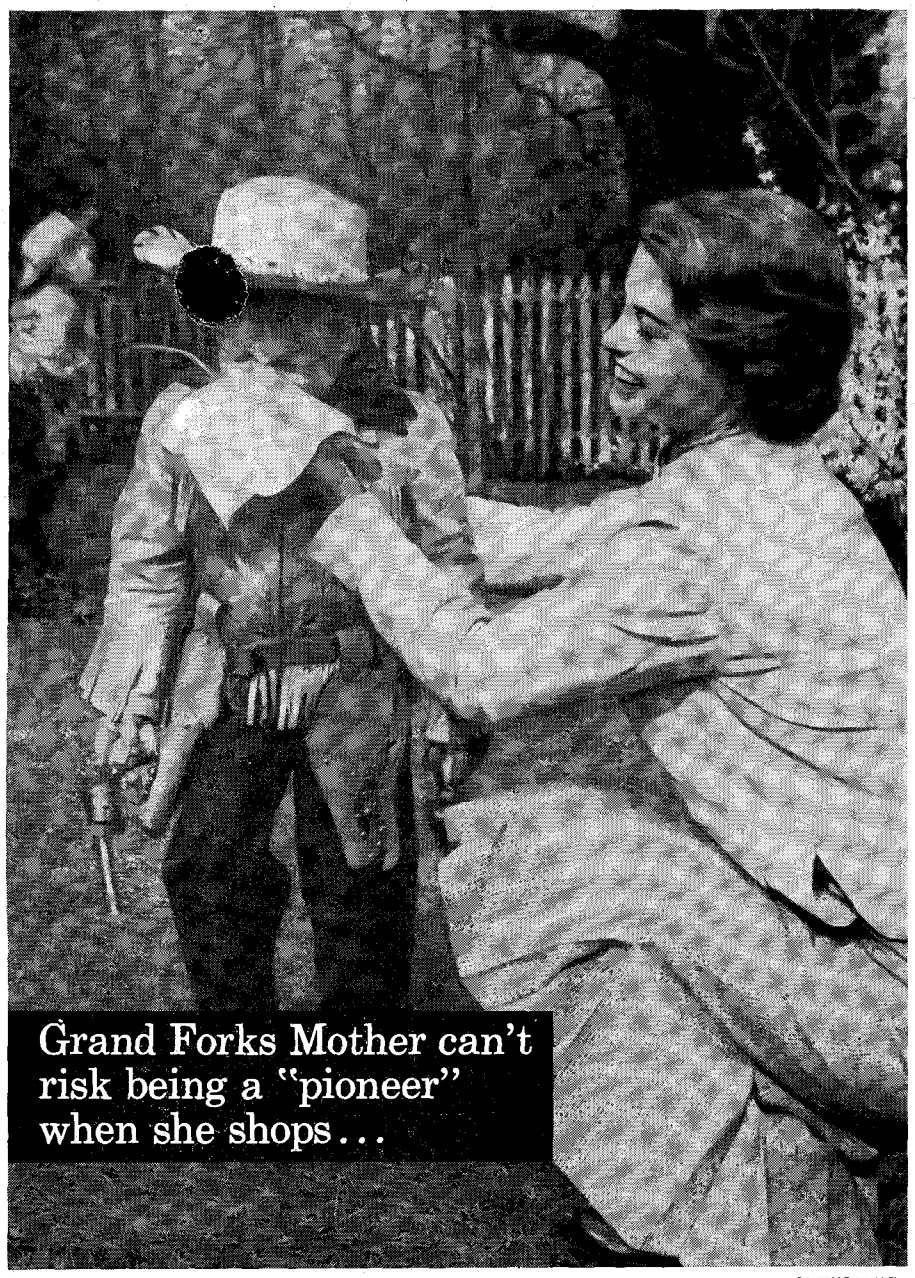
Red Arm held his crook straight over his head. "Tall One, I go."

Andy could not wish him well, and could not be such a fool as to try to dissuade him. And a subtle irony shook him: if Red Arm surrendered now, he would be the murderer of Ten Hellman, and would receive white man's justice—a hanging. But if he continued at war with his tiny wild army, he would be a general, and if and when he surrendered, it would be with honor and a certain tolerance would be shown toward him—and respect.

"I carry your message," he said. The pinto moved and the cask bumped Andy's knee.

Red Arm moved his hand forward, holding the crook, and his men followed him in red dust in the wake of the warriors pouring south toward Mexico on the plain beside the sultry Rio Grande.

THE END



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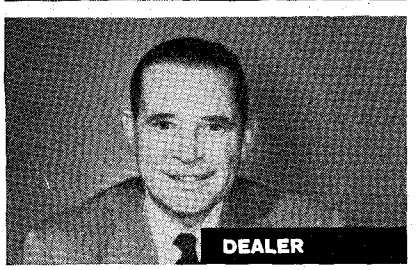

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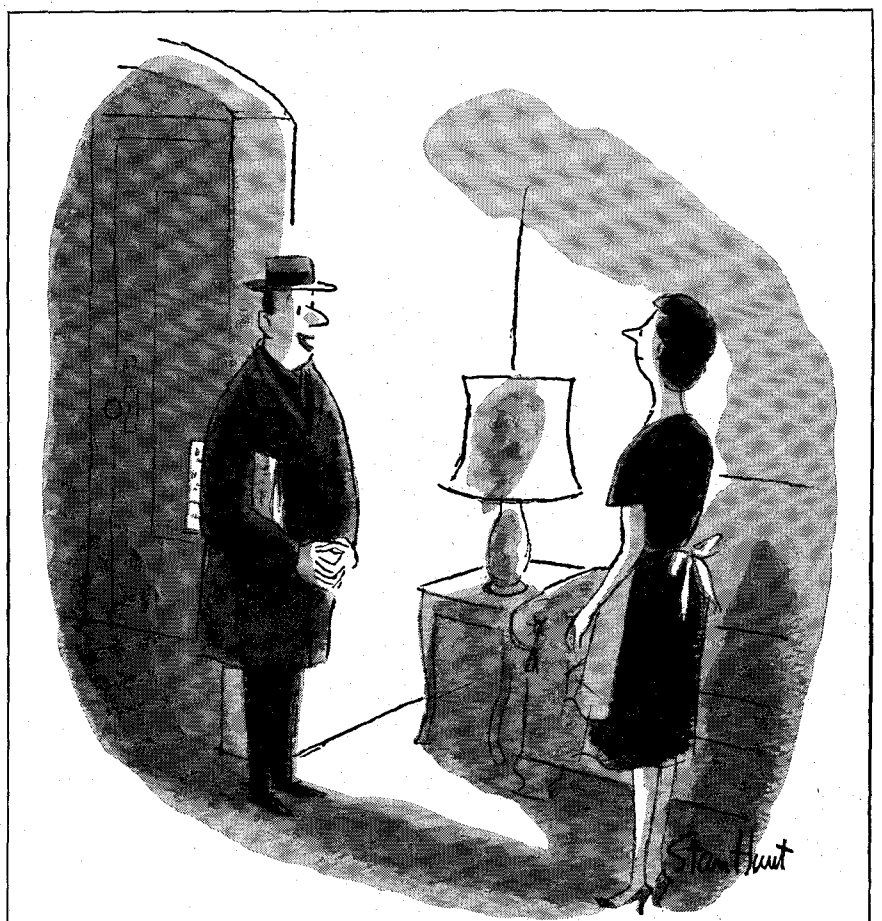

"The employee frustration in our department has been diagnosed and they're going to try to improve our morale."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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On My Own (Continued from Page 30)

After Franklin's death, I never really planned to travel alone or purely for pleasure. Circumstances, however, have taken me on many trips that covered a large part of the world and enabled me to see at first hand what is being done—or not being done—about some of the tremendous problems that plague the leaders of almost every country today. What is being done, I might add, is sometimes highly encouraging and sometimes depressing. But at still other times, particularly in Soviet Russia, it is both astounding and rather frightening to an American who loves a free and democratic society.

Before taking up a few of the highlights of these trips, I would like to mention an early journey I made in 1948 for the unveiling of a statue of my husband in London's Grosvenor Square. Many of the London squares still showed the ravages of wartime bombardment at that time, but Grosvenor Square, on which our embassy is located, had been beautifully landscaped in the way the English know so well.

The occasion was more interesting to me because there had been a warm behind-the-scenes controversy over the statue. Sir Campbell Stuart, head of The Pilgrims of Great Britain, which raised money for the memorial, and the sculptor, Sir William Reid Dick, strongly felt Franklin should be depicted standing, facing into the wind. But Winston Churchill, who is something of an artist himself, took issue, arguing that because my husband could not walk, the statue should be in a sitting position.

The controversy was very much in my mind after King George VI had spoken at the ceremony and then walked with me to the statue for the unveiling. I pulled a cord and, as the covering dropped away, I found myself looking at a statue showing Franklin as he was some years before his death. The figure was standing, with one hand gripping a cane and with his familiar cape flowing back from his shoulders. It gave the impression of a young, vigorous man, and I think that is the impression my husband would have liked to leave with the British people. I have never regretted that it was done as a standing figure. I could not help thinking how sad it was that Franklin could not have lived to visit England himself, as he had hoped to do, and feel the gratitude of these people for his support before our entry into the war. But just as Moses was shown the promised land and could not enter, I imagine there are many men who see their hopes and plans developing, but who are never actually allowed to have on this earth the recognition they might well have enjoyed. One can only hope that if they have labored with the love of God in their hearts, they will have a more perfect satisfaction than we can ever experience here.

In the next few years I made a good many trips to Europe and elsewhere in connection with the United Nations, but in 1953 I decided to do some traveling on my own. I had several invitations to visit Near and Far Eastern countries and, since I was in Paris attending the General Assembly in January, I decided to return home by the long route around the world so that I could stop in various countries, including Israel. Before I left Paris, however, Charles Malik, the Lebanon representative at the United Nations, told me I should visit some of the Arab countries as well as Israel, in order to get a more complete picture of the Near East.

"That's true," I replied, "but since the Arab states do not recognize Israel as a nation, they won't honor a visa for travelers to go on to Israel. And I don't have time to fly back to some non-Arab country from which I could legally proceed to Israel."

Malik assured me he could make special arrangements permitting me to visit Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, and then go directly to Israel. As a result, my secretary, Miss Maureen Corr, and I flew directly to Beirut, Lebanon, from Paris. The next morning I got a real surprise. The Lebanon government had arranged a schedule permitting me to see a great deal in a short time, but when I went to my car to start the day's activities, I discovered they had also arranged for a truckload of soldiers to accompany me—for my "protection" in the event of any incident that might arise from the fact that I had always made clear my approval of creation of the state of Israel.

I said nothing, but I soon became quite unhappy to see the soldiers tumble out of their truck and set up a "line of defense" whenever my car halted. This seemed to me to be intolerable nonsense. Nobody bothered me or even seemed interested. So I insisted that the soldiers be sent away, and they were, but I am sure there was always an armed guard near me.

My visit to the Arab countries was extremely interesting. In some areas—Lebanon, for example—I was fascinated by the way the hills were so carefully cultivated in small plots. There were many wonderful places to visit, and I saw some of the workers' homes. I also visited camps for Arab refugees who had left Palestine during the fighting there. In this connection, I vividly recalled that several years previously I had seen the Jewish refugee camps in Germany, where I was much impressed by the yearning of the occupants for a better future. One old woman knelt in a muddy road and threw her arms around my knees and said over and over, "Israel. Israel." I remembered, too, a young boy who had wandered into one camp leading his smaller brother, but who was unable to tell officials where he had come from or what had happened to his parents. He sang for me a "Song of Freedom," although I felt there wasn't much freedom in a refugee camp. These people made me know for the first time what the small land of Israel meant to Jewish refugees in Europe. And now, in the Arab countries, I learned something of the grave problems of refugees from Israel.

The Arab refugee camps were the least hopeful I had ever seen. Nothing had been done to preserve the skills of Arabs displaced by warfare in the Near East and they had little to look forward to. The standard of living was low and accommodations poor. I saw one hill dotted with tents and slashed by rain that made everyone cold and miserable. In one tent a woman showed me her baby, which had been bitten by a snake. Many babies slept on the ground. Food cost about three cents per day per person, but even this small sum provided more to eat than was available to some of the nomad tribes in the nearby desert. As a result, if any of the Arab refugees were persuaded to resettle permanently—as was possible in Jordan at times—and left the camp, their places did not remain vacant. Overnight, people from the hungry nomadic tribes slipped into the refugee camp to replace those who left, because they could in that way at least get three meals a day, poor as those meals might be.

Although the Arab peoples showed no hostility toward me, some newspapermen and some officials did. One evening we were having dinner with the head of the Syrian Foreign Office at a kind of night club and restaurant. Opposite me at the table was a handsome, uniformed man who seemed to be important. I asked one of my companions who he was. My companion looked startled, raised a finger to his lips and whispered: "That is the dictator of Syria, General Fawzi Selo."

I paid no further attention, but after dinner the general spoke to me, using the tone of a man accustomed to giving commands. "Madam," he said, "you have been very friendly to Israel."

"Yes," I replied, "I am friendly to all—equally to your people."

"But," he persisted with some irritation, "you worked for Israel!"

"That is true," I said. "When I think a thing is good, I also think it should be given help."

He did not reply, but stared at me with what I thought was great anger. Then he turned on his heel and, without another word, walked away.

Going from the Arab countries into Israel, I felt a remarkable exhilaration at being among people with a purpose and a sense of dedication in carrying out their purpose. I spent seven days in Israel—the same number I had spent in Arab countries. I visited many institutions in all parts of the country and was particularly impressed by the monumental tasks undertaken to safeguard the people's health by establishment of hospitals and the promotion of national health services. I should mention here that I made another trip to Israel three years later and felt that remarkable progress had been made generally in that time. Obviously many grave problems remain to be solved, and I believe an important one is the question of separation of church and state. At present, it is difficult to distinguish between the two, and I was surprised, for example, to hear of a young man who had been refused the right to marry the girl with whom he was in love because she was a Greek Catholic. Apparently, at present, leaders of the state do not feel their country is strong enough to face up to a solution of this problem, but someday it must be solved. When it is, I am confident there will be a separation of powers of church and state, as in our country.

Perhaps I should mention here that while I was in Israel I was taken to visit the large estate of Sheik Suleiman near Beersheba. He is one of the few Arab sheiks who remain in Israel and he lives in rather feudal fashion, although his land is worked with modern machinery. The sheik, a big, bearded man in late middle age, received us in a large, sparsely furnished room of his home. He wore the robes of Arabia, but spoke excellent English and made us feel at home. As we entered, I had noticed a number of women near a door in the courtyard and, knowing that the sheik practiced polygamy, I asked him how many children he had.

"I think about seventy-five," he replied thoughtfully, stroking his beard, "but I am not sure."

We had a pleasant visit, and later, when some friends of mine visited Israel, I wrote a note introducing them to Sheik Suleiman. He received them warmly and invited them to an Arab dinner of roast kid. When I learned of this, I wrote him a note of thanks, and some time later received from him a beautiful silver dagger and a letter saying the dagger had been his own for thirty years. I did not give this series of incidents any special thought, but a year later my son, James, was in Israel and he, too, called on Sheik Suleiman. In the course of their conversation my name was mentioned and the sheik called James' attention to a photograph that he had of me.

"I have thirty-nine wives," he said, pointing to my picture, "and she should have been the fortieth. I will never understand why she did not accept my offer."

I would like to make it very clear that, so far as I know, the sheik had never made me an offer. I believe he must have been joking but when James told me about it, we enjoyed a chuckle over the idea that I might have had a chance to be the fortieth wife of a real sheik.

While I am on the subject of Israel and the Arab states, I want to tell about a trip I made in March of 1957 to Morocco, because Morocco may one day prove to be an important "bridge" for better understanding between the Western democracies and the Arab states associated with Egypt. Soon after Morocco achieved its freedom from French rule, an adviser to the sultan, Mohammed V—who later became King Mohammed V—came with several companions to Hyde Park to place flowers on my husband's grave. When we had had tea, the adviser said rather mysteriously that he wished to speak to me alone.

"We never forget a kindness," he said when the others had left the room. "The sultan asked me to say he recalls your husband as one foreign head of state who gave him disinterested advice. He also believes that, if your husband had lived, there would have been no secret treaty between France and the United States in regard to establishment of United States air bases in Morocco. Therefore we do not blame the United States and will raise no difficulties now in the negotiations for the bases between your government and ours. The sultan also extends an invitation for you to visit Morocco."

There was no possibility of a visit then. Shortly afterward, however, friends in New York told me a large number of Jews in Morocco had secured French visas to migrate to Israel, but that the Moroccan government had delayed issuing them visas and that they were being held in embarkation camps by Moroccan officials. There was considerable Arab hostility toward the Jews and there was

Embryo Tycoon

By Pegasus Buchanan

A boy should search through
alleys now and then
To cultivate a careful eye for
treasure;
And be on dealing terms with
junkyard men
To learn which things to weigh
and which to measure.

A boy should learn to bargain
on his own,
Without a wary parent
intervening,
And take his chance with
values yet unknown
To win or lose, but learn a
dollar's meaning.

Though high-walled neighbors
find his methods crude
And maiden aunts declare it
not quite nice
For one of tender age to be so
shrewd,
In twenty years they'll ask for
his advice.

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also fear of an epidemic in the camps because of poor sanitary conditions. Upon learning of this, I wrote a letter to the sultan asking him to do something to correct the situation. I received no reply, but later I learned that the necessary permission to depart had been given and the Jews had proceeded to Israel about two weeks after I had written.

In 1957, the crown prince of Morocco and his sister came to this country and the princess came to call on me. She again extended an invitation from the sultan to visit Morocco, and that spring I did make the trip, accompanied by my son, Elliott, and his wife and four friends, and by Dr. David Gurewitsch and his daughter, Grania. I had not always felt welcome in Arab countries, but in Morocco I immediately felt there was a warmth toward Americans. Perhaps I did not fully understand this until we had gone to Rabat and were received by the sultan, a handsome man who wore long white robes and a small cap, and who sat on a raised dais to receive us. Later, Elliott and I spent perhaps an hour alone with him and he had many interesting things to say.

The Moroccan attitude of friendship toward Americans went back to wartime, when my husband and Prime Minister Churchill met in Casablanca. They paid a formal call on the French officials in Morocco, and when they were departing, Franklin said, "Now we must call on the sultan."

Mr. Churchill showed little enthusiasm. "Why?" he asked. "We have called on the French."

"Because this is the sultan's country," Franklin replied.

So they asked to be received by the sultan, who invited them to dinner. He and Franklin talked with great enthusiasm about what might be done to improve conditions in Morocco after the war. Franklin always had a horror of seeing unproductive land anywhere, and he believed that proper methods could restore the fertility of the Moroccan desert.

"You will doubtless find oil in your desert," he told the sultan, "but you must never turn it all over to any foreign concession. I feel sure there are underground rivers under the Sahara. Once this area was the bread basket of the Mediterranean. It can be again if you keep control of your oil and if you arrange to pump the water to the surface."

Franklin's "disinterested advice" and his attitude of friendship became known everywhere in Morocco, and many persons told me that it was a kind of milestone, a turning point in their campaign for independence. The new government faces a difficult future, but the Moroccans are proud of their independence, and everywhere I was conscious of their friendship toward us. At Demnate, a small town we visited, I was touched by a crudely made little American flag that had been raised over the gateway and a sign saying: "We will always remember President Roosevelt."

Another country I enjoyed visiting was Japan, where my hosts were Mr. Shigeharu Matsumoto and Dr. Yasaka Takagi, of the International House. Japanese women were just coming into the responsibility of functioning in a democracy and I was asked to speak to meetings of women, as well as of men and many students, on the meaning of democratic life and our form of government. The Japanese had discovered that merely giving a country a constitution—as we had done in Japan—and telling people they were to live in a democratic country did not automatically change their feudalism into a perfect democracy. Various articles in the new constitution had been taken from the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, but in many instances such articles meant nothing or were confusing to the Japanese because of the great differences between their social and economic backgrounds and those of Westerners.

An amusing illustration of these differences arose when I spoke at a meeting of farmers and their wives in rural Japan. My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, accompanied me on this trip. She and Elliott had not been married long, and I think she felt a need to understand the motivations of her new family. She was a delightful companion and very patient in listening over and over to my speeches, without showing boredom. But on this occasion I was asked questions about life in America. One question was unusual to American ears: "What do you do with your mothers-in-law in America?"

I replied that I didn't think there was any set formula. But then I glanced at Minnewa and thought how bored she must have been with my speeches during the past five weeks and, jokingly, I added, "Perhaps my daughter-in-law could answer that question better than I." My joke was taken with great seriousness by the audience, and poor Minnewa was confronted by a battery of Japanese eyes, curious and earnestly anxious for the answer. But she could only blush and shake her head.

Nevertheless, the question was important in Japan, where the mother-in-law is in authority over all members of the household except her husband and her eldest son. She is keeper of the purse, and all earnings of members of the family go to her. She then doles out money as she thinks it is needed.

I met a charming and rather sophisticated Japanese newspaper woman who told me her greatest trial in life was the "system of the pouch." Her mother-in-law was old-fashioned and had a large leather pouch into which went all family earnings. Other members of the family were dependent on her ideas of how they should spend money and, in effect, how they should live their lives. And almost every Japanese woman in the working class looks forward to the day when she will be a mother-in-law and can tyrannize over her daughter-in-law. Slowly, these outdated ideas are changing, but it will be a long time before they are entirely gone.

The Japanese people almost everywhere, even in villages where there was much misery, were hopeful of future improvement. We were taken around a village inhabited by a minority group—the Ettu—in a pouring rain. The water dripped down our necks from our umbrellas and the streets were muddy rivers.

As we left, the headman of the village said, "I suppose you have never seen such misery." I suddenly realized his words were both a touching appeal and a kind of defense of his community.

"Sir," I replied quickly, "misery is the same in any country. Nothing I have seen today is worse than I saw at one time in some mining areas in the United States. I hope you will be able to raise living standards as we have done. One must never give in to discouragement."

I must have said the right thing, because his eyes lit up and he was thoughtful for a moment. Then he said confidently, "The government has just granted me money for better public baths, and that will make a big difference in my community!"

While I was in the Far East I visited Hong Kong, ate ducks' feet and checked up on a bit of family history. For years I had observed that some American political writers opposed to the New Deal often asserted that my husband's family had made money in the opium trade in the days of clipper ships. I never knew whether this was true, so I made no attempt to refute it. But at Hong Kong, a British merchant, Mr. Keswick, whose family had been in the China trade long ago, told me he was familiar with the affairs of Russell & Company, in which Franklin's grandfather, Warren Delano, and his sons-in-law, the Forbeses, and Fred Hitch had been partners. He gave me a history of the China trade which showed that all foreign merchants trading in tea in China had to obtain official permits and that, to get a permit, they had to agree to take a small amount of opium too. So I suppose it is true that the Delanos and the Forbeses, like everybody else, had to include opium in their cargoes in order to do any trading at all.

Earlier in this article, I referred briefly to my travels in Communist-ruled countries. Although I have left them until the last, I believe that my visits to Yugoslavia and Soviet Russia were among the most interesting I ever made, and that it is vital for every American to know and understand what is going on under the rule of Communist dictators. Traveling in Yugoslavia in 1953, I was impressed by the difference between the Russians and the Yugoslavs. The Russians have long accepted despotic rule, but the Yugoslavs have always been quick to fight each other and anybody else who interfered with their individual freedom. Why, then, did Communism develop in Yugoslavia? I was to find important differences in the political systems in the two countries. Although Tito's regime is still Communism and it is still maintained by a police state, he has modified and adapted the system in order to survive. He does not even want the Yugoslav system to be called Communism, because he contends each country must develop according to its own needs.

I called on President Tito—his real name is Josip Broz—while he was on the island of Brioni. His office is a big room in his villa there. He rose from behind his desk to come to meet me and, although not tall, he was a commanding figure. He was friendly and direct, but he has a strongly molded jaw, and when he speaks, it is in the manner of a man who gives orders and expects them to be obeyed. His wife, who is younger, is really beautiful and has a warm personality. She had just come from taking her final high-school examinations and she told me that, having missed completing her education when she was a partisan fighter during the war, she had had to work hard to catch up on her studies so she could attend college and prepare herself to be the wife of the president.

Tito has a good sense of humor and a great love of the land. As a boy, he never owned a suit of clothes. Now that he can afford whatever he wants, he is evidently concerned about his dress, likes handsome uniforms and picks attractive colors for his jackets and slacks. He took me in his own speed boat to a little nearby island—police boats and planes protecting him were never far away—and showed me his vineyard and small wine-tasting cottage. Like any small winegrower, he had samples of the produce stored in the walls of the cottage and he proudly asked us to sample various wines. He also played boyishly with his big German shepherd dog, but when we sat down to talk, he was very serious.

Like other men who have acquired power, Tito evidently loves it, but I believe he recognizes that the people of Yugoslavia must be persuaded to give him this power voluntarily. As a result, I believe, he is concerned with providing a government that benefits the people—or at least enough of the people to maintain his power.

"Do you believe the people are contented under your government?" I asked.

"If you owned property and the government nationalized your property, would you be contented?" he asked in reply. I said I would not be happy.

"Then," Tito went on, "I will say that I don't believe everybody in Yugoslavia is content. But, on the whole, I believe the people realize that we are doing the things that will be best for our country."

I mentioned that I had visited a steel factory which, in theory at least, was run by a workers' council, as are all Yugoslav industries. The council, however, had hired two members of the so-called experts' guild to run the factory, and its main function seemed to be limited to conditions of work and to deciding how surpluses or profits, if any, were to be allocated. Here Tito interposed that he had been rather disappointed that so many of the workers' councils, instead of using surpluses for the good of the community as a whole, divided profits among the workers. This made me smile, for human nature (*Continued on Page 98*)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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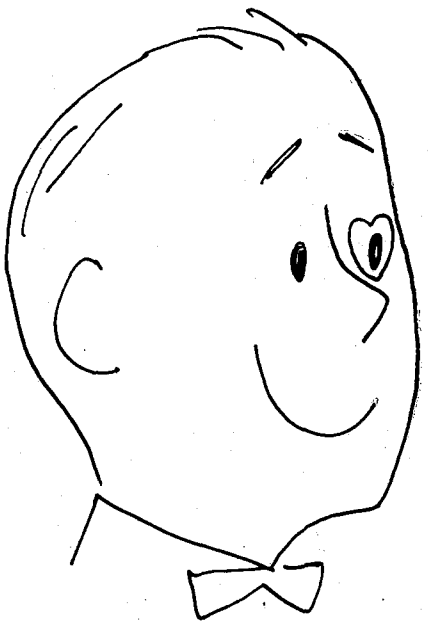
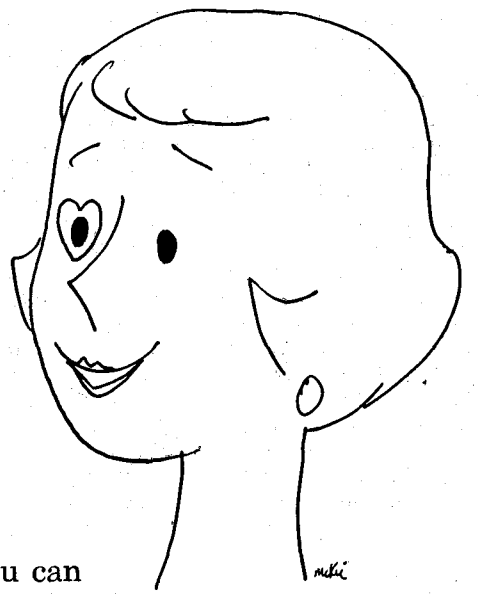
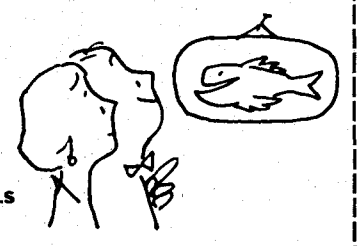
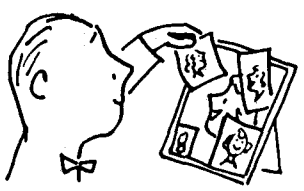
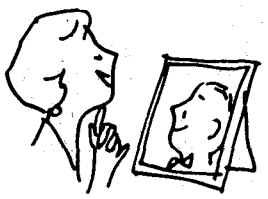
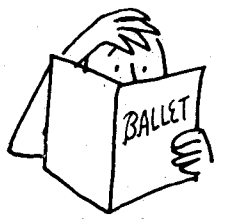
A man's guide to women: **No. 14**



How to tell the sexes by the way they fall in love



Men and women are different. Different in every way you can imagine. They are not only different in the way they look, but also in their way of thinking, talking, behaving. Take falling in love, for example. Have you ever noticed that men and women behave quite differently when pricked by Cupid's dart?

	Male Behavior	*Female Behavior*	*Male Behavior*	*Female Behavior*
EXCHANGE OF GLANCES	"Did you notice the way she looked at me?"	"Who, him? I hardly noticed him."	 "It took me a good hour to land him."	"It's just something I whipped up in a few minutes."
EXCHANGE OF SNAPSHOTS	 "You should see her in a bathing suit!"	 "Doesn't he have the most divine ear lobes?"	 "You mean I ought to like this stuff?"	"Oh, but I *do* like fishing!"
EXCHANGE OF LETTERS	Dear Anne: I am fine. How are you...?	It's beautiful here tonight... the stars...	**EXCHANGE OF VOWS** "I do."	"I do."

Just as men and women have different attitudes toward falling in love, they also have different attitudes toward what they read. Because the Journal is edited for *her* and her alone, more women have fallen in love with the Journal than any other magazine on earth.

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(*Continued from Page 96*) does not change much and I thought that about the same thing would happen in our capitalistic system.

In his conversation, Tito contended that the trend in the world today is toward socialism, but he did not believe nations should try to impose their particular systems on others. It was for that reason that Yugoslavia broke away from the Russian version of world Communism, he said, but he made it clear that he held the same attitude toward Western ideologies. I said I had observed the appreciation of the Yugoslav people for economic aid from the United States, but I added, "I am not sure, however, that this proves the Yugoslav government will not return to closer ties with Moscow when you are stronger and no longer need our help."

The marshal looked at me with an expression of surprise and shock. He insisted that whether we gave aid or not, the attitude of his government toward the United States would not change. And I should add that I found no evidence, from the president down, that the Yugoslav government has any intention of returning to the Soviet orbit. This, of course, should not lead anyone to think that Tito's government is a democracy. Tito told me he did not believe Communism existed anywhere, least of all in the Soviet Union, because Communism is an ideal to be reached only when people cease to be selfish and greedy, which would not be soon. But, he argued, Yugoslavia is developing a socialist state which is the first step toward this distant aim of perfection, and, he suggested, he himself might be described as a Social Democrat. I doubt that many others will agree with that label, because Tito acknowledges that the use of force is still necessary in Yugoslavia. He has a long-range concept of self-government by the people, but it is a different concept from our democracy because it is imposed from the top instead of coming from the will of the people at the bottom.

I would not want to live in Yugoslavia, nor would anyone who values personal freedom. But I think I should die if I had to live in Soviet Russia, where I almost never heard laughter. When I spent a month traveling about Russia in 1957, the grim era of the Stalinist dictatorship had been replaced by the less fearful—in theory, at least—dictatorship of Nikita S. Khrushchev, but the people still existed under a system of compulsion, and the power over them was still a hand of steel.

I went to Russia on my own—that is, as a reporter. Foreign visitors not invited by the government are cared for by the Soviet travel bureau, Intourist. The Russians correctly treated me as they would have treated any other tourist-reporter, except perhaps for the fact that my interpreter was Anna Lavrova, a charming and intelligent woman who had been Franklin's interpreter when he met with Stalin and Churchill at Yalta in 1945. I had attempted in New York to arrange certain interviews through the Russian embassy, but was informed such arrangements would have to be made in Moscow. That proved as difficult for me as for any other reporter. I thought for a while that I would never get to see any top government officials or even their first assistants or their third assistants. They were all very busy or on vacation or they just could not be reached. But I persisted, repeating my requests almost every day, and eventually I made various appointments. Then, when I finally met these government officials, they were gracious and friendly, and gave me every assistance, including permission to visit many institutions and projects.

Several things about Russia impressed me deeply, and should, I believe, be clearly understood by Americans if we are to compete successfully in the world-wide struggle between Communism and democracy. The first, and perhaps least understood, is that while Lenin is worshiped as a saint, there was a less well-known Russian figure—Dr. Ivan Petrovich Pavlov—who has had a tremendous, almost incalculable influence on the development of the Russian people and the stability of the Soviet republics. A physiologist and experimental psychologist, Pavlov was famous for his studies of conditioned reflexes and, I believe, will eventually be far more famous for fathering the system that seems to be turning the masses of Russia into completely disciplined people. The "conditioning"—the training—of children begins in the cradle and continues on a massive scale until they are fully grown—and, I suppose, even after that. The conditioning is intensive and scientifically conducted, and the result today is that the present generation of adults is just what the leaders in the Kremlin ordered. The Russian people do what they are told to do.

"Spring training."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Let me show you how this works. I visited the Leningrad College of Pediatrics, where a remarkable experiment is in progress with the aim of showing that children who have never seen their parents can be reared in an institution to be more advanced and better adjusted than children raised in a home. I watched the daily conditioning of a six-month-old baby. The purpose was simply to exercise the child by having him pull on two rings held by a nurse. But at that age the baby already knew just what the procedure was and held out his hands to grasp the rings as soon as he saw the nurse. Then, after holding the rings through his exercises, he dropped them and shifted to the next exercise—using his legs—in co-operation with the nurse.

We then watched four children aged about a year and a half going through a more complicated routine. They walked into the room, took off their shoes, put them in a row, pulled out a bench and crawled along it and under it. Then they walked along the narrow bench. Then they climbed up on exercise bars. They knew exactly what to do and when to do it—like clockwork—and when they finished the routine, each one walked over and sat on the lap of a nurse to do the next exercise. This kind of training in behavior goes on year after year as the children grow up.

What does this conditioning mean in ordinary life outside the nursery or schoolroom? Let me answer with an incident I witnessed in Red Square. Every day there was a long line of hundreds of persons moving four abreast across the square and up the steps to the tomb where Lenin—and Stalin as well—lies in state. The line moves very slowly, but the many children accompanying their parents are always quiet and orderly. One afternoon I saw a little girl not more than three years old step out of line and walk over to an old woman who was selling little packets of food for passers-by to distribute to the pigeons. The child bought a packet and solemnly scattered its contents on the pavement. Then she carefully folded the packet, returned it to the old woman's basket and went back to stand beside her parents in the line.

As I watched, I thought that any American child would have crumpled the packet and doubtless thrown it in the street or, at best, into a trash basket. But the little Russian girl had been conditioned at the age of three to be orderly and neat, to save the paper and to avoid littering the street. It never occurred to her to do otherwise. She had been trained to do certain things in certain situations and she did them. It was reflex action. For the same reason, no adult ever throws a burnt match on the sidewalk, but puts it back in the box. No cigarette stub is ever seen in the gutter. Moscow and other Russian cities, even in remote parts of the country, are the cleanest in the world.

Now, at first glance, such things may seem trivial. You may feel there are more important things to worry about, including whether the cold war will turn hot. But the acts and attitudes of the Soviet government cannot be understood unless we Americans are aware of the way in which the Russian people have been prepared to carry on the socialist philosophy. Due to lifelong conditioning, the government can depend on the mass of the people—there will always be exceptions—to react in a certain way to certain stimuli. The Russians today are a disciplined, well-trained people; not a happy people, but not at all likely to rise up against their rulers.

In addition, Americans should never forget that by controlling the entire economy the Soviet dictatorship can use this disciplined people to achieve things that are difficult or impossible in our free economy. The Soviet leaders are well aware of this power, and they put far more emphasis and far more money into scientific and research projects of all kinds—launching of their earth satellites, the Sputniks, for example—than we do. In 1956, the Russian schools graduated 26,000 medical students to become doctors. Their medical education seems good to American observers, although it is organized differently from ours. By contrast, only 6800 medical students were graduated in the United States in 1956. The percentages are much the same in other sciences in which able students are given every opportunity to work freely and think freely—so long as they don't think about politics.

This control of all production, this emphasis on scientific advancement and this conditioning of the people were in my mind when I wrote earlier in this article that I was both astounded and rather frightened in Russia. I have put emphasis on these points because one should never try to face a rival without understanding his background and the conditions in which he is living.

My feeling of fear did not arise from the fact that Russia is comparable to the United States. My fear was only that we Americans might fail to understand what we are up against in the struggle against world Communism. We believe our kind of freedom must triumph, but we must never forget that in many Asian and African countries the freedom that is uppermost in the minds of the people is the freedom to eat. The Russian leaders, the Communists, understand this perhaps better than we do, and they can be counted on to take every possible advantage of it. To succeed, we must offer needy countries not only our ideas of democracy as a political philosophy but our economic aid to assure them of the freedom to eat.

I had a long talk with Khrushchev at his vacation home in Yalta. Like all men who have acquired power, you know he is ruthless. He appears to be a pleasant man who is articulate and quick, but basically he is shrewd and cautious. He gives every impression of sincerely believing that socialism is the wave of the future and that war would be disadvantageous to the Soviets. I felt he was quite honest when he said Russia wants to avoid war, because he knows what the extent of destruction would be in atomic warfare—and what is the point of conquering a destroyed world?

As I was leaving, he asked if it would be correct for him to say to newspapermen that we had had a friendly conversation.

"Yes," I replied, "but add that we differed on many things."

"We did," Khrushchev agreed, with a broad smile, "but we didn't shoot each other."

Editors' Note—The final article in this series will appear next week.

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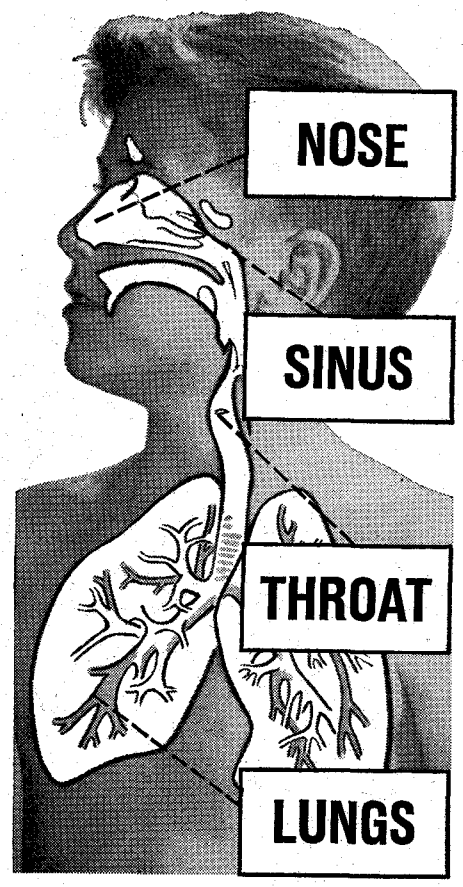

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Keeping Posted

The Sercombes try fishing in a place where they hope there aren't any sharks.

Wildlife on the Ocean Wave

Let's try to justify that piscatorial picture of **Ronald Sercombe** (page 26), his wife, Renee, and their son, Dennis. Last summer, just two weeks after the Post ran a Sercombe story called Shark Water, those three people went trolling for mackerel a couple of miles off Jacksonville, Fla., their home town. They had a 16-foot rented boat with an outboard motor. Nothing much, including fish, happened until suddenly Dennis shouted, "My gosh! Look!" A horribly disconcerting mako shark, approximately the size of the boat, was charging lickety-split at the propeller of the motor, apparently convinced that it was a mackerel on a trolling line. Just before the mako tried to swallow the propeller, Papa Sercombe came alive, gunned the motor, and the fish changed its mind. The Sercombes then changed *their* minds, took off for dry land, and counted nine other sharks en route. They now fish in their back-yard pool, and the picture proves it. What they should do is read **Clay Blair's** skin-diving piece on page 32, about how sharks turn chicken when they find themselves face to face with people, and go on back to sea again.

He Went Steady With a Girl

Capt. Abbot, his sons, and Miss Gatteys.

Capt. J. L. Abbot, Jr., who on page 36 reports enthusiastically about the U. S. Naval Academy campaign against midshipmen going steady with girls, went steady with a girl for three months in 1956 on the CBS-TV program, Name That Tune. "My little partner, Bennye Gatteys, and I split 20,000 bucks for our trouble. She went on to become a full-fledged actress, and I've gone on to become a full-fledged broken-down fighter pilot." During periods from 1943 to 1952, Captain Abbot was commanding officer of three different air squadrons, and more recently he has been executive officer of the U.S.S. Lake Champlain in the 6th Fleet (Mediterranean) and then operations officer for Commander, Task Force 60 (same sea).

Now assistant to the Commandant at the Academy, Abbot has found the restore-the-stagline campaign "a nice crusade on which to expend my energy (if any)." He thinks this nation-wide problem won't be licked in a hurry; maybe never—"but we're sure trying." The Abbot children are James, 15, Charles, 13, and Mary, 8; the boys aspire to be Naval Academy '64 and '66, "and both are pro-stag-liners"—which they'd better be.

Freedom of the Open Road

When **Frank Clarvoe,** first-timer on page 31, quit newspaper editing for free-lancing, he took freedom so seriously that he put himself and his wife on wheels; frequently they lock up their Daly City, Calif., apartment and go gypsying around in a house trailer (see photo). If in a trailer park Frank's concentration is upset by nearby sewing circles, poker games, dancing classes or by children staring over his shoulder, he is perfectly free to steer his house elsewhere.

First in the Post, Then in the Movies

To give you an example of the Post's value to the movie industry, here are seven subjects from this magazine which just one company, MGM, will produce this year: The Artless Heiress, Clarence Budington Kelland serial, June 1–July 20, 1957, Post; No Blade of Grass, John Christopher serial, April 27–June 8; Please Don't Eat the Daisies, Jean Kerr's best-seller, excerpted July 27, as Children Really Are Not People; The Wreck of the Mary Deare, Hammond Innes serial, April 14–June 2, 1956, to be directed by Alfred Hitchcock; The Darling Buds of May, excerpted Jan. 18, 1958, from a forthcoming novel by H. E. Bates; and two movies from William Chamberlain's 1956 stories, The Company of Cowards, March 10 Post, and Imitation General, Nov. 17.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Charlie Chaplin's Stormy Exile"

Once the funniest man alive, Chaplin is now a stuffed shirt who has destroyed the peace of a little Swiss village. Read this report from the scene of the fray.

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